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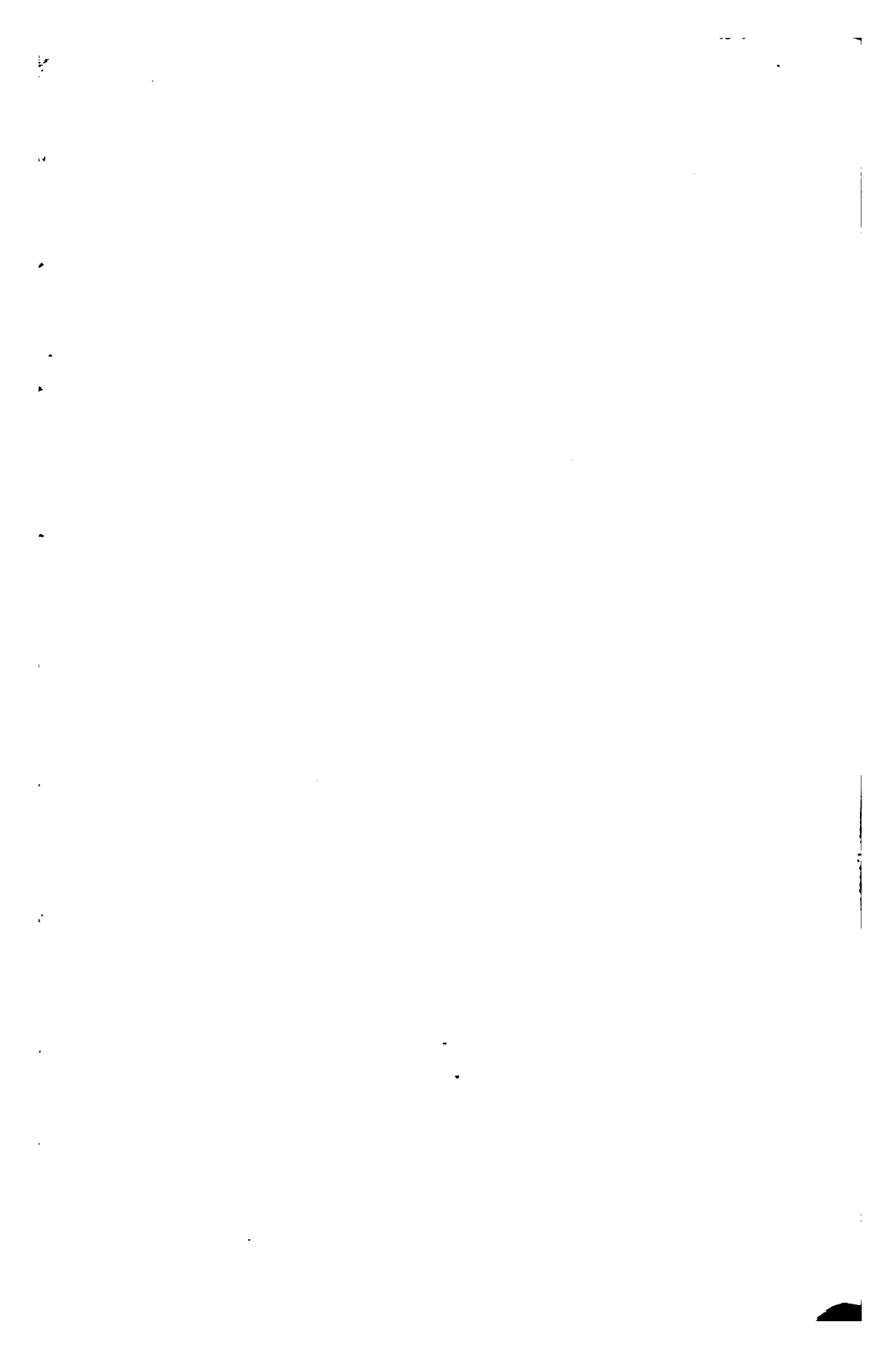
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FOR BOOKS ON LONDON

THE PAGEANT OF LONDON

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

**THE SULTAN AND HIS SUBJECTS
CUBA, PAST AND PRESENT
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OLD LONDON BRIDGE IN 1896

THE
PAGEANT OF LONDON

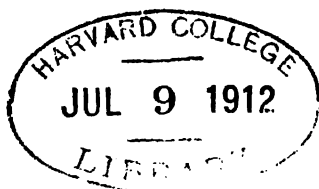
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RICHARD DAVEY

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METHUEN & CO.
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.
LONDON
1906

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TO
ROSCOE AND SYDNEY DAVEY
THIS BOOK
IS DEDICATED BY THEIR AFFECTIONATE
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PREFACE

THIS book does not claim to be an exhaustive history of London, but consists of a series of word-pictures of the principal events that have transpired in the Metropolis ; as a rule broadly sketched, though occasionally, the better to emphasise important subjects, greater minuteness of detail has been introduced. I have called my book *The Pageant of London*, taking the word "pageant" in its widest acceptance, as meaning not only Coronations, Royal marriages, funerals, and other pompous shows and spectacles, but as signifying the unrolling, as in a sort of procession, of the story of the British Capital from the day when Julius Cæsar appeared on the banks of the Thames, to that which witnessed the funeral of Queen Victoria.

Although the remains of Roman London are numerous and important, the record of its history might be condensed into a few pages. Time has spared us a fine collection of Roman antiquities found in and near the metropolis, all of them proofs of a very high state of civilisation, commercial progress, and prosperity, and yet we know nothing of the people to whom these objects belonged. A few months ago, after this work was completed, a considerable piece of the Roman Wall was unearthed in New Broad Street, at the same time that the exquisite apse of the little chapel of All Hallows'-on-the-Wall was revealed for the first time in many centuries ; a beautiful sketch of this by Mr. J. Fulleylove will be found at page 16. But beyond fragments of the Roman Wall—which must not be confounded with the mediæval wall that superseded it—and the scant remains mentioned in my text, we have literally no Roman ruin in London—a fact which seems to confirm the more modern theory that Londinium was almost entirely constructed of wood. In the first Chapter, in which I have

briefly reconstructed Roman London, I have, independently of my own research and investigation, availed myself of the erudition of the leading authorities on the subject.

For the second Chapter, on Life in Roman London, I have derived considerable assistance from notes I made many years ago, when in Rome, of a series of lectures on Roman colonial life, delivered by the celebrated Commendatore de Rossi; who was of opinion that so great were the influences centralised in the metropolis on the rest of the Roman Empire that existence in a Roman colonial city—even in one situated so far north as Londinium—was conducted on much the same lines as in Rome itself. The eminent archæologist Signor Lanciani is also of this opinion, which is upon the whole confirmed by the evidences of social life in Roman London which have escaped the ravages of time and fire.

The Saxon and Danish periods of the history of London differ from the Roman inasmuch as, whilst we have plenty of material, and but little documentary, evidence of the latter, so far as the metropolis is concerned, not a vestige of any building, public or private, remains to us from the former; though the written history, especially of the Saxons after the introduction of Christianity in 596 A.D., is remarkably voluminous. It is a curious fact, however, that though we have no remains of Saxon buildings, the names of the churches they erected in London and of many of the streets they built, endure to this day.

We fortunately possess a very large number of beautiful Saxon MSS., and also remarkable collections of Saxon glass, stone, and earthenware, and domestic implements, by means of which it is not difficult to obtain a very fair idea of the manners, customs, and costumes of the inhabitants of London in Saxon times. The recipes in the early Saxon medicine-books are extremely valuable: we learn, for instance, from them that many maladies which are supposed to be modern—such as cancer, scarlet fever, etc.—were rife in those early times; and judging by the exceptional number of pictures of snakes and “cures” for snake-bites, reptiles must have been very common in the immense forests which then surrounded London.

A legendary or mythological history of England, to which I have alluded in the second Chapter on the Saxon period, runs

parallel with that which is generally accepted as fact. Gog and Magog still represent, in the Guildhall, the primitive race of giants that tradition assures us once ruled over Britain; and every time we mention Ludgate Hill we recall the story of *Caer Lud*, who, as Geoffrey of Monmouth says, "put the bronze horse upon the gate to fill the Saxons with terror."¹

Lochrine and Sabrina, Lear and his three daughters, Cymbeline and Imogen, King Arthur and Guinevere, Lancelot and Elaine, Merlin and Vivien, Morgan le Fay, and Tristan and Iseult, may have only existed in the fervid imagination of ancient bards and story-tellers, but most of the heroic figures who flourish in these tales are described as having dwelt at some time or other in London. Cymbeline, or Kymbeline, was the son of Cassiolanus and grandson of the Sea-God Lud who was buried in London and, as it is said, was born in the metropolis. Lochrine, too, was London born, being one of the sons of Brutus, who founded Troam Novum, or Trinovatum, which, good old Geoffrey of Monmouth informs us, "is now called London." King Arthur was crowned at St. Paul's and drew his magic sword from the Stone hard-by. Lancelot swam his horse across the Thames from Lambeth to Westminster, where Arthur and Guinevere held their Court, and whence the false Queen went a-maying with Lancelot prancing by her side. From the quays below the Bridge the penitent Lancelot embarked on his quest of the Holy Grail; and here, too, Iseult landed to attend the Council summoned by King Mark. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgin companions sailed from the same quays on their fatal journey to Cologne. Thus London also had its share in the great Arthurian cycle, and in the rest of the legends immortalised by the greatest dramatists, painters, poets, and musicians.

The mediæval, so generally confounded with the Dark, Ages—which began at the end of the third century, to last, in the South of Europe, till the beginning of the ninth—commenced, so far as England is concerned, two hundred years later with the Norman Conquest, to endure, according to most, until the death of Richard III. in 1485. I think we may, however, safely prolong

¹ In all probability he really alluded to an equestrian statue of the Emperor Claudius, which according to tradition stood over the old Roman gate.

the epoch until the death of Mary I., since it was not until the accession of her sister Elizabeth that the radical change took place in the national religion, which brought about an entirely new trend of thought, manners, and customs.

Bearing in mind that the purpose of this book is to illustrate the onward progress of London and its citizens rather by means of the byways of history than by well-beaten paths, I have brought into the Chapters on "Norman London" a good deal of curious information anent the remarkable influence wrought upon our civilisation by the Queen-Consorts of our Norman and Plantagenet Kings, and particularly by Æleanora of Aquitaine, the mature but very beautiful and accomplished wife of young Henry II., who effected a striking change in the manners and customs of her time. An account of her adventures, as narrated by her contemporary Peter of Blois, will be found in the Chapter on the "First Plantagenets." Divested of their romantic surroundings they have a sufficiently modern smack about them to be easily converted into a quite up-to-date story of adventure and divorce. This Queen and her successors—Eleanor of Provence, Eleanor of Castile, the *chère reine* of Edward I., Margaret of France, Isabella, the evil but able Consort of Edward II., Philippa of Hainault, Anne of Bohemia, Joanna of Navarre, Catherine of Valois, Marguerite of Anjou, and Katherine of Aragon—all came from countries which were more advanced in civilisation, art, and literature than was England, and to them we owe the introduction of certain polite arts, articles of luxury, fruits and flowers, and even instruments of music.

In the Chapter entitled "London in Chaucer's Time" I have sketched our metropolis as it was in the reign of Edward III. By introducing a pilgrim, one of Chaucer's pious band, I enable the reader to stroll in his company from the renowned "Tabard" in Southwark, across the Bridge, to the Cheape, and so on to St. Paul's, whose shrines and monuments are visited in detail, and ascending to the gallery beneath the steeple, we obtain a bird's-eye view of the grand old Gothic city. Wyngaerde's panoramic view dated 1543, and Aggas's map have been my chief guides in this attempt to reconstruct mediæval London. Although both were drawn fully two hundred years later than Chaucer, by com-

paring the chief buildings depicted therein with the fainter drawings of them in earlier and less complete maps, and by constantly referring to the descriptions in Stow's Survey, it is not difficult to obtain a fairly accurate idea of London as it was in the week when Chaucer's worthies started on their immortal pilgrimage.

The lengthy epoch which begins with William I., to last until the eve of the Reformation, was full of idealism. It witnessed the building of those stupendous Cathedrals, Abbeys, and Priors, and of those no less lovely parish churches, which are still the pride of the nation; whilst our materialistic age erects prodigious railway stations and monster hotels, the ruins of which would mar the beauty of an earthly paradise. As a matter of fact, England in Plantagenet times was as artistic a country as Greece or Japan; for where is the Greek fane, unless it be the Parthenon or the Neptune temples at Pæstum, or Oriental mosque or joss-house, that can rival in sublimity the Cathedrals of Canterbury and York, Lincoln and Durham, or the Abbeys of Westminster, Tintern, and Fountains?

In my attempt to afford the reader, in a limited space, a fair idea of the sort of life led by the citizens of London in the fifteenth century, I have selected Crosby Hall and its founders as my starting-point. The magnificent old mansion in Bishops-gate Street—which in any other civilised community would be carefully preserved as a national monument, since, independent of its extraordinary historical associations, it is one of the finest specimens of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century in England—was built, late in the reign of Henry VI., by Sir John Crosby, a typical citizen of the London of those days, who had for his neighbour Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, the great-grandfather of Anne Boleyn, whose ancient dwelling was standing as late as 1895.¹ Crosby does not appear to have belonged to any conspicuous family, but was merely a rich mercer who had risen from the ranks; a fact that did not prevent his being selected by

¹ Geoffrey Boleyn certainly lived in this neighbourhood, but possibly not in an old house the writer inspected a little before it was thrown down (in 1895), as that was more likely erected on land sold to Anne Boleyn's uncle, Sir William Boleyn, just before the Dissolution of the Priory by the last Priores of Great St. Helen's.

Edward iv. to undertake an important diplomatic mission into Flanders. This position naturally brought him into contact with the King and Court, and as he was, of course, the employer of a numerous staff of clerks, apprentices, and workpeople, he was thus in touch with both extremes of social life. One would, therefore, have met in the great hall of his mansion an interesting medley of worthy folk belonging to each section of society, and through them have formed a tolerable idea of how Londoners lived when Edward iv. was King.

A profound peace settled on England throughout the prosperous reign of Henry vii., a monarch of a distinctly economical turn of mind, who thought twice before he spent a shilling. None the less, when the opportunity to make a grand display presented itself, he had a lavish hand; and the festivities for the marriage of Prince Arthur to Katherine of Aragon were as sumptuous as any on record. The last pageant of this century, which I have described with considerable detail obtained from a contemporary document, was the admission of Prince Henry, Duke of York, and twenty-seven knights, into the Order of the Bath; a ceremony which took place at Westminster in 1499, the recipients of the honour being indeed "Knights of the Bath," for they all of them sat stark naked in hot baths to receive the kingly accolade! This ceremony was followed by the last great tournament celebrated on the old lines in England: an account of which will be found at the end of the Chapter entitled "In Troubled Times."

I have devoted two Chapters to an account of the "Riverside Palaces" on the banks of the Thames, and to gossip connected with them, my information invariably coming from original sources, sometimes through the medium of books, either ancient or modern, and at others direct from contemporary documents.

Macaulay said that the history of the Reformation has yet to be written, and he was right. As read by the light of recent historical investigation, this great event presents a very different aspect from the one we accepted in our youth, and assumes the character of a political, as well as a social, movement,—more akin to the French Revolution than to a purely religious revolt,—which not only changed the aspect of London, but even the national characteristics; and I have, therefore, in the Chapters

entitled "The Reformation Under Henry VIII." and "Under Edward VI." and "Under Mary I.," given sketches of a few of the scenes with which London became only too familiar between the year 1530 and the end of the century. I have selected a few typical executions out of many hundreds: as a specimen of a British *auto-da-fé* I know of none better suited for my purpose than the burning of Anne Askew and her three companions in the last year of Henry VIII., the minute details of which are given by Foxe and Edward Underhill. As fared the unfortunate Mrs. Askew, so fared scores of others, Catholic and Protestant alike. It was impossible, too, to overlook the execution of Anne Boleyn. Fortunately there are numerous contemporary versions of that dramatic scene, and I have derived my information from six different sources: the State Papers, the correspondence of the Venetian and Imperial Ambassadors, the narratives of a Portuguese merchant¹ who was present, and of the poet Wyatt, who was a witness, and, lastly, from a curious and little-known account of the event by Father Thirlwall, who assisted the Queen during her last days and attended her on the scaffold, and who published his narrative in a small black-letter volume printed at Antwerp in 1547, within ten years of the tragedy it records. I have carefully compared all these various sources, and have selected such details as are confirmed by at least two of the other narratives.

No one can write of the reign of Henry VIII. without a tribute of admiration and respect to the memory of that great historian, Dr. Brewer, whose impartial and picturesque "Introduction to the Calendar of State Papers, *temps* Henry VIII.," is a monument of erudition and research. Closely associated with the name of Dr. Brewer must ever be that of the no less illustrious historian, Dr. J. Gairdner, who continued his work of collating the enormous mass of correspondence and other documents connected with the reign of Henry VIII. I have spent many a happy evening in the perusal of the matchless work of these two great students of Tudor times, a work which

¹ There are two accounts by a Portuguese merchant of the execution of Anne Boleyn, preserved in the Portuguese Archives. The one is short, and has been quoted by Agnes Strickland in her *Life* of this Queen; the other I do not think has ever been published.

brings one into such close touch with the men and women who played their parts on the stage of our national history at a most momentous period, that one almost seems to hear their voices and be able to fathom their intimate secrets. The deeply regretted Dr. Creighton, Bishop of London, was another historian of Tudor times of singular impartiality. To his unfailing courtesy I owe a debt of special gratitude, for he gave me considerable assistance by writing me out a long list of rare books which had been of great use to him in writing his studies on the English Church in Tudor times. I hold him in affectionate and grateful memory. Yet another great authority must be added to those already mentioned—the learned Abbot Aidan Gasquet, whose *Dissolution of the Monasteries under Henry VIII.* and *The Dawn of the Reformation* have thrown so powerful a light on a subject hitherto veiled by prejudice and false testimony. Excellent workers, too, in the Tudor storehouse are Mr. Pollard and Mr. Martin Hume, whose recent publications are replete with erudite and curious information.

Throughout these volumes I have made extensive use of the numerous and very remarkable collections of Royal and private household expenses; inventories of furniture, plate, jewels, and clothing; of which a great number, of exceeding interest, have survived the disasters of Time and accident. The series of Royal and noble Household Books preserved in the Rolls Office, the British Museum, and in our other national and private libraries, extends back, in a somewhat fragmentary form it is true, almost to the Conquest. To the artist, the stage manager, and the costumier these wardrobe inventories are of the greatest value, since they often contain the most minute descriptions of the dresses worn by our Kings and Queens and their courtiers, not only at coronations and on state occasions, but in everyday life.

Impartiality, the happy characteristic of modern historians, gives us a definition of the character of Mary I. very different from the one universally accepted half a century back. Agnes Strickland was one of the earliest—in her fine biography of Mary Tudor—to vindicate the memory of this maligned Princess, who was not personally responsible for the greater part of the cruelties which have been attributed to her immediate interposition. I have taken this view of her character in the

Chapter entitled "Under Mary 1." To me this unfortunate Queen is one of the most pathetic figures in history—a good woman whom an unkind Fate converted into a bad Queen.

The long sovereignty of Elizabeth, thanks to the vast improvement in our commerce and consequent increase in population, saw London extend itself in all directions; and places which were fields in her youth were covered with houses long before her death. But although streets were multiplied, no public buildings of importance (unless it be Gresham's Royal Exchange) were added to the greatly diminished number of our monuments ruined during the Reformation. As to Elizabeth herself, her astonishing career has been so often dealt with by abler pens than mine that I have not ventured to enter into many details concerning her. In contradistinction to her unhappy sister Mary, who was a good woman and a bad Queen, Elizabeth was a bad woman who proved herself a good Queen. When the time comes that the Finch-Hatton papers are made public, I think it will be proved that the "man behind the throne" was neither Cecil nor Leicester, but Christopher Hatton, on whose advice the astute Queen mostly relied. Elizabeth, who in her youth had given evidence of literary ability, and who lent her name to the most glorious epoch of our literature, was never personally interested either in Letters or Art, excepting Music, in which she was proficient, both as vocalist and a player upon the virginals and lute. When not occupied with political intrigue, Elizabeth was busy with her lovers, her thousand gowns, her progresses, and her amusements.

Elizabeth's uncouth successor, James 1., was distinctly the oddest monarch London had ever received within her walls. His was a clever but perverted intellect which might possibly, under other circumstances, have stood him in good stead. Many are apt to think that every form of superstition properly so-called faded away, so far as England is concerned, with the "Popish practices" of pre-Reformation times, and forget that the seventeenth century was, in a sense, far more superstitious than the fourteenth, in which Chaucer denounced "hem that bileven in divynales (divinations), as by flight or by noyse of briddes (birds), or by bestes, or by sort (in destiny), by geomancie, by dremes, by chirkinge of dores, or crakkinge of houses,

by gnawynge of rattes and swich maner wretchednesse. Certes, al this thing is deffended (forbidden) by God and by al holy chirche." In the pages on London's history in the days of the "Second Solomon" I have introduced, although irrelevant to the pageant of London, an amusing account of the triple marriage of James I. to Princess Anne of Denmark; because, in the first place, it throws a very entertaining light upon the domestic history of the time, and must have afforded scope for considerable gossip on the arrival in the metropolis of the new King and Queen; and, secondly, because the foundation of the whole adventure rests upon James's monomaniacal horror of "witchcraft." James no doubt firmly believed in his boyhood that Bothwell had bewitched his mother, Mary Stuart, and in his manhood that a witch was the cause of all the trouble that befell his *fiancée* on her way to England!

It was impossible to attempt, in a limited space, to enter into the details of the great Civil War or of the Protectorate; but I have none the less been able to give some curious and perhaps little-known facts illustrative of one of the most important periods of English history, which in many of its features bears a singular resemblance to that great Revolution which convulsed France over a hundred years later at the close of the eighteenth century, and also, in a minor degree, to the Reformation. It was tormented with the self-same hatred of the existing religion; and the Church of England fared as badly at the hands of the Puritans as ever did that of Rome a hundred years and more earlier at those of the Reformers. The churches were closed and turned into conventicles; it was even proposed to pull down St. Paul's, and £17,000 which had been subscribed for its restoration was confiscated. The Book of Common Prayer was seized in every place of worship throughout the kingdom and destroyed. The Services of "the Church by law established" were as rigorously prohibited as ever was the Mass. Then, again, the Commonwealth gave expression to its iconoclasm in precisely the same fashion as did the Jacobin Republic in 1793-94. Whatever the Reformation had left intact in the churches was either cast out or mutilated, and the bells and monumental brasses consigned to the melting-pot. Far more serious, however, was the public sale and dispersal of the pictures, works of art, and historical relics

collected by our Plantagenet, Tudor, and Stuart Kings at Whitehall, Somerset House, Hampton Court, and other royal palaces, which constituted the greatest loss to art that England has ever experienced. On the other hand, the scenes in the streets of London under Cromwell's rule were, happily, far less horrible than those which disgraced Paris during the Reign of Terror; and the results of our Revolution have consequently been more durable and beneficent.

The Restoration was, in a sense, a vigorous but inevitable reaction. The people got as soon tired of the despotism of our Revolution as did the French of theirs; and they were glad to welcome even so equivocal a Sovereign as Charles II., yclept "the Merrie Monarch," whose vicious, glittering Court has been so well described by our two greatest Diarists, Pepys and Evelyn, and immortalised by de Grammont and Lely.

The two most important events of the seventeenth century which affected the whole nation—independent of the Civil War—were the tremendous disasters of the Plague and of the Great Fire. In my account of the Plague of 1665 I have not made much use of Defoe's celebrated description of it, for the simple reason that it is not contemporary. The author of *Robinson Crusoe* was a boy of four years old in 1665, and, therefore, the information contained in his vivid pamphlet of the horrors of the pest was derived entirely from hearsay: there exist, however, a number of contemporary accounts of the epidemic which are quite as terrific as Defoe's, and of these I have availed myself as largely as space would permit.

The eighteenth century was, in a sense, the most picturesque of any, for by this time the contrasts between the various classes of society had become even more marked than ever before. In reading the numerous memoirs and letters of the Georgian era their modernity of thought and expression is so very remarkable that we seem to be reading the letters of our own time, only of better literature—more graceful and polished. Horace Walpole's epistolary accounts of the Society of his day need very little alteration to become descriptions of what is going on in the "world in evidence" as chronicled by the *Daily Mail*, *Truth*, *The World*, and other journals that devote some of their columns to the doings of the so-called "upper ten." On the

surface the fashionable world of the eighteenth century was gay and amusing enough, but below it there was a mass of the people which had advanced but little in civilisation since the Dark Ages, and which suffered in silence until at last, fanned by the breeze of Freedom wafted from France and America, in its turn it revolted ; and was only kept from perpetrating the vindictive horrors that deluged in a sea of blood the otherwise good work effected by the French Revolution through the wisdom and moderation of its leaders, but for whose tact and forbearance we should certainly have had a revolution as fearful as the French.

Among the Chapters devoted to the eighteenth century I venture to attract attention to the one entitled "A Gloomy Outlook." We are apt—it seems it is a peculiarity of the race—to perceive the mote in our neighbour's eye and not to observe the beam in our own. I have met with many well-read English men and women who appeared to be certain (or feigned to be so) that judicial cruelty ceased in England with the disappearance of the Middle Ages ; and that we have no such dark spots on our annals as those that stain so deeply the good repute of our neighbours'. But surely it would be impossible to conceive anything more atrocious than our own judicial system from the time of Elizabeth until as late as 1830.

The closing Chapters deal briefly with the dawn of the nineteenth century and the Victorian era. The progress made during the last fifty years of Queen Victoria's reign was so extraordinary that a bulky volume would be required to sketch even rapidly an outline of what was effected in every branch of Science, Art, Letters, Political Economy, and Commercial and Colonial Expansion, between the Coronation of Queen Victoria and her death. In the concluding paragraphs of the book I have availed myself of a writer's privilege of bringing to his aid even supernatural assistance, and have conveyed to earth the spirit of that pilgrim in whose company we beheld, from beneath the steeple of old St. Paul's, the beautiful panorama of London as it was in Chaucer's time. The Spirit perched in the gallery above the swelling dome of the new St. Paul's sees a London very different from the one with which he was familiar, but as our friendly Spirit watches the motor-cars and trams, the trains and steamers dashing along, he possibly recollects that Friar

Roger Bacon, who lived a hundred years earlier than Chaucer, foretold that the day would come when "one may also make carriages, which, without the aid of any animal, will run with immeasurable swiftness."

I shall feel amply rewarded for what trouble I have taken in compiling this work, if my efforts throughout its pages to attract the attention of my readers to the absolute necessity for the creation of a museum especially devoted to the history and relics of London makes some impression, however feeble, upon public opinion. I have suggested that should Crosby Hall ever fall into the market it would be exactly the place in which to house such a collection. In the meantime I trust that some Member will bring before Parliament the urgency of the passing of a law whereby the nation shall be able to purchase, at a reasonable figure, such relics of vanishing London as may fall into the market. Two years ago Newgate Prison was pulled down, and its contents put up to auction and sold to native and foreign curiosity dealers, mostly American, for trifling sums. It is true that these relics were very gruesome, and in many instances quite horrible, instruments of torture, sinister pieces of rope, a treadmill, the massive oaken door of a cell said to date from the fifteenth century, handcuffs, etc.; but although they were uncanny they were none the less valuable as illustrating our judicial system in the past. In France they would certainly have been bought by the proper authorities and placed in the Musée Carnavalet, whereas here they were allowed to be dispersed, some going to Mme. Tussaud's and many to the Metropolitan Museum of New York. Even as write I have before me an auctioneer's catalogue of the sale of Sir Christopher Wren's house in Church Passage, Love Lane. It contains (or perhaps it would be better to say, it contained) a magnificent oak staircase up which no doubt Sir Christopher often went, for here he lived at the time when St. Paul's Cathedral was in process of erection. The so-called Council Room was panelled in oak, dated 1680, and ornamented with very elaborate plaster work of the seventeenth century; and, moreover, decorated with panel paintings of very curious design signed "R. Robinson, 1696." The marble mantelpiece was an extremely fine specimen of seventeenth-century work, surrounded by wood framing moulded in very deep relief. Another house

of the same period which is advertised for sale, and will possibly soon disappear, is that known as Peter the Great's House, at the end of Buckingham Street, Strand, the oak and plaster ceilings in which are of very curious design and well preserved. The day will come when we shall deeply deplore that we have no sort of official commission to put a stop to acts of vandalism which would never, I believe, be tolerated by any other civilised people.

The rebuilding of London consequent upon the falling in of so many old leases proceeds apace, but, unfortunately, although the new buildings are a distinct improvement upon what they would have been forty or fifty years ago, they are far from being worthy of London. Some few are excellent, but in general they are tawdry, badly imitated from the Flemish, the Italian, or the French, and exhibit an absolute lack of any sense of general proportion or of dignity of entrance. What can be less appropriate than the new War Office, an enormous mass disfigured by innumerable small windows and decorated with a pepper-caster on each corner, and having a principal entrance unworthy of a fifth-rate hotel? But without going into further details I will conclude by saying, that until we have established a National School of Architecture we cannot hope for great architects. I should suggest that such a School should not be founded in London but in North Italy—Venice, for instance—where domestic architecture has reached the highest point of elegance and beauty. The students could often make excursions thence to the various art centres of Venetia, Lombardy, and Tuscany; and thus be inspired to furnish us with something better than the trivial or ponderous erections to which we are becoming only too accustomed.

The beautiful drawings by Mr. J. Fulleylove may at first sight appear scarcely to illustrate this book, but none the less they do so, since they give the reader an opportunity of realising the present state of most of the historical places mentioned therein: which although they have lost their ancient aspect, have retained their traditions, that, like a mystic perfume, still linger around them.

RICHARD DAVEY

VENICE, 10th *December*, 1905

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CHAPTER I

LONDINIUM

LONDON'S oldest possession is London's name. Tacitus is the earliest historian to record the existence on the right bank of the river Thames, forty years after the birth of Christ, of a colony—rather than a town—known by the Romans as "Londinium." He describes it, even at that early date, as "a place very much frequented by an abundance of merchants' ships that do constantly enter and leave its port." The Latin annalist does not, however, inform us as to the sort of "place" Londinium was, nor does he tell us what he means by "port," but we may infer it to have been an agglomeration of rude huts facing a stretch of the river which was specially sheltered and convenient for anchoring ships. These primitive dwellings may, indeed, have clustered round a barbaric temple dedicated to the Britons' Sea-god, Lud.

Cæsar makes no mention of Londinium, although he certainly gained one of his most important victories on the north bank of the Thames, to which river, by the way, he gives its ancient name. He tells us that the site offered "nothing more than a thick wood, fortified by a ditch and ramparts, to serve as retreat against the invasion of enemies." Together with other early historians, Cæsar also informs us that the savage tribes he encountered on his victorious march were a handsome race, who, in common with most other barbarians, painted their skins bright red or blue. In winter they clad themselves in the skins of the big game that swarmed in their primeval forests.

Tacitus paints a vivid picture of our earliest ancestors preparing

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for battle against the Romans, who apparently were approaching from the sea: "The army of uncouth warriors, drawn up like a rampart on the shore opposite their redoubtable foes to prevent their landing; the Druidesses running frantically along the sands, brandishing their torches, their sombre raiment fluttering in the wind; whilst the priests with outspread arms exhorted the chiefs to battle, and cursed the foe." In a word, the earliest inhabitants of a settlement which was to develop into the mightiest city this old earth of ours has ever known, must have appeared quite as outlandish to the Romans, with the highly cultured Cæsar at their head, as the uncivilised tribes of North America or the Kaffirs of South Africa seem to us to-day. The country, too, in which they dwelt, though naturally beautiful, was far from prepossessing. The historical Thames, from its very source, flowed, hidden, through masses of dense forest. Not till the stream had passed a little beyond the present Windsor did its waters broaden, and mingle with those coming from a lonely morass. Lambeth¹ and Westminster, Belgravia and Chelsea, were then desolate marshes, full of reeds and flags out of which rose a sort of archipelago of islets, one of which, known in after times as Thorney or Bramble Isle, was destined in due course to become the site of the most famous of our Abbeys and royal Palaces, and of the Parliament House of an Empire vaster than that of the Roman Cæsars.

Like other Northern tribes, the Britons seem to have preserved, albeit in a vague form only, the traditions and sagas of some earlier civilisation, from which, unconsciously it may be, they derived their religion as well as their ethics. If Boadicea really spoke the noble and defiant words quoted by Tacitus, she must have been a woman not only of unusual intellect but of trained eloquence. But her oration strikes us as too rhetorical for a savage chieftainess, and Tacitus—all-eloquent historian though he was—no doubt often sacrificed accuracy to literary effect. None the less, Englishmen should be grateful for his superb portrait of the heroic Queen. It may not be an accurate likeness, it certainly is a splendid picture.

In ancient Londinium, then, on or close to the site of the

¹ There is still a place called Lambeth Marsh, and the houses in Belgrave and Eaton Squares, and neighbourhood, are built on marshy soil.

present city (a position admirably suited for commercial enterprise),¹ there gathered, doubtless, even in the night of historic time, quaint-shaped trading vessels, and ships like that in which Ulysses performed his adventurous Odyssey, with big brown sails spreading even as the wings of monster birds, and cargoes with strange-named goods from Scandinavia or Gaul, or even from Phœnicia and distant Spain or Italy. Of this British mart, of its inhabitants and the lives they led, we know little or nothing, and we are safe, therefore, in asserting that the recorded history of London only begins after the first appearance of the Romans on our shores.

Both Strabo and Diodorus Siculus agree that the primitive citizens of London dwelt in huts made of reeds and sticks interwoven "like hurdles." Less than a hundred years ago such dwellings were still to be seen on "wastes" in remote parts of Northumberland and Cumberland, inhabited by shepherds in summer only for convenience and pasturage.²

That learned authority, Dr. Guest, is of opinion that Londinium was founded in A.D. 43 by Plautius, the General of Claudius, the first Roman Emperor to land in Britain, and that its name is derived from the Celtic word used to designate the marshes that surrounded it, "lyn din" or the lake-fort, a reference, it may be, to some protecting fortress that towered above the broad lake-like bosom of the morass. Geoffrey of Monmouth is the first historian actually to relate the legend of London, and he gives a much more likely origin for the name. This author, in his somewhat fantastic *History of the Britons*, written early in the twelfth century, tells us that when Brute or Brutus³ migrated from Troy to Britain (when indeed?) he deter-

¹ Caesar tells us the Britons traded with the Gauls, but that, having no pitch, they went to sea in boats covered with hides.

² In 1867, whilst making excavations near London Wall and near Southwark Stairs, General Pitt Rivers discovered a number of wooden piles about six inches square; as vestiges of Roman cooking utensils were found close, he came to the natural conclusion that these piles had once been the supports of a dwelling. But it is more probable that these piles formed the supports of a British dwelling afterwards used by the Romans.—See a paper read by Colonel Lane Fox (Pitt Rivers) before the London Anthropological Society in 1867. *Vide* Journal of this Society, vol. v. 2.

³ Milton, in his curious *History of England*, gives a very interesting account

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mined to build a new Troy, which he was pleased to call Troam Novum. Shortly after this event, King Bellinus (?) built "a tower of prodigious height and a safe harbour for ships," the site of which is still called after him—Billingsgate. After this came King Lud, who, being a patriotic monarch, "encompassed Bellinus' city, harbour and tower, with a strong wall and a gate by the river, which even now bears his name." When, in due course of time, the enterprising Lud expired, he was buried at a spot which the Saxons called Lud's Gate, and which we—their degenerate descendants—know as Ludgate. It is not at all unlikely that this legend contains more than the proverbial grain of truth, and that somewhere deep down below the busy thoroughfare that runs from the bottom of Fleet Street to St. Paul's Cathedral, there lie buried the bones of some great, but now forgotten, British warrior or demi-god, yclept, King Lud; identical, I need hardly say, with the water deity to whom, according to tradition, the prehistoric temple already hinted at was dedicated. A closer examination will soon convince us that Geoffrey of Monmouth's legend is founded on some folk-tale or popular tradition which led this unscientific and very imaginative historian to jump to the conclusion that the word "Britain" was derived from the name Brute or "Brutus," an unknown hero whose fabled parentage was illustrious, for his father was said to be Æneas and his mother none other than Venus. The connection of this personage with the city of Troy is rather hard to trace. But as nearly every coast city in Spain and Portugal was popularly reputed to have been founded by the wandering

of this mythical Brutus, who it seems reigned twenty-five years, and left three sons, Lochrine, Albanach, and Camber, among whom he divided his kingdom at his death. One son, Lochrine, who in time became the father of the nymph Sabrina, had an adventurous life, which Shakespeare may have dramatised, for the tragedy of *Lochrine* has been attributed to him: Spenser devotes seven cantos of the *Faery Queen* to Lochrine, who also served Drayton as a theme to hang a lyric on. Milton himself mentions it in *Comus*, and devotes several delicious lines to Sabrina—

"There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name; a virgin pure;
Whilom she was the daughter of Lochrine,
That had the sceptre from his father, Brute."

Ulysses or some other Trojan wanderer, it was easy enough for the eager Geoffrey, at a time when he was not likely to encounter much opposition from the learned, to bring his Brutus straight over from Troy instead of round by Rome! All the more so as Caesar himself tells us he found, on the north bank of the Thames, a savage tribe called Trinobantes, a name quite near enough to Trinovatum or Troam Novum for the purposes of any chronicler writing eleven hundred years after his facts occurred, and none too well provided with books of reference. Be that as it may, the Trojan origin of our capital was fully accepted in the Middle Ages, and, in the Laws of Edward the Confessor, London is actually described as built "after the pattern of great Troy."

According to tradition an equestrian statue of Lud stood over the Lud Gate. This story probably takes its origin from a coin of the Emperor Claudius, having on one face a representation of a man on horseback with the legend "Brittan." It is more than likely that a statue of this Emperor, imported from Rome at an early date, was set up over that gate of the city which became popularly known as Lud Gate. If we were a sentimental race, like our near cross-Channel neighbours, some grand monument in bronze or marble to commemorate the mythical founder of our metropolis would adorn Ludgate Circus in place of the pair of meaningless and dingy obelisks which now surmount two very useful, but most singularly commonplace, lavatories.

In all likelihood London was never actually "founded," but rather developed into a city by a gradual process of evolution. Plautius, *circa* A.D. 49, perceiving the position to be admirably suited for commercial purposes, gave Ostorius Scapula, his successor in the Prætorship, a hint, even a command, to establish a military station on the Thames, near the present entrance to London Bridge. In course of time the soldiery intermarried with the native women, and thus gradually formed families, and built a sort of rude town, dimly recalling not so much Rome itself as one of the provincial cities of Northern Italy, where the climate is more akin to our own. In less than fifteen years, that is to say in A.D. 64, this colony had greatly developed, and, as we learn from Tacitus, the population had grown so dense as to lose, without extinction, 70,000 of its numbers, for that year

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witnessed the *dénouement* of the first of the series of historical tragedies that impart so much romantic interest to the annals of old London.¹

Prasatagus, King of the Icenii, had persuaded himself some few years before that date that in his interest, as well as that of his tribe, he must make an alliance with the Romans. Dying, he named the Roman Emperor and his own two daughters joint heirs of his inheritance. Whereupon the Roman Procurator, setting aside the two Princesses, took possession of the whole in the name of Cæsar, to the fierce indignation of Boadicea, the Icenian Monarch's widow. Her outcry was silenced by the lash, and, to crown insult, her young daughters were outraged before her eyes. The Icenii, maddened by the wrongs heaped on their Sovereign Lady, flew to arms, and formed a league with the neighbouring tribes to recover their own liberty and drive out the Romans, who were supposed to have received supernatural warning of threatened danger and imminent defeat. The statue of Victory in the Temple of Claudius at Verulam (St. Albans) was reported to have fallen with its face to the earth, and a picture of the colony in ruins had been seen at the mouth of the Thames floating seaward. The Icenii played a deep and cunning game. Till they were prepared, they simulated friendship with their foes; then, without a word, they sprang upon them, sparing in their fury neither man, woman, nor child. The Roman Commander, Suetonius Paulinus, perceiving the danger, prepared at once to abandon London, and invited as many of its inhabitants as would, or could, to follow his army beyond the gates. Comparatively few, unhappily, were able to do this, and an immense number of human beings were either put to the sword or crucified by the victorious barbarians, who vented their particular frenzy on any of their own tribesmen who had settled in the city and allied themselves with the enemy. The Romans' revenge was not less terrible. Boadicea had placed herself at the head of her people, and led her warriors in person. If Tacitus is to be relied on, she appeared at the head of her army in a chariot drawn by white horses, robed in many-

¹ This estimate must include the massacres both at Verulam and at Camlodium, whose population shared the same fate as that of London, the smallest city, evidently, of the three, but possibly the one that suffered most.

hued garments and with a golden chain about her neck. In the same chariot, on either side, stood her young, ill-fated daughters. In ringing tones she harangued her troops, recalling, in an outburst of supreme eloquence, her own and her children's wrongs; and finally, as though inspired by Bellona the War-goddess herself, cried out that she, "a woman, and with her all British women, would perish rather than be enslaved. Let the men live if they chose!" Alas! neither her noble presence nor her passionate appeal were to save her people or herself. The Romans, thirsting for vengeance, and ably led by the experienced Suetonius, soon overthrew the undisciplined Britons, who, depending more on their numbers and valour than on their skill, fell before the legionaries like wheat under the sickle. Remembering what their fellows had so recently suffered, the Roman soldiers were merciless; "they pierced," says the annalist, "the very beasts with their darts, and heaped them up to swell the hecatombs of slain." True to her word, the proud Queen, resolving not to fall into the hands of her foes, first slew her daughters and then poisoned herself. The scene of this decisive struggle was, according to very ancient tradition, Battle Bridge, St. Pancras, at the junction of the present Gray's Inn Road with the Pentonville and Euston Roads. Other authorities give Parliament Hill, in the north of London, as the site of this dramatic event, and for this reason probably Thornycroft's remarkably decorative statue of the Queen in her chariot has been placed at the head of Westminster Bridge in the south-west district!

Although the Roman occupation of England, and consequently of London, lasted close upon five hundred years, we have but little record of a period of time equalling that which has elapsed since the Reformation. Suetonius Paulinus, elated by his success, appears to have contemplated the conquest of Ireland as a means of facilitating commerce between Spain, Gaul, and Britain; but he renounced this enterprise, and the sister island remained independent for nearly another thousand years.

The excavations made from time to time during the last fifteen hundred years have laid bare sufficient of the Roman city to enable us to form a general idea of its extent and appearance, and, assisted by our knowledge of the constitution

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of Roman cities elsewhere, both provincial and colonial, we can in a measure reconstruct Londinium as it must have been in the days of the later Cæsars, when the city had assumed considerable proportions and had reached a certain point of artistic elegance.

The Romans, according to their lights, were an exceedingly pious people, and at a very early stage of the history of the newly-founded city they must have erected not one, but several temples to their numerous deities. These temples, we may take it for granted, were invariably of very small dimensions; pagan temples, even at Athens and Rome, were rarely built on a large scale—the Parthenon is not much larger than the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and the smallest English cathedral would dwarf the most magnificent of the temples that once stood on the Capitoline Hill. The temple, unlike the church, was never intended either for pompous ceremonial or for the accommodation of large congregations. A small *cella* or chapel for the statue of the presiding deity, and for such stray worshippers as cared to wander in, say a prayer, or offer a lighted taper or a pinch of incense to propitiate the divinity, was all the interior space required. The sacrificial service of burnt-offering took place in the open air, in front of the temple; the faithful filling every available vantage spot whence they might witness and share in the celebration. Though there must have been many such temples in and about Roman London, not one has left any trace whereby the antiquary might hope to define either the exact position of the fane or the special divinity to whom it was dedicated. The earliest mention of the building of a pagan temple in England refers to one dedicated to Victory by Claudius, at Verulam.

If we may believe a very ancient tradition, the principal temple of Londinium was dedicated to Diana, and this is likely enough, for the surrounding forests abounded in game, and the Hunting-goddess was naturally popular with a people depending so largely on the chase for its subsistence. In Edward the Third's reign a quantity of bones of cattle and stags' horns were unearthed near St. Paul's, and the learned of that day concluded them to be the remains of animals sacrificed to Diana; and when, in the seventeenth century, Sir Christopher Wren laid bare the

foundations of the old cathedral, the discovery of a heap of animals' bones led that eminent architect to accept rather reluctantly the conclusion of the good folk of King Edward's days. In 1830, as though to confirm the tradition, an altar to Diana, now in the Guildhall Museum, was dug up in Fetter Lane, not far from St. Paul's. It would be impossible, however, to prove by these discoveries that the cathedral stands on the site of a pagan temple, for charred remains of animals, as well as numerous altars with inscriptions to pagan gods and goddesses, have been discovered on other parts of the metropolis. Large fragments of what must have been statues of pagan divinities have occasionally been dug up, and these may originally have stood in temples hard by the spots where they were found. In 1806 the torso and thighs of a semi-colossal statue of Hercules were unearthed near the London Coffee Tavern in Ludgate Hill; a head of Hadrian, to whom numerous temples were dedicated in various parts of the Empire, was found, fifty years since, near the Exchange; and another was fished out of the Thames mud at the head of London Bridge, when the old structure was pulled down. The Roman sections of the British and Guildhall Museums contain extremely interesting collections of small bronzes representing deities, some of the highest artistic merit, and evidently imported from Italy or Gaul; and although these were probably not intended for temples, but for strictly domestic worship, they none the less evidence the piety of the population, and we may consequently conclude that the spiritual needs of the inhabitants of the city, in the matter of public worship, were by no means neglected. As soon as the colony settled down to a normal condition, Rome, with her usual far-seeing policy, must have commanded the Prefects in England to organise the services of the various provincial temples on much the same lines as those followed in the metropolis; and we may be sure that the priests for the newly established places of pagan worship in London and other parts of the country were despatched from Italy, precisely as were the Christian missionaries at a later date, until, in due time, a native priesthood was formed. The Flamen attached to the various fanes had their distinctive costumes, varying in colour and shape according to the deity they served. On festivals the high priests wore their gorgeous sacrificial robes,

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which, according to the learned Lanciani, resembled not a little those used by the Roman Catholic priesthood in our own time. Each family had its protecting deity, and its tiny chapel, not unlike a cupboard, containing the *Lares* and *Penates*, or household gods—little silver, bronze, terra-cotta, or clay images, recalling those charming tanagra figures, the first discovery of which, a few years back, made so great and deserved a sensation in the artistic world. Among the most beautiful of those to be seen in the British Museum, is a delightful silver figurine representing Harpocrates, discovered in the slime of the Thames in 1825. This figure is remarkable not only for perfection of design and beauty of workmanship, but also as a specimen of the goldsmith's art, the slender chain which binds it being elaborately chiselled in pure gold.

The discovery many years ago, in Bevis Marks, of a figure representing a youth in Oriental costume, wearing a Phrygian cap, in the act of slaying a bull, and easily recognised as Mithras, is a convincing proof that Mithracism was practised in Londinium, though at what period it would be difficult to say. Mithras was the Sun-god of the Persians, their mediator between man and the powers of good and evil. His cult, in its essence a kind of monotheism, disfigured by an exuberance of mysterious rites and superstitions, including witchcraft, astrology, and a form of spiritualism, was exceedingly attractive to the intellectual members of Roman Society, jaded as they were by the vulgar materialism of the more popular forms of paganism. The priests of the orthodox pagans, if they may so be called, opposed this sect with all their power. Its adepts were accused of the most abominable practices, and it was whispered that nature herself was outraged at their secret meetings in the Mithraic caves. As Christianity advanced, the cult of the Sun-god increased in popularity, and was even set up as a rival of the new Faith, a higher expression of monotheistic belief. The attention of the Emperors was directed to its increasing influence, and in the third century, under Diocletian, its professors, being considered enemies to the welfare of the State, were almost as fiercely persecuted as the Christians. The appearance in Roman England of this singular form of mysticism is extremely interesting, and shows how dependent the colony was upon the metrop-

olis even in the matter of fashionable beliefs. Mithraic caves, statues, and symbols have been discovered in other parts of England, especially in the north; and if excavations had been pursued on the site in Bevis Marks where the statue was unearthed, the cave in which the weird rites and ceremonies in connection with its ritual were performed would probably have been found. A Mithraic cave was discovered at *Borcovicus Housesteads*, on the Eighth Station of the old wall; and a very fine tablet representing the sacrifice and mysteries of Mithras (now in the Museum of that city) was unearthed in 1747 at York.

Even the cult and mysteries of Isis may have been imported into England, for none of the quasi-forbidden or merely tolerated forms of paganism were more popular in Rome, especially with fashionable women, than that of the Egyptian goddess, several of whose statuettes, as well as images of Anubis and Osiris, have been found in England.

More interesting and evident is the presence of the cult of the three good mother goddesses, or *Bonæ Dæ Matres*, a sort of female Trinity consisting of Juno, Venus, and Cybele. The outward symbol of this worship was a representation of the three sacred sisters seated in a row, draped as matrons, and holding on their knees baskets of fruit and flowers—emblems of abundance. Such a group, but headless, was dug up in Hart Street, Crutched Friars, many years ago, and is now in the Guildhall Museum. The figures are rather coarsely treated in stone, but they possess a sort of simple grandeur which is not unimpressive. The size of this group is about 4 feet by 10 inches. Mr. Roach Smith is of opinion that it originally stood in a temple, but other authorities think that it may have figured as an outside decoration, indicative of the purpose of the fane. The cult of the “three goddesses in one” was apparently but little observed in Rome. But it was popular in Northern Italy, and especially so on this side of the Alps, in Germany, and Gaul, where it influenced folk-lore and legendary tradition. We can find a trace of this influence even in our own popular fairy tales, in which three beneficent fairies, or three fair maidens, so often play a conspicuous part. The foundation of Evesham Abbey may be traced back to this same source. A goat-herd

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in a vision beheld three fair ladies, and reporting the occurrence to the saintly Bishop Egwin, was assured they were the Holy Virgin and two angels, who evidently desired a church to be erected on the spot where they had condescended to appear.

Christianity made its modest appearance very early in the religious history of London. The preaching of Peter and Paul had deeply impressed the Prætorian soldiers; and some newly arrived military convert, it may be, had made the Truth known long before the end of the first century. It is generally believed that the earliest Christian Church erected in England stood on the site of St. Peter's, Cornhill; but as to when the church was built, worthy Jocelyn of Furness, on whose authority we have to depend, does not enlighten us. There is no doubt that in the third century, Christianity had made very considerable progress in Northern Europe. Even if not introduced direct from Rome into this country, the Roman form and influence was paramount; for, being an offshoot from the Church of Gaul, whose centre was at Lyons,—it is still the primatal See of France,—the British Church was dependent upon Rome.

We know that a more or less complete hierarchy was established before the Romans evacuated England. Geoffrey of Monmouth tells us of three archbishoprics—London, York, and Cæleon. Three British bishops attended the Circuit of Arles in 314—Eborius of York, Restitius of London, and Adelfius, whose bishopric is described as "*de civitate colonia Londinensium*"—possibly a suffragan. There were ten British bishops at the next Council in 359; but by this time Christianity was beginning to be paramount all over the Empire, and long before the Romans abandoned England it was the religion of the State. England, and especially Wales, which was converted at a very early period, sent missionaries into Brittany; the Church being first established there by British-born apostles, whose shrines are still venerated in that interesting country. As a matter of fact, however, our early historians—the Venerable Beda inclusive—have little to say concerning the original introduction of the Christian religion into the realm. In the very ancient Statute Book of St. Paul's Cathedral, we are informed that in A.D. 110 Pope Alexander I. sent two Doctors of Divinity, Fagnus and Dumanus, to King Lucius of Britain

to incline the hearts of the British to Christianity; Bede mentions Lucius, and even calls him a saint, but he apparently knew very little about him beyond his name, and some learned authorities doubt his very existence. St. Alban, our proto-martyr, stands forth more clearly, and no doubt the primitive Church in England, in common with that of every other Christian land, had its roll-call of saintly and martyred heroes; for the effect of such fierce persecutions as those of Marcus Aurelius (177), Decius (249-251), Valerian (257), and Diocletian (303), reached even these northern shores.

Relics of early Christianity in London are exceedingly scarce, and even of these many are probably apocryphal. It does not follow because we see a cross hanging from a bracelet that the emblem belonged to a Christian. Long before it became the outward sign of an inward grace the cross was a symbol of phallic worship. The eight small pewter patens found at Battersea, and now in the British Museum, stamped with the monogram X.P., are undoubtedly Christian, for some of them, in addition to the monogram, are inscribed with the words "Spes in Deo." They are supposed to be of the fourth century. The first, with a head, probably of Constantine, engraved upon it, and a cross in the corner, may be intended to recall the conversion of that Emperor—so, at least, thought Mr. Roach Smith. But the very beautiful mosaic pavement in the British Museum, representing an ornamental cross, may, or may not, be Christian, for after all it is merely a design suggestive of the Christian symbol. In the first quarter of the eighteenth century some interesting Roman remains were dug up at Blackfriars,—which, by the way, was outside the great wall,—and among them a remarkable stone coffin with a cross upon it. These, and one or two other relics of the early British Roman Church, are all the material evidence we now possess, so far as London is concerned, of what must have been a flourishing community.

CHAPTER II

HOW THE PEOPLE LIVED IN ROMAN LONDON

IF we turn from the sacred to the secular monuments of Roman London, we have much more definite data as to their existence, their size, and even their magnificence; but it is none the less difficult, if not impossible, to determine their exact positions. The first city was uprooted and burnt by the Franks in A.D. 75, and subsequently devastated again and again by barbarians, invasions, and fire. The greater part was built of wood, and ignited, of course, as readily as modern Istambul, whole districts of which capital are burnt out every year. On the other hand, the walls of defence were as solidly constructed as if they were to outlast time. Large portions of these still exist, but hidden under modern streets. Magnificent tessellated pavements, discovered in various parts of the city, have certainly assisted conjecture, even if they have not afforded positive proof, as to the exact spots where important buildings once stood.¹

¹ Mr. Roach Smith, in his admirable *Illustrations of Roman London*, inclines to the belief that the Basilica stood in the neighbourhood of Cannon Street. Other authorities locate the Prætorium in the vicinity of the Tower. Soon after the Great Fire in 1666, while workmen were digging the foundations of houses in Scot's Yard, Bush Lane, Cannon Street, they discovered a very fine tessellated pavement with the remains of an important building, supposed to have belonged to the Governor's Palace. A little farther on another large pavement was found, which it was concluded marked the site of the Basilica. When the present Cannon Street Railway Station was erected similar remains were unearthed; and it is reasonable to believe that thereabouts stood some monumental building or buildings which, Mr. Roach Smith and Mr. Price thought rather than asserted, formed part of important municipal structures—the Governor's residence or the Basilica. This does not help us to form any idea of the size or appearance of these edifices:

Surrounded by a population of vindictive barbarians, who had many wrongs to avenge, the young city stood but little chance of safety unless it was strongly fortified and defended. The first thought of its founders was, therefore, to erect a citadel, or *Prætorium*, surrounded by formidable walls, which formed an oblong enclosure extending from the present Dowgate Hill to Great Tower Street. In course of time the Governor's Palace and the Basilica, or Law Courts, were also included within the stronghold. Massive remains of this early wall were discovered when the present Cannon Street Railway Station was built; one bastion, situated at Dowgate Hill, extending from Scot's Yard, close to Cannon Street, to Laurence Pountney Lane. There were probably four such bastions, one at each corner of the wall, which was girdled by a ditch full of water. There were two ports or gates, one at Dowgate—this was the only water gate—and one at Billingsgate, a little below the Bridge. The Bridge itself was strongly defended, and there must have been a fortress on the Southwark side. At the foot of the western slope of Dowgate Hill flowed the Wall-brook, whose waters passed into the Thames through the Dowgate. Within this oblong circuit have been found the most interesting remains of Roman London, including important blocks of tessellated pavements, belonging either to the Governor's Palace or to the Basilica, and many other fragments which evidently formed part of large buildings. Outside the wall, the primitive city clustered; the dwellings of the merchants, tradesmen, and poorer citizens nestling closest to it, while on the pleasant slopes of the Wall-brook rose the villas and gardens of the wealthy; beyond these were more villas, farms, and also the cemeteries. It was not, however, until the end of the fourth century that the great wall was built, the extent of which can still be traced by the names of its gates. Mr. Roach Smith thinks the Basilica stood near the Cannon Street end of the enclosure, and the *Prætorium* at the other extremity, nearest to Tower Hill. Mr. Loftie, in his *History of London*, expresses the opinion that none of the public buildings of Londinium

but the Basilica probably resembled that at Pompeii, which contained a hall 220 feet long by 80 feet in breadth, and was approached by a flight of steps leading to a portico.

were magnificent—no remains of artistic merit, excepting a few fine specimens of tessellated pavement, having been found. But it must be remembered that no systematic explorations have ever been undertaken. Beneath the hurrying feet of the countless multitude that passes up and down the streets of the busiest city on earth, there may yet lie hidden proofs positive of the “magnificence” of Roman London.

The traveller who reached London from Rome, came by the direct route to Lyons—thence to Auxerre, Troyes, Rheims, Amiens, Montreuil, and Boulogne, where he took boat for Dover. Here he made his first acquaintance with the famous Watling Street, along which he journeyed to Canterbury, and so through Greenwich Park and Southwark to London and the head of the bridge built by the Romans, about 260 feet east of the present London Bridge. Probably in the earlier days of Londinium's existence there was a military bridge of boats at this point, but it was rebuilt in due time on wooden piles, the remains of which were discovered in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when old London Bridge was pulled down. Admirably suited to resist an exceptionally strong current, this original bridge (so we may presume from our knowledge of others constructed elsewhere by the Romans at this period) was extremely narrow. At the Southwark end there must have been a gate with a fortified tower, probably surmounted by a statue of Hadrian, as the fine bronze head of this Emperor¹ was found in the mud of the Thames on the Southwark shore during the dredging operations necessitated by the building of the present bridge. Our traveller, attended by the porter² carrying his baggage, paid a small toll at the gate, and then crossed the stream to the wharf or quay that faced the river between the London gate of the bridge and the spot where the Conqueror eventually built the Tower. He entered Londinium by the West Gate, and there regained Watling Street, which ran, under the name of the Prætorian Way, through the city to London Stone, and then in an oblique line to Newgate. Thence it followed the line of modern Holborn and Oxford Street. At

¹ It is now in the British Museum.

² The porter played as conspicuous a part in the old Roman life as ever he did in Baghdad in the days of the Khalifa.



RECENTLY-DISCOVERED APSE OF ALL HALLOWS-IN-THE-WALL,
AND FRAGMENT OF THE ROMAN WALL.

Tyburn it entered the modern Edgware Road and stretched direct to Verulam (St. Albans) in Hertfordshire. The Via Prætoriana was what we should now call a High Street, the busiest and most bustling thoroughfare of the city.

Londinium proper was divided into two unequal parts by the Wall-brook, a tributary of the Thames, that ran from north to south, and fell with such a rapid rush into the great river at Dowgate that in 1575 a lad of eighteen who fell accidentally into it was carried away and drowned not far from London Bridge. Stowe tells us how, once upon a time, it was "a fair brook of sweet waters which came from out of the North Fields through the Wall and midst of the city into the river Thames, which division is to this day constantly and without change maintained." In Roman times it was a fairly important river, up which "barges and boats were rowed out on the river Thames." It remained an open but polluted watercourse until the reign of Elizabeth, when it was vaulted over; after this it probably dried up. Sir Richard Philips, however, says that he saw it in 1803 "trickling among the foundations of the new buildings at the Bank." The memory of it still clings to "Wall-brook"—Wall-brook Ward.

If the traveller from Rome had no relations or friends in the town, he—just like any modern traveller—would go to an inn or tavern, of which, as in all other Roman cities, there were a fair number. A stroll through the streets would soon convince the newcomer that Londinium was built, though on a small scale, exactly on the same principle as the metropolis of the Empire. It stood, in point of fact, in the same relationship to the Imperial City as that occupied, say, by Johannesburg with respect to modern London; and in this connection we may recall the fact that the Romans came originally to England for mining purposes, precisely as we flock to South Africa. The shops were small and not more than one storey high, the goods displayed in an unglazed window open to the street, much after the fashion of our butchers, fishmongers, and fruiterers. The streets branching out right and left of the Prætorian or High Street formed a maze of narrow lanes, blind alleys and courts, the outlines of which have been preserved to our day.

The most populous part of Londinium must have been concentrated in the area between our Bishopsgate Street and Cannon

Street, including the site now occupied by the Mansion House, Royal Exchange, Bank, Bucklersbury, and Lombard Street—where the greater number of tessellated pavements, and large fragments of walls of houses and other structures, have been found. Beyond this district the discoveries have been less important and, as a rule, of quite another class. On the main roads in the outer ring of the city were villas and farm-houses, surrounded by fields and gardens. The cemeteries were outside the gates, and the Roman visitor must have noted with no little amusement the roads bordered on either side by tombs, family monuments, and columbarii reminding him not a little of the Appian Way. Primitive and inadequate as he may have considered the majority of these memorials, with their elaborate and sentimental inscriptions, some at least were really fine and quite worthy of the Roman models. A few important specimens are yet to be seen in the British and Guildhall Museums, though those in the former are arranged, together with many of the larger relics of Roman London, in a dark corridor and in a bad cross-light.¹

But we will leave our Roman to his business or his pleasure, and will examine for ourselves the dwelling-places inhabited by the people of London a good seventeen hundred years ago. We find them all built on the same general plan, and differing only in point of size and elegance, according to the means and positions of their owners. The streets were narrow, irregular, and roughly paved; but whereas the houses in the Imperial City often, especially in the poorer quarters, rose to eight and even more storeys, the average in Londinium was two. The basement, and probably half the ground-floor, was built of stone and rubble,

¹ The Saxon-named Watling Street was the most famous of the four great Roman roads to and from London. It is, in point of fact, the British continuation of the direct road from Rome through France. In Roman times, of course, it was not known as Watling Street but as the Prætorian Road, over which passed the newly landed troops from Dover to Londinium and to the official capital Verulam, now St. Albans. The date of its construction is not known, but the probabilities are that it was a British road, improved by the Romans. According to some ancient authorities, it came to be called Watling Street in Saxon times, from Whedig, a son of King Weatla. Guitlin, a British prince, famous in the days when the Saxons began to be conspicuous, may also have given the road his name; truly Watling is nearer Guitlin than Weatla.

strongly cemented with gravel. The rest of the house was of wood, decorated externally with cross-timbering painted black, red, or blue,¹ and with its whitewashed walls was not unlike the curious old fourteenth- and fifteenth-century houses which still exist in some of our out-of-the-way country towns and villages. At Colwall, near Malvern, there is an old house of this sort which dates back to the twelfth century, and perhaps even earlier. May not the Normans have adopted this delightful and picturesque style of building from the Romans? Such ancient timbered houses are found all over France; and no less an authority on such subjects than M. Charles Garnier, the eminent architect of the Paris Opera House, holds them to be a continuation of the style of house built by Roman colonists in Gaul.² Unfortunately we have no evidence to support this theory, whether literary or pictorial. The ground-plan of numbers of Romano-British houses and villas has been unearthed, and we are thus able to determine the exact arrangement of the various apartments. From the street we pass into the vestibule, where the guest divests himself of his shoes and outer garment before entering the Atrium or Cavedium, the equivalent of our modern "hall," on to which opened all the principal apartments. The Atrium was considered sacred. Here was the "hearth" of the home, whose fire was never allowed to burn out. Here, too, in the place of honour, exactly opposite the door, stood the nuptial bed,³ a handsome piece of furniture raised so high above

¹ On the staircase leading from the Egyptian Gallery of the British Museum to the upper floor is a curious Carthaginian mosaic (Roman period) representing a man on horseback. In the background is a group of three houses several storeys in height. They are roofed with red tiles, and the façades are timbered with cross-beams painted black.

² The other three London roads led respectively from London to Colchester, Lincoln and York—from London to Lincoln (the Watling Road as far as St. Albans) and from London to Chichester. The subject of the road is admirably and fully dealt with in Mr. W. R. Lethaby's *London before the Conquest*, and in a very interesting article in *The Antiquary* for 1901-02.

³ There is a very interesting account of the nuptial couch of the Romans in Garnier's *L'habitation humaine*. It was held so sacred in Gaul that even now in many out-of-the-way places in Brittany and Normandy it still figures in the cottager's home as a sort of altar, to be admired, but never used except on the occasion of a wedding. In Rome the custom of placing it in the

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the ground that a short ladder was generally affixed to one end for the convenience of its occupants. This couch, however, was only used when there was a wedding in the family, when it figured conspicuously enough in the marriage ceremonies. The *Lares* and *Penates*, or household gods, had their tiny chapel in the Atrium, where also was the domestic altar, before which the family assembled, night and morning, for prayers. The Atrium, in a word, was a sort of combination of hall, sitting-room, and oratory. Here the stranger was welcomed, and having once crossed this threshold he was safe—even if he were a criminal—so sacred in the eyes of a respectable Roman was his domestic “hearth.” To the right of this apartment was the *Trinaculum* or dining-hall, a comparatively small chamber with just enough room for the table and permanent benches or lounges surrounding it, upon which the company stretched themselves whilst at meals.¹ A sideboard, charged with glass and ceramic ware, occupied the upper end of the room. On the left-hand side was either the library or a tiny reception room—these chambers being very small. Beyond this was the *Peristylum*, or inner courtyard, (roofed over on account of the English climate), which was also used as a sort of general sitting-room, on to which opened the men’s bedrooms. Here were the finest tessellated pavements and the choicest works of art. The bedrooms were mere cupboards, with just space enough for a bed and chair. The back of the *Peristylum* opened into the *Gynecæ*, or women’s apartment, which in large houses was a repetition on a small scale of the men’s quarters. The baths, kitchens, offices, and servants’ rooms were beyond the *Gynecæ*. When the house had an upper storey the servants most likely slept there, and the store and lumber rooms were probably included in that part of the dwelling.

The most conspicuous feature of a Roman house, in any part of the world, was its tessellated or mosaic pavement. So important did Cæsar consider this sort of pavement that he commanded his troops to carry the *tessella* or little cubes of marble

Atrium, directly opposite the entrance, ceased soon after the fall of the Republic, but it was retained in the provinces and colonies long after the introduction of Christianity.

¹ A Roman dinner-party rarely exceeded nine guests, who typified the Nine Muses.

or glass necessary for paving his tent. The remarkable number of fine specimens of tessellated pavement found in England, and especially in London, proves the popularity of this sort of flooring, which, after over fifteen hundred years of disuse, has returned to fashion, especially for the floorings of theatres, restaurants, and other public buildings. Perhaps the finest pavement yet discovered in England is the noble specimen dug up in Bucklersbury in 1826, which forms the subject of a learned pamphlet by Mr. John Edward Price. This is now in the Guildhall Museum, and equals, in beauty of design, richness of material, and perfection of workmanship, anything unearthed in Rome itself. It was discovered 19 feet below the surface of the street, and evidently belonged to some important public building. As a rule these pavements—some of which were very plain, with scarcely any sort of design except perhaps a wall-of-Troy border—were intended for passages, corridors, and courtyards, and were laid upon the ground without any under flooring. The case was otherwise where the pavement decorated an inhabited part of the dwelling; then it rested on a series of short square columns, about 3 feet in height, forming what was called a “*suspensara*” or suspended floor. Under this was the furnace or hypercaust, which raised the temperature of the room or rooms by means of hot air directed through the walls by tubes, somewhat after the fashion of a modern American heating apparatus. Owing to the fickle character of our climate, open fireplaces were common, and even in houses where the hypercaust had been introduced, a number of “dogs,” pokers, tongs, and other fire-irons have been dug up from time to time. Some fine red-brick pavements have also been laid bare in London and elsewhere in England, and not a few perfectly plain white ones—evidently belonging to the poorer class of dwelling huts, but none the less very neat and admirably constructed.

The Romans never crowded their apartments with superfluous household goods. Inlaid chests, chairs, and tables were probably imported from Italy or Gaul, and, as time went on, there must have been plenty of native furniture-makers capable of matching, if not improving upon, imported models. Wicker chairs, exactly like those now in use, certainly existed, for we have at least one bas-relief representing a woman seated in a

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chair evidently made of willow twigs, and identical with the sort which the gipsy-pedlars of our own day bring round to wayside farmhouses in the summer months.

The Roman houses in England seem, from the remains discovered, to have been covered with stucco and painted in fresco. The designs are always varied and graceful, bearing a remarkable likeness to those of Herculaneum and Pompeii, introducing the typical figures of youthful gods, fauns, and dancing girls; or else subjects from heathen mythology surrounded by arabesque, the backgrounds either deep red, yellow, or black. The very colours, the greens and reds, the ochres and the browns, are composed of the same pigments as the Pompeian tints. The great uniformity and precision in the treatment of the ornamentation leads us to the conclusion that much of it was produced by a stencilling process.

Though, as we have said, the Romans occupied Britain for nearly five hundred years, less than a hundred pages would contain all we know of their history there during that period; and although London was the most important city of the colony, still less would suffice for it. It is, therefore, exceedingly difficult to determine what the population numbered, even when the Roman city was in the zenith of its prosperity. If, however, we calculate by the space within the walls covered with dwellings—the exact extent is fairly well known—we may compute the population of Londinium at between 30,000 and 45,000 souls,—this without reckoning Southwark, where some thirty distinct discoveries of Roman remains, detached villas and burial places, have been made, and the outlying part of Lambeth, where a few interesting Roman relics have been unearthed quite recently.

There is, however, considerable evidence that Watling Street did not always run in the direction above indicated. In 1869 a fine sarcophagus was unexpectedly discovered in the North Green of Westminster Abbey. It was inscribed with the name of Valerius Amandisius—you can still see it standing at the entrance to the Chapter House. Ten years later the men engaged in digging a grave under the pavement of the nave found a large piece of mosaic floor of considerable beauty. Since then there have been other “finds” in various parts of

Thorney or Bramble Island, and it is now generally accepted that the islet on which Westminster Abbey stands was at some time or other an important Roman station. Sir Walter Besant came to the conclusion that, before the first bridge over the Thames was built, this particular spot was an important trading centre, where the slave drivers, the oyster dealers, and the merchants who traded in salt fish, dried skins, and furs, assembled their goods and chattels before expediting them over the Dover Road to the Continent. "Watling Street," says he, "in those dim times evidently ran close to where now stands the Marble Arch, down Park Lane towards the western extremity of St. James's Palace, and thence on to Buckingham Palace, which stands precisely where the great marsh began. Here also was the ford whence, guided by staples fixed down deep in the mud, the traveller waded, or at low tide stepped from stone to stone, to Thorney Island, where he, his cattle and merchandise, rested until they were ready to cross the opposite ford, which brought them to the head of the Dover Road or Street. At a later date," says the same authority, "when London Bridge was built, Watling Street was diverted down the present Oxford Street and Holborn, and passed through the City to the Bridge." This theory is both ingenious and probable, for in those days ford-crossing was one of the most trivial incidents of travel, and the caravans that passed through London were as accustomed to wade rivers as we are to rush through tunnels. We may therefore safely conclude that Thorney Island, now the heart of modern Westminster, was at one time a Roman settlement, concerning which even tradition is mute, its ancient remains alone proving its existence. Mr. Lethaby, in his deeply interesting *London before the Conquest*, inclines to the belief that the ford or ferry at Thorney Island was in use long before the coming of the Romans. After the building of the palace at Westminster, the ford or ferry was diverted higher up the river, to where the Horseferry Road now is.

In the early days of Londinium's existence, the formation of suburbs, for obvious reasons, offered few attractions, but as time went on and the country became safer, villas, farms, cemeteries, and even villages, lined the four great roads for a considerable distance.

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Even in the remotest times our capital was essentially cosmopolitan. The mercantile population consisted mostly of foreigners, who came from all parts of the then known world—from Rome itself, and even Scandinavia. They traded in British oysters—considered a great delicacy in Imperial Rome, and more particularly in British girls and boys, whose blonde beauty fetched high figures in the Roman and Gaulish slave-markets. So active was the trade in British slaves that it was dangerous for lads and lasses to go down unprotected to the quays. Kidnapping was rife. In return for slaves, children, oysters, and skins, the merchants, amongst whom were many Jews, brought rich stuffs from the Levant, statuettes of gods, jewels and glass, ceramic ware, inlaid furniture, and other useful commodities.

The quays and wharves must have presented many a picturesque and busy scene. Gildas dwells with natural pride on the "luxuries" carried to London by the quaint-shaped craft that sailed up the Thames and anchored by the river-bank, where "the ships were as thick as trees in a forest." And what ships! Ships with gaudy sails of rainbow hue; ships with prows fashioned "like a dragon's tail, and overlaid with gold"; slave galleys with twenty and even forty oars; boats with bright canvas painted red, blue, and green; towering above the rest, like tall trees in a forest of underwood, some Viking warships surpassing any junk of China in weirdness of gold and vermillion. Turner, if he had lived in those days, might have done justice to his beloved Thames. None, surely, but he could have worthily limned the scene, when the stern walls that frowned about the towering Prætorium smiled jasper in the summer sunset, and the strange foreign craft that swam like gay birds on the broad waters flamed and flashed out gorgeous under the slant evening rays, till the eager crowd of keen merchants and noisy sailors dropped by degrees into silence, as the grey and blue shadows of approaching night crept softly up and lay upon the silent port.

The Romano-British section of our National Museum contains a case of some grey, and some deep red pottery, remarkable for the beauty of its design, colour, and glaze, which has been dug up, from time to time, in the city of

London. Much of this, no doubt, was originally "made in Germany" or Gaul, but a great deal of slightly inferior quality was manufactured by native potters or foreigners established in our midst. They were evidently proud of their achievement, for each piece is stamped with the name of the artist who shaped it. Mr. Roach Smith went to the pains of making a list of these names, which is of considerable ethnological value. The majority are undoubtedly of Latin origin, but a few are German, and many, such as Belinicus, Bonoxus, Dago, Dagodubnus, Dagomarus, and Aquitanis, are Gaelic; one or two have a Greek or Oriental sound—Nicephor, Ioenatis, Sacervasiff, Santnor; and two at least are the names of females—Tascilla and Vertessa. If in one trade there is so remarkable a variety of nationalities, we may presume that in others of a less artistic, and, consequently, exclusive class, the proportion of foreigners would be even greater. In the fair sex, the proportion of native-born women must have been large. The distance from Rome was great, the journey long and difficult; only the female members of the families of high officials, who could afford to travel at great expense and in great luxury, are likely to have undertaken the journey. The native women were fair and attractive, the Roman soldiery were handsome. It is a well-known fact that even to this day the peasantry in the neighbourhood of an ancient Roman encampment are generally tall, dark, and exceedingly good-looking. His Majesty's Life Guards are largely recruited from Cumberland, Yorkshire, Worcestershire, Norfolk, and counties where there have been Roman camps.

We have tell-tale evidence that the ladies of ancient Londinium were not behind their fair sisters of modern London in the care they took of their persons. One of the most interesting collections in the British Museum is contained in a case (Romano-British section) devoted to the display of Roman personal ornaments and toilet implements found in London at various times. Here you may see silver and bronze hairpins with very elegant heads, which fastened the veils of our Faustas, Severas, Gretas, and Volusias.¹ This

¹ These names figure on tombs found in England. Volusia Faustina was a lady of Lincoln whose tomb is preserved in the British Museum.

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curious little spoon-shaped tool scooped out just enough rouge to raise a fresh crop of roses on a sallow cheek. There are toothpicks and tooth separators, pencils for lengthening the eyebrows and darkening the eye-lashes. This may be Fulvia's comb, and those may be Maxima's or Greta's bracelets. Locketts, earrings, brooches, and pincers abound in this fascinating case, some of the designs being quite exquisite. The collection of keys is very curious, proving beyond all question that many of our modern "patent locks" were anticipated by locksmiths who dwelt in our midst when Nero fiddled and Rome burned.

There is even a very neat and pretty *chatelaine* whereby some Domitia, Octacilia, Livia, or Julia fastened her bunch of keys securely to her waistband. Some dozen specimens of dice are also to be seen, and a set of knives with bone handles, with a cross-stick pattern of a sort quite common in Norfolk villages in the writer's boyhood, but rarely seen nowadays. The absence of gold and precious stones among the Roman ornaments in the two Museums may be accounted for by the fact that the Romans were not driven out of London; they left it of their own accord, and naturally carried their most valuable and portable belongings with them.

The next case contains a large assortment of Roman shoes and sandals picked out of the Thames mud. The designs of some of the sandals that trod Watling Street, and were worn out on the tessellated pavements of old Londinium, are as elaborate as they are beautiful, almost like lace-work. In their original condition, fresh from the fashionable shoemaker of the period, rich with colour and gilding, and even set with gems, they must have been quite worthy of the great ladies of those remote times. A man's double-soled *Gallica*, with hob-nailed sole, suggests the lower extremity of the social scale—a good sound article warranted to wear. This dainty little sandal sets one thinking. Did the chubby little child who strutted about in it, and made mud-pies in the streets of London nearly two thousand years ago, grow up to manhood and wear such a pair of sturdy Corthunes as those which rest under the next glass frame? On the summer afternoon

when I last saw this self-same case, three voluble American ladies stood round it. "Aunt Maria! just look at that little pair of child's shoes," cried one. "Sandals they called 'em. 'Sakes! to think it was wearing 'em just about the time Christ was born, and 'Merica wasn't anywhere! It just does set one a-thinking." Quite right, fair cousin from the States! 'Tis a strange world—that goes round and round! Youth and Death, Death and birth, for ever and ever till Death is vanquished once for all!

In another case we find a most interesting collection of writing *stilus* (sharp enough to be used as weapons of defence or offence), and of *tabella* and *pugillaria*, or wooden frames with a raised edge into which the wax was poured, to be indented with the sharp end of the stilus. This rather cumbersome form of writing was in use until very near the period of the first Renaissance. The tabellæ were called tablets in mediæval times.

Hamlet. My tablets—meet it is I set it down.

'Tis written on the tablet of my memory.

A number of small wooden spindles—the like have never been found elsewhere—indicates the existence in Londinium of some sort of lace industry requiring exceedingly fine thread. A visit to the section of the British or Guildhall Museums devoted to Romano-British relics will give even the least learned or imaginative a vivid idea of the high state of artistic and industrial civilisation in England during the Roman occupation.

That the inhabitants of so large and wealthy a city as Londinium had resorts for public amusement may be well conceived. There must have been not one, but several theatres of more or less importance, and at least one arena or circus. But in the lapse of centuries these places of entertainment, except such solid monuments as the theatres of Arles and Orange, were very liable to destruction by fire, or removal to make way for other more important buildings. According to Mr. Roach Smith, a theatre stood outside the West Gate, where the remains of such a building were discovered many years ago, cutting into the bank of Wallbrook.

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Other theatres and even music halls¹ may have existed elsewhere within the walls, and there must surely have been some arena, circus, or hippodrome. As an evidence of the popularity of gladiatorial games and other sports, we have a curious little terra-cotta figure representing the last act of a bull-fight, in which the bestiarius is shown armed with a shield and hatchet and about to despatch the bull. This is probably the sole survivor of a series of groups representing various episodes in a bull-fight. Another set of the same sort, and presumably complete, follows the fortunes of a gladiatorial encounter. These groups are very small, but the costumes and equipments are extremely well defined and accurate. In one of them the gladiator, apparently wounded, is about to receive what he knows to be the fatal thrust, and with uplifted hands he implores the spectators' pity.

Such, in brief, was Londinium, the busy, bustling mother of a preternaturally sturdy daughter. For five centuries this Roman city flourished, and became the prosperous metropolis of a valuable and extensive colony. In its latter days it was the only British city possessing a mint—a sufficient proof of the great importance in which it was held. This was at the time when the British Helena gave birth to the first Christian Emperor. The Romans abandoned the city with regret, no doubt, but possibly without a struggle, for they may have hoped to return in greater numbers and reconquer the place. But the Empire that once had ruled the world was tottering to its fall, and the Roman masters of Britain returned no more.

They probably left many peaceable citizens behind them—merchants, tradesmen, artisans, and mechanics, with their wives and families, who may have been put to the sword by the newcomers, or who, again, may have quietly lived on attending to their avocations, and died in peace, leaving children whose posterity was gradually absorbed into that more modern, though very ancient, race whose descendants still form the bulk of the

¹ Music halls, organised precisely as in modern London and Paris, were very popular in ancient Rome, and especially so in Byzantium, where they were frequently censured by the Church as licentious and demoralising. Mrs. Ormiston Chant and her following were not unknown in remote times.

inhabitants of the metropolis of the one and only Empire that has equalled Rome in riches and in power.

The remains of Roman London still *in situ* are not numerous ; they consist of a few fragments of the wall, which may be seen above ground in the churchyard of St. Alphege Church, London Wall, opposite Aldermanbury ; in the bastion of the churchyard wall of St. Giles, Cripplegate ; a very small fragment in St. Martin's Court, Ludgate Hill ; and yet another few yards in Broad Street, Trinity Square, and Tower Hill. Very considerable remnants are covered by new buildings, and will probably not be seen again for many a year. The wall, which averaged from 9 to 12 feet in thickness and from 15 to 20 in height, with many bastion towers rising 40 and even 50 feet above the soil, was built of Kentish rag, ironstone, freestone, and flints. At every 2 feet a dark layer of tile or brick strongly cemented with mortar may be observed. A few yards of old wall were discovered last year at Newgate ; although built of ancient materials, they belonged, however, to the mediæval wall.

London Stone. This extremely interesting relic of a London possibly older than the Roman Londinium, will be found in Cannon Street, built into the outer wall of St. Swithin's Church. London Stone is probably of druidical origin, a fragment of a monolith revered by the people before the coming of the Romans, who in due course of time converted it into a millenium, or, as Camden has it, a "milliary like that in the Forum of Rome," marking the centre of the city, whence the principal roads radiated and distances in miles were calculated. Sir Christopher Wren held it to be of Roman origin, and not a Milliary Auream, but a part of some important monument in the Forum, portions of which were laid bare in his presence after the Great Fire. Be this as it may, the Stone plays a conspicuous part in the pageant of London from remote times almost down to our own. It had the honour of being mentioned by Shakespeare—

SCENE.—Cannon Street. *Enter Jack Cade and his followers. He strikes his staff on London Stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of the city. And here, sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign.

Second Part of Henry VI. Act iv. Scene 6.

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Dryden, too, commemorates it in "The Cock and Fox"—

"Jack Straw at London Stone with all his rout,
Struck not the city with so loud a shout."

It figures also in the old romance of Sir Bevis of Hamptoun, who was killed in a fierce street-fight, in which, it seems, sixty thousand men were slain—

"As it is said in French romance,
Both in Yingelaund and in France,
So many men at once were never seen dead;
For the water of Thames for blood waxed red,
Fro' Sainte Mary Bowe to London Stone."

Elisa, Metrical Romance.

Stowe tells us that in his time Lord Oxford had a house near the Stone, and that "after the Great Fire the said Stone was much worn away, and is as it were but a stump remaining." It was then cased over, but on December 13, 1742, it was removed from the south side of the chancel of St. Swithin's Church to the north side. It was placed in its present position in 1798 after running a narrow risk of being removed off the face of the earth altogether. To Mr. Thomas Maiden, a printer of the neighbouring street, is due the fact that the ancient palladium of the city is still to be seen, if not exactly on the spot, at anyrate close to that on which it has spent some two thousand years of well-authenticated existence.

Another curious relic of Londinium is the famous old Roman bath in Strand Lane, Strand, nearly opposite St. Clement's Church. It was probably the "piscina" of the bath belonging to some large villa, and is 13 feet long by 6 wide. The water with which it is supplied is of extraordinary purity, and as cold as ice. In his youth the writer was completely cured of St. Vitus' Dance by bathing in it every morning before breakfast. The habitual bathers are now but few. But some people still go there daily to drink a glass from the crystal spring. The bath is built of brick, and was apparently not discovered till the beginning of the last century. Hard by it, in Essex Street, is another bath of probable Roman construction, which, according to tradition, was used by Robert Devereux, Earl of

Essex, and stood within the precincts of his house. It is now incorporated into an hotel, and is not shown to strangers.

The majority of the tessellated pavements, funeral monuments, busts, fragments of statues, armour, coins, articles of domestic utility, and warlike implements found in and about London are arranged in appropriate order either at the British or the Guildhall Museum. So, too, is the very interesting and valuable collection of Roman coins found in London, dating from the last days of the Republic to that of Constantine. Many were coined in London, and on the reverse of several will be seen the figure of Britannia in precisely the same attitude assumed by the beautiful Duchess of Richmond when she sat to Roettier, in Charles the Second's reign, for the emblematic figure still engraved on our penny pieces.

CHAPTER III

THE SAXONS

THE Roman conception of the theory of colonisation was essentially military. Rome sent out her legions to the uttermost limits of her possessions. The idea of expatriating her surplus population to clear the forests and till the rich soil of her various colonies never occurred to any of the rulers of that mighty Empire. The report that there existed exceedingly rich mines in various parts of the country seemed to be the principal object of the interest taken by the Romans in these northern colonies. But their exploitation did not yield the expected results. In England, therefore, the Roman population was clustered in and about a comparatively small number of larger towns and stations, built along roads that even in our day bear witness to the engineering skill of our Latin conquerors. In the neighbourhood of these cities and towns the ruins of many handsome villas, to which doubtless, as in the Campagna, farms were once attached, have been unearthed. Beyond these the Roman occupation seems to have made little or no impression on the agricultural condition of the country.

Meanwhile a race of warriors of Aryan descent, whose ancestors, in the night of unwritten history, journeyed westward from the vast tablelands and plains of Central Asia, had gradually taken possession of the whole of the zone between the Alps, the Rhine, and the Baltic. Three tribes of this great family, the Jutes, the English, and the Saxons (who, though separate and dwelling remote from each other, were none the less united by the bonds of a common origin and language), migrated in great numbers to British shores, there eventually to amalgamate and call themselves Englishmen. The first-comers were the

English, who, according to Beda, had in his time utterly deserted Schleswig, their earliest resting-place. These wanderers, who began as pirates, ended as colonists by setting up their abode along the south-eastern coast of Britain. A stalwart, large-limbed race they were, fair-haired and grey-eyed, but fierce as bears and cruel as wolves. Unlike the Britons, who were mere hunters, these English were a pastoral people, whose cattle was their chief wealth. Their religion was gloomy, full of undefined dread and terror, and their invisible world busy with every sort of spirit ; for them, gnomes haunted the earth, water nicors dwelt in the streams and wells, fairies danced in woods and dells ; and innumerable and invulnerable dwarfs sprang out of the curling flames, or ruled underground kingdoms deep set in mines stuffed with wealth and treasure beyond human description and conception. When a man died a death unworthy of a warrior, his soul sank into a cold and dreary region ruled by the evil goddess Hel. But if he perished sword in hand, his spirit crossed the rainbow bridge, and attained the perfect bliss of Walheal or Walhalla. These Northern gods, like the Greek deities of Olympus, were said to cast a willing eye on the beauteous daughters of man, and thus sprang up a breed of demi-gods whose adventures, gradually woven into a cycle of legends, have, in our time, been set to immortal music by Richard Wagner.

For two or three hundred years (*circa* A.D. 150 to 400) the encroachments of these Saxon, Jutish, and English emigrants seem to have passed almost unnoticed by the Romans, and to have excited but little resentment among the natives. These, indeed, fraternised with the settlers who in due time, forming an alliance with them, promised to liberate them from Roman bondage. This was the state of affairs when Rome, threatened by Attila and Ælfric, and seeing her own ruin approaching, recalled her legions. The situation of England at this time cannot be better described than in the words of Venerable Beda, in the first chapter of his *Ecclesiastical History*: "About the year of our Lord 445-446, the British, deserted by their Roman masters, who had enervated whilst they protected them, and being exposed, moreover, to the ravages of the Picts and Scots from the extreme and barbarous portions of the island, called in

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the aid of heathen Saxons from the continent of Europe. The strangers faithfully performed their task, and, in scorn of their employers, subjected them in turn to the yoke, so that after various vicissitudes of fortune they established their own power on the ruins of British and Roman civilisation." And thus it came to pass that the unhappy Britons became the serfs of a yet harder race of taskmasters.

It was not until A.D. 560 that the East Saxons, who had previously destroyed Verulam, possessed themselves of Londinium. It has been repeatedly stated that they proceeded to destroy every vestige of Roman civilisation, but this assertion is somewhat too sweeping. The fine Roman roads continued to exist, although they led to half-deserted cities, and many an old temple and church must have withstood the first onslaught of the tide, to become, in course of time, mere haunted ruins. Civic life undoubtedly continued in London, York, and elsewhere. That excellent authority, Mr. Coote, believed that Roman institutions survived all changes, and in support of this theory he quotes Thomas Wright: "We have reason for believing that this city (Londinium), which was a powerful commercial port, was taken and ravaged by the Saxon invaders, but, being a rich trading town, it appears to have experienced no check to its prosperity." This, again, is perhaps saying too much. Roman civilisation was uncongenial to the Saxons, and they certainly destroyed every sign of it wherever they could; but parts of London may have resisted their efforts. They probably had no battering *trains* capable of utterly destroying the solid masonry.

However this may be, for nearly a century after the recall of the Roman Legions the history of London is virtually a blank. We know little about the new-comers up till the year 600, not even how they reckoned the seasons or recorded events.¹ It seems certain that soon after they obtained possession of London some awful catastrophe overwhelmed its inhabitants. The East Saxons made such havoc of the city that the very names of the streets and principal trade resorts were effaced. What actually occurred in the dreadful year 457 we shall never know, but we may be sure the unfortunate Britons had good cause to rue the day they sought alliance with the English. A

¹ See W. R. Lethaby's *London before the Conquest*, p. 26.

pagan interregnum of the fiercest sort undoubtedly existed between the disappearance of the first established Christian Church in England and the reintroduction of Christianity by St. Augustine in 597. But the Romans must have left a good many Christians in the country, and even Saxon savagery was probably unable to obliterate every vestige of the Faith. Almost every neighbouring country had embraced Christianity, and it became impossible for heathenish isolation to continue much longer in England. Æthelberht (589), King of Kent, and over-lord of all England south of the Humber, an ambitious prince, aspired to place himself and his kingdom on the same level of civilisation as that of the Frankish King of Paris. This monarch was his own father-in-law, for, barbarian as he was, he had contrived to win the Frank's daughter, Bertha, for his bride. She seems to have been a woman of considerable ability, who no doubt prepared the way for her husband's acceptance of Christian doctrines, so that when Augustine, accompanied by a train of monks and also by a goodly representation of secular clergy (a fact usually overlooked by historians), landed in Thanet in 597, King Æthelberht and his Queen were at hand to welcome him. The monarch's conversion followed, and in his enthusiasm he gave the missionaries permission to build churches wherever they pleased. Augustine returned to Arles, where he was created Archbishop of the English nation, and as long as he lived the Christian missions flourished in England; but his death was followed by a considerable revival of paganism. During the whole of the century which followed the coming of Augustine, the country was in a chronic state of warfare, a condition not conducive to piety. Nevertheless the seed planted by the great Roman missionary flourished apace, and, like the mustard grain of the Gospel, so grew and spread its branches that in the space of about one hundred and fifty years they sheltered the whole of England. Augustine, as we have seen, had come attended by both regular and secular priests—the latter by far the more useful and enterprising. Monasteries began to rise in all directions,—the ancient house at Canterbury existed even in Augustine's day. Winchester and Peterborough were almost contemporary; and even in Beda's time (he died in 735) some of the most famous of our religious houses had already been established, such for

instance as Melrose, Lindisfarne, Barking, Glastonbury, and Chertsey. Some authorities seem to doubt the founding, or rather perhaps the re-opening, during this period of St. Peter's, Cornhill, by Millitus. To the writer it does not appear improbable.

At the time of the Roman evacuation most likely nearly the entire population of Londinium had become Christian, in which case some place or places of public worship must surely have existed. Now St. Peter is the patron of Rome, Augustine and his missionaries were Roman Catholics, and Millitus was, therefore, quite within the traditions of his Church in building or re-opening—probably it was a mere ruin—a fane dedicated to the first Pope.¹ It is the assertion of tradition, and what is tradition, after all, but unwritten history?

It were superfluous to recapitulate the benefits conferred on England by the monasteries. Oases of peace and learning in the midst of a gloomy and bloodstained desert, their very names, like their hallowed ruins, still touch responsive chords in every feeling heart. In this twentieth century, when most of us have lived down the prejudices of our forefathers, the thought of Lindisfarne and Whitby, Wearmouth and Jarrow, Melrose and Jedburgh, Durham and Iona, Evesham and Glastonbury, Westminster and Ely, and many another sacred shrine, fills the imagination with dreams of peace and romance, and swells the heart with gratitude to these sons of Augustine and Benedict, who in a dark and troubled age faithfully upheld the torch of higher civilisation, and shielded the precious flame that so often flickered in the gusts of strife and jealous passion.

The earliest monasteries erected² near London were the Abbeys of Barking and Chertsey; the former eventually became a nunnery with a town house at the Tower, the church of which, All-Hallows, Barking, is still in existence. Another very early Saxon church is that of St. Ethelberga, Bishopsgate, recently associated with some rather riotous anti-ritualistic proceedings. St. Osyth, another old Saxon church, was burnt to the ground in the Great Fire, and never rebuilt. To the same early period belonged St. Botolph; there were four churches dedicated to

¹ The remains of only two Roman churches have as yet been discovered in England, one at Silchester and the other at Lydney in Kent.

² Both built by St. Erkenwald, fourth Bishop of London.

this saint,—the most modern, that of St. Botolph, Aldgate, was consecrated in the eleventh century.

A curious picture of St. Erkenwald, the Saxon, sketched by Beda, is worth recording. It appears that, in the streets of London, the holy man was wont, like the Saint of Assisi, to preach from a cart. One day, while he held forth, the wheel of his vehicle dropped off. Undisturbed by the disaster, the Bishop went on preaching, and lo! the maimed cart stood steady and level! Whereupon all men acclaimed the miracle. A miracle it may have been, who shall with certainty gainsay it? The Saint died at Barking Abbey, and his faithful monks conveyed his body to London to be buried in St. Paul's. A sudden flood checked the progress of the sad procession, but when the Saint's remains touched the swollen waters of the river Lea, the waves, like those of the Red Sea of old, parted, and the bier with its mournful retinue passed dry foot athwart the watery walls. Still the rain fell in torrents, but no sooner did the monks set the bier down in a fair meadow near Stratford than the sun smiled brightly, the weather became fair, and the grass was, as if by enchantment, spangled with buttercups and daisies. Erkenwald's corpse was enshrined in St. Paul's, which King Æthelberht had built as a See for Bishop Millitus, endowing it, amongst others, with the manor of Killingham, still the property of our metropolitan Cathedral. Here the revered bones rested in peace till they were scattered in the whirlwind of the Reformation. The shrine was almost as magnificent in the matter of gold, silver, and jewels, as that of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

When, to use Cuthbert's quaint expression, "the devil of paganism was well laid," a great wave of piety swept over the land. In 867, Ethelwolf went to Rome to be crowned, taking with him his little son Alfred, destined to be called the "Great." The Supreme Pontiff blessed the child, who was duly hallowed in Peter's Basilica. In 1027 Canute addressed a letter to his subjects from the Eternal City. Constant intercourse, in fact, existed between the Popes and the representatives of the English people. In spite of this display of religious fervour, and of the existence of an endless roll-call of saints and martyrs, London can scarcely be described as a particularly desirable place of residence during the Saxon period. Hardly was

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Christianity established ere the Danish Vikings fell upon the land, and after ravaging the country about London, burnt the metropolis itself to the very ground. Yet the sapling which had sprung from Augustine's seed proved too sturdy a plant for even the heathen Danes to uproot. They, too, ended by receiving baptism, and starting missions of their own, so that, under Saxons and Danes alike, countless parish churches, monasteries, and convents rose in all directions and covered the land. During the period between the coming of Augustine and the advent of William the Conqueror, a great number of churches were built in London, and in spite of many vicissitudes not a few of these still occupy their ancient sites. Apart from Westminster Abbey, reputed to have been founded by Sebert in 616, we still possess St. Michael's, Cornhill, and St. Martin's, Ludgate, St. Margaret's, Lothbury, St. Clement's, Eastcheap, St. Mary's, Aldermary, sometimes called Elder Maria Church, St. Mary, Friday Street, St. Mary-le-Bow, St. Magnus—probably a Danish foundation,—St. Laurence Pountney, St. Gregory, hard upon St. Paul's, St. Benet Fink, St. Botolph, St. Augustine or Austin, St. Helen's, St. Alban's, St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, St. Alphage, St. Nicholas Acon, and many another—churches, some of them, with legends reaching back into the twilight of our history; churches where for centuries our great dead have slept in peace; houses of God, certain of which, by a damnable profanation, have been "moved on" to make room for modern warehouses and more convenient offices; quiet old churches, standing where once stood yet more ancient fanes, Saxon and Norman, in quaint out-of-the-way nooks of the busy modern city; havens where a dim religious quiet reigns amidst the deepening shadows, broken only by the rustling leaves of the few old trees in the churchyard without, that tap on dusty window-panes, and cast little shimmering discs of golden shadow on the timeworn pavements within the silent walls. These were and are—such as still exist—oases of peace in the midst of the bustling, crowded, God-forgetting clamour of our great Babylon.

From the time of the reintroduction of Christianity into the metropolis, the history of London begins to assume a less interrupted sequence, but no period of our history, perhaps, is so uncongenial to the average student as the Saxon. The very

names are repellent, and this especially in the hands of modern historians, who apparently take delight in making confusion twice confounded by exasperatingly archaic forms of spelling. Further, the Heptarchy, or seven kingdoms, simultaneously ruled by as many kings, each with its separate interests and separate history, becomes wearisomely puzzling alike to the historian and to the average reader. These and other obvious reasons doubtless account for the comparative neglect of this important era. Even our greatest historians compress the record of about five hundred years within the space of some fifty pages, or even less. Wherefore, without dilating on the fortunes and misfortunes of Æthelreds and Æthelberhts, Æthelstans and Eadgars, Eadwines and Ælfwines, we will simply state the fact that at a very early period of their occupation these monarchs turned their attention to the reconstruction and restoration of the damaged walls and gates of the city of London. They were well advised. The Romans might return at any moment; the Britons, whom they had enslaved, were watching the first opportunity for open rebellion; and new foes, the Danes, were already beginning to give some cause for anxiety as to the future. The Saxons are said to have paid special attention to the restoration of the river-walls. These were bounded by a stretch of shore with access to the quays and wharfs, and ran for a very considerable distance along the river. Distinct traces of their existence may still be detected in the names of several outlying places—Blackwall, Southwall, Millwall. Some writers, ignoring the fact that in mediæval times defences existed in almost every town built on a river of unusual width, have denied the existence of these London river-walls. Such walls fronted Lisbon for nearly two miles; and similar defences certainly existed, at a very early period, along the Florentine Arno. Until fifty years ago walls of the same kind, and with the same strand in front, lined the Golden Horn from Seraglio Point to the Blachanæ Palace, where they joined the land walls. The city gates were strengthened, or probably rebuilt, by the Saxons, and received from them the names by which their sites are still known—Ludgate, Aldersgate, Cripplegate, Bishopsgate, Bridgegate, Billingsgate, and one or two minor gates or wickets concerning which we know little or nothing. We may take it for granted

that all these gates were of the Roman type, with two arches, above which rose a tower containing guard-rooms. In Alfred's time the principal gates were Ludgate, Aldgate, and Bishopsgate. Geoffrey of Monmouth tells us that in his day (early in the twelfth century) Ludgate was called "Porth Lud." According to the tradition of that time there had been a "brazen man," known as the statue of Cadwaladr, on the top of this gate, but it is much more likely to have been the statue of Claudius, already mentioned. Cripplegate was certainly both a Roman and a Saxon gate, but it was not, as has been so often asserted, called Cripplegate from the number of mutilated beggars who there foregathered, but on account of its "Crepel" (Anglo-Saxon) or underground passage. Bishopsgate, according to Mr. Roach Smith, was one of the principal Saxon gates. Indeed he thinks it even more ancient. Maitland, however, whilst admitting that it may have been so called, as having been built by St. Erkenwald, Bishop of London in 675, whose statue probably adorned the façade, is of opinion that this gate was really of Norman construction, erected in the reign of William the Conqueror by Bishop William, the Norman. It is first mentioned in 1210 in connection with one William Blund, a Sheriff, who sold his garden and land without this same gate to the Wardens of London Bridge. Dowgate, which was at the foot of Dowgate Hill—the name is still preserved in the street running west of Cannon Street Station—was probably a Roman watergate preserved by the Saxons, and Maitland believes it to have been the only watergate in London. Bridgegate was at the entrance to London Bridge. Stowe declares that FitzStephen gives it as one of the seven gates; but this is not correct, for though that ancient writer asserts that there were seven gates in his time (the twelfth century), he does not mention any of the other gates by name. From the important position of Bridgegate at the very entrance to the city we may quite reasonably believe it to have been of Roman origin, and to have, in one form or another, survived Saxon and Norman times, only to disappear with the old bridge itself in the course of the eighteenth century.

Both by the fortunes of war and by accident, the city frequently suffered from great fires, and in this manner the upper storeys of the Roman houses, being mainly built of wood,

eventually disappeared. The new-comers were thus obliged to rebuild, but they seem to have adhered with only slight modifications to the old Roman lines, which may be traced even in the present city. Several of the main streets have always existed. There must, for instance, have been a straight street from the entrance of the Bridge to Bishopsgate Street. In Saxon times this thoroughfare was called Ermine Street. Mr. Price observed, on the occasion of some excavations in Gracechurch Street, that although structural remains of the Roman period occurred throughout its course, nothing existed across the present road, nor did the wall cross it at any given place, and therefore deduced the fact that this street has always been an open way occupying the line of one of the Roman roads. Mr. Roach Smith speaks of walls having been found in Eastcheap and mid-Eastcheap, but Cannon Street, like Gracechurch Street, seems to have been an open way. Mr. Lethaby, with well-supported evidence, claims the Cheap as the Saxon High Street—the Forum or meeting-place of the citizens of London in its very early days. It should not be forgotten that Thomas à Becket was born in the Cheap early in the twelfth century, on a site which can still be identified.

The houses and shops which lined the streets, although occupying the site of Roman houses, must have been very different in their construction. We may take it for granted that the intricate elegancies of the dwellings of the Roman settlers were abandoned by their ruder successors. In the better class of houses the Atrium and Peristylum must have been thrown together and converted into one large hall, where the master could entertain his friends with flesh and with beer, the favourite beverage of our Saxon ancestors. The women lived apart from the men, exactly as in Roman times. After the Christianisation of the country they grew much more modest in their apparel, going about the streets closely veiled; flirtation was a dangerous amusement, for if the husband suspected his wife of infidelity, he might beat her, and make her do penance barefoot in the street in front of her own house, every passer-by having the right to insult and hurt her. Her angry spouse could even kill her, if he pleased. In the course of time, Christianity to some extent softened these barbarities, without entirely abolishing them.

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lying between. The King's chambers, those of the officials and guards, the chapel, and the dwellings of the chaplains and choir singers, were to the right. The King had an immense household, ruled by a Grand Marshal, or *dischagen*. There was a governor of the palace, a steward, a master of the hawks, a judge of the household, who had power of life and death over the inferior servants, a master of the horse, a chief musician, a silentiary, who enforced silence at meals, a reader who read out during dinner and supper the lessons for the day and passages from Scripture after the fashion observed in monasteries, a physician, a butler, and a legion of grooms and servants of every sort. The Queen had a separate household, headed by her Grand Mistress and the Mistress of the maids, two dread functionaries who controlled all the details of the very elaborate etiquette which surrounded the existence of the Saxon King's consort, whose life was regulated largely on the conventual principle, with much hearing of Mass and innumerable prayers. William de Regibus in his *Chronicles* gives us a glimpse of the internal decoration of a Saxon palace. Queen Ethelberga, he tells us, being of an austere turn of mind, wished to impress her husband Ethelastan with the fleeting character of all things human. We may presume that when the worthy monarch went on pilgrimage to Rome he left his wife in an every-day frame of mind; during his absence, however, she worked herself up to such a pitch of holy fervour that she stripped the palace walls of their costly hangings and embroidered curtains, accommodated the pigs in what we should now call the drawing-room, and converted the great hall into a stable. To the questions of her astonished lord and master the pious Queen replied: "Where now are gone your rich hangings and your curtains full of gold threads? Believe me, all things pass, except virtuous endeavour!" We are not told whether the King was altogether content with this explanation of the remarkable transformation in his dwelling, but we are assured that, shortly afterwards, the Queen took the veil—which fact speaks volumes! The curious part of the story is its reference to such costly possessions as curtains threaded with gold on the walls of a Saxon palace; and, to confirm the fact that such magnificence did exist, we find, in the right-hand corner of the Anglo-Saxon section at the

British Museum, a large skein of gold embroidery-thread in admirable preservation.

The influence of Rome on Saxon England was very great. The Eternal City had sent forth the missionaries who gave the Saxons their new religion, and, with it, all the moral influences so inseparable from Christianity. Our foremost Saxon scholars hold that the term "*littus saxonicum*," by which the sea-coast from Brancaster in Norfolk to Porchester in Hampshire was known, had been bestowed on that stretch of territory because of the numerous early Saxon settlements tolerated then by the Romans. We know that among the Roman auxiliaries in Britain were considerable detachments of German troops, who, according to inscriptions still extant, carried their wives and children with them to England. A residence of some two or three hundred years, under such circumstances, must have brought the Saxons into close contact with the Romans long before they generally received Christianity, or contemplated making themselves masters of the country. As a result of these and other facts, too numerous to mention, we find, from ancient and recent excavations, that some hundred or more years before the evacuation of the country by the Romans, our Teutonic population was making common use of arms, jewels, glass, and ceramic ware of Romish or Gaulish manufacture. This fact is proved beyond contradiction by a close study of the very remarkable collection of Anglo-Saxon antiquities bequeathed to the British Museum by the late Mr. Gibbs. This extraordinary agglomeration of articles once used by the East Anglians, discovered at Faversham, in Kent,—not by Mr. Gibbs himself, but under his immediate auspices,—illustrates in a very remarkable manner the intimacy of their intercourse with the Romans. Nearly all these treasures were found in the tombs of pre-Christian Saxons, which lay concealed for centuries under some fifteen feet of the rich Kentish soil. Like the ancient Egyptians, and other Oriental peoples, the Aryan wanderers who, after their long peregrination across Western Europe, first settled in Schleswig and other places along the northern shores of the continent, and thence invaded our island, clung to the custom of burying with each corpse many objects which had been used and cherished during life. Thus a warrior would be laid to rest

with his breastplate, helmet, sword and spear ; while the corpse of a lady has been found with a necklace clinging to the skeleton neck, the keys still fastened to the girdle, rings on the fleshless fingers—even the embroidery upon which she was engaged, when death snatched her away, beside her.

More of these Saxon cemeteries have been unearthed in Kent than in any other county. Out of two hundred and seventy-two Saxon graves opened by Mr. Brand at Seer, twenty-six contained fine examples of double-edged swords, now in the British Museum. Nearly all the helmets, swords, and shields, the bracelets, the beads, the fibulæ and other ornaments in the Gibbs collection, came from Faversham. Some of the graves of a later period belonged to Christians, and contained Christian emblems and objects of devotion.

The *fibula* or brooches which served to fasten the dress of both men and women of rank are remarkable for beauty of design and workmanship. Formed, generally, of slightly hollowed discs of bronze or silver, they are usually studded with uncut gems arranged in circles, stars, and other designs, of distinctly Roman pattern. It would be too much, however, to claim these as the work of native jewellers. They may well have been imported, or fashioned by artists who had learnt their craft either in Gaul or Italy, and settled in the various large towns in England, such as Canterbury, Rochester, Winchester, and London. Beda tells us that even before his time numbers of glass-blowers had come to England from Gaul. The Anglo-Roman and Anglo-Saxon sections at the British Museum are side by side, and the student has but to step from one to the other to verify the fact that the style and ornamentation of the Roman workmanship is evidently reproduced, in somewhat rougher fashion, in the Saxon.

Though it is easy enough to reconstruct the armour of an Anglo-Saxon or Danish soldier, we have very little guidance as to the correct costume of the upper and lower classes of civilians. We may probably conclude that in this matter, too, our Saxon ancestors followed the Roman lead, while indulging in changes of fashion far less frequently. Female coiffure, for instance, according to the illuminations in the Saxon MSS., remained unchanging and unchanged for some hundreds of years, whereas a cursory

examination of the busts of Roman Empresses at the British Museum will soon convince the most casual observer that those high-and-mighty dames changed their style of head-dress quite as frequently as do the ladies of our own day. The ladies of Roman Londinium wore their hair in all the Roman styles a year or so, no doubt, after the fashions had been set by the Imperial ladies in the distant capital. Not so their fair Saxon successors, who rarely, especially after the establishment of Christianity, ventured to appear in Watling Street of a holiday afternoon unless closely veiled. At home they wore bands of embroidery, or gold and silver coronets set with uncut gems, below which their hair hung in broad plaits, eked out with quantities of silk or false hair. The wealthier ladies' garments were often made of Chinese silk, imported at great cost, and exquisitely embroidered in gold and many-coloured silks. Even the Queens and Princesses of the Heptarchy wielded the distaff and spun their own household linen, and the women of the people generally wove the rough homespuns worn by their men-folk.

Within a hundred years of the coming of Augustine the introduction of monasticism had placed a large portion of the soil in the hands of the monks. These, aided by their Saxon serfs, redeemed the land, soon surrounding their abbeys and priories with well-tilled farms, rich pastures, orchards, and gardens. The Saxon monks may have enjoyed good living, but in justice it should be acknowledged that they worked hard for it. Their monasteries and churches, rude imitations of Romanesque models, were not only houses of prayer, but also homes of industry; within their peaceful walls learning was cherished, and art steadily pursued. In their narrow cells books were written and pictures painted. The monks cultivated music, played upon the organ, and introduced a primitive sort of plain chant into the Liturgy. The lay-brothers, under their direction, became glass-blowers, porcelain makers, bell-casters, iron-founders, architects. In course of time their industrious example spread to the people, and thus, under our latest Saxon kings, London and other great cities became self-supporting spinning their own linen and weaving their own cloth.

The Cottonian Library possesses the MS. of an Anglo-

Saxon calendar composed some seventy years before the advent of the Normans. Each month is represented by a fairly drawn and brightly coloured rural scene in which the agriculture of that remote period is excellently portrayed. Every little picture is a study of the methods of tenth-century England for preparing and reaping the harvest; the plough identical with that used in Norfolk in the writer's youth, save that it is drawn by cattle instead of horses. The carts, the hatchets, the waggons, the flails, figured in these venerable illuminations, show us how little the manufacture of agricultural implements altered until the middle of the last century.

Other Saxon manuscripts throw light on the domestic manners and customs of Londoners who saw Harold, the last of the English kings, and watched the Conqueror pass in triumph through the streets of their city. From these ancient records we gather that on fine afternoons the fields outside the gates were full of men and lads, who played bowls, wrestled, and indulged in various athletic sports, some of which are still popular; and that amongst the crowd that watched their prowess the tide of wagering rose and fell even as it does now round the football or cricket field. Within doors, of a winter's evening, our Saxon forebears played chess and backgammon, and their womenfolk touched the lyre or sang interminable ballads to an accompaniment struck upon the zither.

The domestic architecture of the Saxon period was a clumsy adaptation of the Roman. So much of the ruined stonework, and probably of the tessellated pavements, of the deserted Roman dwellings as suited the new-comers' purpose was retained, but what they built themselves was in their own peculiar heavy Teutonic style, deeply tinged by Byzantine influence. They realised the convenience of wood for constructive purposes, and built their houses principally of oak, ash, maple, and other timber, easily procured from the neighbouring forests. Their architecture was not devoid of merit, the massive stunted columns and pilasters, the heavy mysterious-looking archways, the ponderous rafters, and the general scheme of polychrome decoration certainly produced an impressive and picturesque effect, suited to the somewhat sombre character of the architecture.

It is strange that the race from which we derive the greater part of our language, and from which many a yeoman and labourer, especially in the eastern and northern counties, descends in direct line, should, in the matter of architecture, have left us so much less than did the Romans. We have indeed some notable remains of Saxon ecclesiastical architecture,—the interesting churches of Sumpting (Sussex), Monk's Wearmouth, Repton (Derbyshire), Ripon, Hexham, Bannack, and Earl's Barton in Northamptonshire,—but in the metropolis itself scarce a vestige of the lengthy Saxon domination remains. The reason is not far to seek. The Saxon churches and houses, being built of wood, were easily consumed by fire,¹ and when the Normans established themselves in London, and made it the metropolis of the kingdom, they forthwith set to work to embellish it after their own peculiar style and fashion.

The Saxons divided the city into "wards," which exist even to this day. Probably these only carried on the Roman system of forming secular parishes side by side with the ecclesiastical. Every Roman city was divided into regions known in mediæval times as "Rioni." The Saxon "wards" were ruled by an Alderman and Council, whose duties were far more arduous than those of their modern successors. The Alderman and his Council had to look to the health and safety of the people who lived in his Ward, no sinecure in those troubled times. "The ward mote" is so called, according to an ancient authority, "because it is the meeting-place of all the inhabitants of a ward in the presence of its head, the alderman, for the correcting of faults, the removal of nuisances, and the promotion of the well-being of each ward." The creation of wards "without" must have taken place at a later date, and marked the gradual increase of the population and its overflow beyond the confines of the walls. We still speak of the Ward of Bishopsgate Within

¹ This was especially the case after the terrible conflagration of 1136, which was known for generations afterwards as the "Great Fire." It commenced close to London Stone, spread eastward along Watling Street to the Cathedral, and thence eastward to the Strand as far as St. Clement's Church. In a few days it destroyed all that was left of Roman and Saxon London, and cleared a vast space for Norman enterprise. (See page 63.)

and Bishopsgate Without. The "bars"—probably posts or staples—seem to have marked the limits between the suburbs and the outlying country. We still have Holborn Bars and Temple Bar. FitzStephen calls the land beyond the bars "suburbs," and later "franchises" and "liberties." Soon after the departure of the Romans, the highly cultivated country round London reverted to its original marshy condition. Nine people out of ten, if now asked why Moorgate is so called, will answer that a Moor's head adorned the gate that once stood here. The name owes its existence, in reality, to the fact that the said gate led to a moor or fen, which froze so hard in wintry weather that FitzStephen tells us people used to go there, in his time, to skate. Bone skates have been unearthed on this site in considerable numbers. A very good specimen was turned up, not many months ago, by a workman, who showed it with considerable pride to the writer. It was nearly perfect, and very similar in shape to the steel skates now in general use.

The London of Alfred the Great was a re-settlement, for the city had been literally uprooted by the Danes in 829-841. The ever popular King, whose life, we may remark, is somewhat shrouded in legend, eventually drove the Danes into the valley of the Thames, and entered London in triumph, at the head of his troops, in 886. He is reputed to have repaired the city and its walls, and to have restored its position as a metropolis. But London was long fain to yield the palm of supremacy to Winchester, the East Saxon capital. It appears highly probable that, at the time Alfred made terms with Gunthrum, some sort of arrangement was formulated whereby the Danes, who had long been in active business relations with the English, were permitted to settle, not in London itself, but in the straggling suburb which stretched in those days from Temple Bar to Charing Cross, and is even now yclept the Strand. Here the Danish colony certainly had its church, still called St. Clement Danes. This western suburb is of very great antiquity, the roadway may even be of Roman origin. The *Heimskringla Saga* gives us a few interesting details of the early Danish settlement in London. From it we gather that a fair was held in the city twice a year, at Midsummer and in Midwinter. We hear of a long string of yule waggons passing into the town to market, probably down the

Strand,—“they were all tented over,”—but there was treachery within them, for the tenting concealed armed Englishmen, who, at a signal from Ulfkel Snilling and King Æthelred’s son, sprang suddenly on the unwary Danes and slew them to a man. From the same Saga we learn that “Canute Thorkel and Eric sailed from Denmark for England with a fleet of eight hundred ships.” Mr. Lethaby is distinctly of opinion that there was a Danish settlement in the Strand in the days of Alfred the Great. A different explanation of the presence of a large number of Danes in this neighbourhood was given, in Elizabeth’s time, to Lord Treasurer Burleigh, by Fleetwood. He asserts that the few Danes who remained in London after its conquest by William of Normandy were granted the right to live with their families in certain streets adjacent to the church of St. Clement’s, and that this church received its special name because it was so much frequented by them. The foreign colonies in London have always grouped themselves in separate quarters round their own special place of worship. The writer remembers the building of the Italian Church of St. Peter’s, Saffron Hill, round which, in the course of a few years, some twenty thousand Italians have taken up their abode. Another and a wealthier Italian colony has quite recently settled in the neighbourhood of the Italian Priory of St. Mary, Fulham Road. The French congregate round Nôtre Dame de France, near Leicester Square; and the wealthier Greeks live under the shadow of the Orthodox Church in Bayswater. It is evident that after the troubles between English and Danes had come to an end, a Danish colony with a church of its own dwelt in the Strand. So completely did the colony appropriate St. Clement’s—which it certainly did not build—that after the body of Harold II. had been turned out of its resting-place in Westminster Abbey, and flung into the Thames, the Danes recovered it and brought it here for burial. For yet another reason the Danes may have favoured the Strand—it was the high-road to Westminster Palace, which Canute had made his favourite residence. He was the first of our kings who lived in this Palace, which was of Saxon foundation, and had been built some years before he arrived. Here he spent the last days of his bloodstained life in holy peace and meditation.

The Danes have left but little record of their existence in

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London beyond a runic stone discovered many years since when the foundations for Mr. Cook's warehouse in St. Paul's Churchyard were laid. It bears the inscription, "Kina caused this stone to be laid over Tuki." Kina was a great Danish warrior, and Tuki his brother-in-arms. The legend evidently recalls the fact that Kina gave Tuki Christian burial in the cemetery attached to the Cathedral.

The legend of the great Abbey's foundation is as poetical as any. It stands where both Roman and Briton had erected shrines to their gods, on what was known as Thorney Island. Here, so tradition says, stood a temple to Apollo—a place of pilgrimage for the Roman population of Londinium, who on certain festivals brought their offerings to the Sun-god's shrine. Then King Sebert of the East Saxons, early in the seventh century, founded a church here dedicated to St. Peter. Sebert had been to Rome and had seen the Pope, and was, moreover, about to have his church consecrated by Bishop Millitus—when lo! a poor Saxon fisherman, who one evening was fishing by the river's bank, saw an old man in a boat, who bade him cast aside his nets and follow him. This he did, and presently beheld a wondrous vision, for the stranger proved to be none other than Holy Peter himself, who, attended by a multitude of angels, proceeded to consecrate the church. Old writers tell the story in these terms—

"‘Know, O Edric,’ said the stranger, while the fisherman’s heart glowed within him, ‘know that I am Peter. I have hallowed the church myself. To-morrow I charge thee that thou tell these things to the Bishop, who will find a sign and token in the church of my hallowing. And for another token, put forth again upon the river, cast thy nets, and thou shalt receive so great a draught of fishes that there shall be no doubt left in thy mind. But give one-tenth to this my holy church.’”

The ashes of Sebert, his consort Queen Ethelgoda, and his sister Ricula, rest in peace in the choir of the Abbey. Sebert's tomb is about the oldest in the church, and is still pointed out as one of the most venerated of the many treasures Time and the spoliator have spared us in

“a place of tombs,
Where lie the mighty bones of ancient men.”

Even in these hurried days of ours, the thoughtful pedestrian who halts on the great bridge, just when the opal tints of the summer afterglow bring the spires and towers of Westminster into tenderest relief, may well let his fancy wander back to the enchanted realms of our great national legend—that wondrous cycle which still awaits some Wagner, who, as the great Laureate wove its glistening threads into glowing pictures of romance and chivalry, shall set the noble themes to chords of undying melody.¹ Down the broad Thames, on such an evening, a rude barge steals slowly through the mist—on it a dead maid, white as alabaster, an open letter in her cold hand. Beside the rudder crouches a deaf servitor, grown white-headed in long years of faithful obedience. Surely this is Elaine! “Elaine the loveable, Elaine the fair, Elaine the lily maid of Astolat.”

We see the barge hover and stop short, and lo! from an upper casement, a face most proud, most beautiful, looks out on the mysterious boat and its strange freight. One swift, jealous glance the haughty beauty turns on Launcelot's pallid countenance—and Guinevere, the guilty Queen, snatching the jewels from her white neck and glowing hair, casts all the glittering gems down on the breast of the great stream “from whose smitten surface flashed, as it were, diamonds to meet them,”—with the fierce cry—

“So, pray you, add my diamonds to her pearls! Deck her with them! Tell her she shines me down!”

From yon enchanted palace with its lacelike outline—nay, not this one, but another, long past away, leaving but this fair illusion behind—the angry Guinevere, her first rage spent, sped on her flight to Glastonbury Abbey, there to weep and mourn, to receive Christ-like pardon from her injured lord, and in due time to die, repentant of her sin.²

¹ The story of Arthur and Guinevere already awaits the composer, for Mr. F. Coultis has dramatised it for lyrical purposes to absolute perfection.

² It may be as well to remind the reader, who knows the Arthurian legends only from Lord Tennyson's delightful *Idylls*, that the semi-historical records of them place the majority of the episodes connected with Guinevere and Launcelot at Westminster. The author, however, is quite aware that the above paragraphs concerning Elaine are purely fanciful. They have often, however, recurred to him on beholding, towards evening, the fascinating view

Turn we now towards Paul's. Hard by the older Cathedral there stood in Saxon times *the* Stone (it may have been London Stone, the Palladium of our city), whereon King Arthur forged his magic sword. From those quays beyond Tower Bridge Launcelot went forth to seek the Holy Grail. The British Princess, Ursula, and her eleven thousand maidens embarked on her fatal voyage to Germany, from one of these ancient wharves. The modern mind, ever sceptical, has often wondered whence the royal martyr and her companions obtained a sufficient fleet to convey them all to far-away Cologne, and has come to the conclusion that perchance Ursula's host consisted of but one solitary damsel—named Undecimilia. But if so, how shall we account for all the skulls which are still revered in Ursula's church at Cologne?

Arthur and Launcelot, the Knights of the Round Table, Guinevere, Elaine, Morgan le Fay, Merlin and Vivian, Sir Galahad, and Enid the Fair, all the loved figures of our great legend may never have lived at all, save in the vivid fancy of the ancient ballad-mongers, whose scattered verses were first gathered into coherent form by that man of genius, Walter de Map. But none the less do they remain the most precious figures in the earlier annals of our race—the type and enshrinement of English ideals and English aspiration, of English chivalry and English faith. The Arthurian Legend can never now be driven back into the realm of mere fancy. It is and will remain for ever an integral and cherished portion of the nation's history.

of Westminster and Lambeth from Westminster Bridge. Walter de Map distinctly tells us that Launcelot swam across the Thames, and that Guinevere went a-maying from the ancient palace of our kings at Westminster.

CHAPTER IV

THE NORMANS

THE defeat of the Saxons at Hastings in 1066, and the Norman Conquest of England, brought about a complete change, not only in the government but in the social conditions of the country. It inaugurated an age of unwonted activity and brilliancy which infused new life and energy into a State that had become exceedingly debased under the lethargic sway of the later Saxon kings. A new aristocracy was created. New laws were promulgated. Even a new language was introduced, which if it did not exactly supersede the old one, so permeated and changed it as to leave it almost unrecognisable.

The news of the collapse at Hastings was received with consternation in London. The two great Earls, Morcar and Edwin, counselled the citizens to crown Edgar Atheling, the grand-nephew of the Confessor, "the noble child," as the Saxon chroniclers called him, notwithstanding the weakness of his mind. But when the young Prince's real nature became manifest, they abandoned the puny sovereign to the tender mercies of his subjects, and for their own safety retreated to the North. Edgar, advised by Cospatrick, a powerful Northumbrian noble, fled with his mother, Agatha, and his sisters, Margaret and Christina, into Scotland, where he was cordially welcomed by King Malcolm, who eventually married the Princess Margaret.¹ The daughter of this union became, in due time, as the wife of Henry I., our second Norman Queen-Consort. William of Normandy waited patiently for some days on the scene of his decisive victory, expecting a deputation of Londoners to beg

¹ The spiritless Edgar Atheling eventually returned to England, lived on the bounty of Rufus, and died at the British Court in 1110.

him, in the humblest terms, to spare their city; but no one came, and hearing that the vessels despatched to him with reinforcements, by his wife, Matilda of Flanders, had been attacked by the Saxons and driven from the coast at Romsey, he determined on immediate action and advanced upon London with the flower of his army. The clergy, headed by Sigard Archbishop of Canterbury, Aldred Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of London, advised the Londoners to accept the inevitable and submit. For this unpatriotic action, after the loss of only one battle, they have been severely censured. But the Saxons were so hopelessly disorganised and disunited that submission was in reality their only course. Clearly this was their own conviction, for, after the Conqueror had reduced Southwark to ashes, they offered no further resistance to his progress. The Archbishops, with Bishops from all parts of the country, met the victor at Berkhamstead, and formally submitted to him, and immediately afterwards William entered London in great state, attended by a brilliant escort. The Aldermen and Magistrates received him at the gates of the city, where they handed him the keys with the customary humiliating ceremonies. The Saxons probably counted on the influence of Matilda, the Conqueror's consort, on their behalf. She was lineally descended from Alfred the Great; and although her new lieges called her "the foreign woman," they remembered that her great-great-grandmother, Elstrich, wife of Baldwin II. of Flanders, was daughter of their wisest king. But Matilda, in spite of much pressure, never came to London. She was crowned queen by Archbishop Aldred, at Winchester, in solitary splendour and with great pomp, but to the disgust and anger of the native population, such a ceremony being in opposition to their traditions. The quaint office of "Champion" was first introduced on this occasion, and was only abolished at the recent coronation of King Edward VII. Matilda, however, was not "championed" by a member of the Dymoke family, who became hereditary "Champions" at a later date, but by a Marmion. Matilda does not seem to have been so tender and forgiving as is generally supposed. In proof of this we may quote the following incident, much discussed, no doubt, in London at the time. In her youth she had been rejected, nay jilted, by Britheric Meah, Lord of the

Honour of Gloucestershire, who had been the Saxon Envoy at her father's Court. Fourteen years later, when she was Queen of England, Matilda incited her all-powerful husband to arrest the man who had spurned her, and cast him into prison at Winchester, where he died as men supposed by poison. The Conqueror next confiscated Brihteric's lands in Gloucestershire, and settled them on the lady he had so imprudently offended. The transfer of the property is mentioned in the second volume of *Doomsday Book* in the following laconic phrase: "*Infras scripta terras tenuit Bethric et post Mathilda*"—a brief confirmation of a story of unrequited love and feminine vengeance that would furnish an excellent plot for a drama or an opera. The coronation at Winchester although unpopular was a brilliant success, and Matilda and her children immediately afterwards withdrew to Normandy, where she was made Regent, and whence she never returned. William granted the citizens of London two charters of a fairly liberal kind, the originals of which are still preserved in the Guildhall. With greater tact than one would have ascribed to the arrogant warrior, he caused these documents to be indited in choice Saxon; they did not exceed twenty lines apiece. The seals are of white wax instead of the official green. On one side of the impression the Conqueror is represented with extremely thin legs and pointed feet, seated on a very elaborate throne; on the other he appears astride an extraordinary quadruped of the rocking-horse description, evidently intended to represent the royal charger.

William's coronation did not take place for some time, and although he was received with deference, if not with enthusiasm, on his road from London to Westminster, the ceremony itself was a dismal failure when compared with the crowning of his queen.

All had gone well till Aldred, Archbishop of York, asked the assembled nobles whether or not they were willing to accept William as their king. The noise of the affirmative answer was so formidable as to startle the soldiers stationed without the building into the belief that an attempt had been made upon the life of their Duke, who was also their hero; and, without stopping to verify their fears, they set fire to the neighbouring houses and massacred their innocent inhabitants. As soon as William was informed of what was happening he left the

church, crown on head, before the ceremonies were completed, and rushing to the scene of the disaster energetically endeavoured to stop the carnage. This untoward incident somewhat damped the rejoicings, and the subsequent banquet in Westminster Hall must have been an exceedingly tame festivity. To do him justice, the Conqueror was much grieved by this unfortunate event, and, as a contemporary French Chronicle tells us, personally visited the sufferers and did his best by acts as well as words to express his regret for a disaster for which he was certainly not responsible. He was invariably affable and condescending to such of his new subjects as business, or the desire to pay their court, attracted to his presence, and in order to show the natives how desirous he was of bringing about a friendly feeling between them and his own people, he is said to have arranged no less than two hundred marriages between Normans of high and low degree and Saxon maidens. Yet he devastated Hampshire to form a royal chase, and brought its distracted inhabitants to ruin and death. The story of the Saxons under the Normans is a repetition of that of the Britons after the Roman evacuation—the majority of the natives were reduced to serfdom. Good old William of Malmesbury does not give us a very attractive account of the Anglo-Saxon population at the time of the Norman Conquest. "They were close shaven," he tells us, "excepting their mustachios, which they wore formidably long and turned up at the ends." He was scandalised "by the shortness of their jackets and the tight fit of their nether garments. They were addicted to over-eating and over-drinking, and their clergy indulged in frivolous literature." The Normans, on the other hand, "being a race inured to war, were proudly appparelled, delicate in their food, but not at all gluttonous. They liked to live in large houses, but with economy." They were not, however, without their faults, for "they sought to rival their superiors and they envied their equals; they treated their inferiors with unnecessary harshness, and were foolishly fond of making a public display which often exceeded their private means."

The Normans were essentially a building people, and introduced into England a style of architecture which still bears their name. Though this peculiarly majestic style was certainly imported

from Normandy, where it flourished long before the Conqueror's invasion, it was eventually so improved as to make its English version nearly, if not quite, original. Edward the Confessor had recently rebuilt Westminster Abbey, of which there is a fairly good picture in the section of the Bayeux Tapestry representing his funeral. Judging from this rude needlework sketch, the church in which William I. was crowned must have had a Norman architect. It evidently possessed a very lengthy nave, ending in a transept and chancel centred by a square tower, surmounted by a wooden cupola upon which a workman is fixing a weathercock to signify that the sacred edifice has just been completed. The church is absolutely Norman in style and design.

Architecture was essentially the art of the Middle Ages; Poetry, Music, and Painting had yet to be born again, and do not seem to have interested the cathedral builders, whose minds were concentrated upon the magnificence of the temples, which for over three hundred years they busily erected in every part of the realm. It is a curious fact that the naves of our English cathedrals are longer than those of most foreign fanes. The Greeks and Romans affected a double square; their temples, in other words, were twice as long as they were broad; in the Continental cathedrals this proportion is almost invariably a double four; whereas in England it is a double six, the nave being, as a rule, six times as long as the chancel. In the case of old St. Paul's, considering the enormous length of the nave, this proportion must have been nearly a double seven or even eight.

Before the Normans had been many years in England they found plenty of scope for their energies in the matter of building. The first great Norman edifice erected in London was the Tower, founded by the Conqueror eleven years after Hastings. Who built the Tower? is a question very often asked, and nearly as often wrongly answered—for nine people out of ten will say that it was Julius Cæsar. So firmly implanted in the popular mind is the tradition that Cæsar had a hand in this work that even Shakespeare mentions it as a positive fact. Thus in the last Act of *Richard II.*—

“This way the king will come; this is the way to
Julius Cæsar's ill-erected Tower.”

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Then again in *Richard III.*—Act III. Scene 1 :—

Gloster. If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower.

Edward Prince of Wales. I do not like the Tower, of any place :
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord ?

Gloster. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place ;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age he built it ?

Buckingham. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Unfortunately, neither the Poet nor Buckingham give us the date or name of that "record."

The architect chosen by William I. to build the Tower was a monk of the Abbey of Bec in Normandy, named Gundulf, who had been consecrated Bishop of Rochester. On receiving the King's commands he left his diocese and came to London, where he took up his abode with his friend Ædmar Ahande, and there remained until his death occurred, thirty years later, without, however, seeing his enterprise completed. In 1090 the Tower had not risen much above the first floor. That year was memorable for a terrible cyclone which swept over the metropolis, doing appalling damage among the wooden churches and houses of the Saxons, over six hundred of which were swept away ; but although the scaffold at the Tower was scattered to the four winds, the massive foundations of the fortress resisted the storm. As we see it, so Gundulf designed it, except that in the seventeenth century Sir Christopher Wren, firmly believing the Julius Cæsar legend, faced the windows in Roman style and introduced other incongruous decorations. The White Tower begun by the Conqueror in 1075 was not completed until nearly fifty years later ; it is 116 feet from north to south, by 96 feet from east to west ; is three storeys high, and measures, from base to battlements, about 96 feet. The walls are 15 feet in thickness, and the interior is partitioned off by a wall 7 feet thick running due north and south. Another wall crosses the building from east to west, dividing it into one large and two small rooms on each floor. The smallest division on the ground-floor, known as Queen Elizabeth's armoury, is vaulted,

and was probably the crypt of the chapel. The northern extremity of this apartment contains a cell 10 feet by 8, literally cut into the thickness of the wall, without windows, and lit only by a ray of light through the doorway. Here, in almost total darkness, Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his *History of the World*. Above this basement is the splendid chapel, one of the finest specimens of Norman architecture extant. Before it was dismantled in 1558, when the massive columns were toned by their polychrome decorations, and the High Altar shone with rich plate and many lights, backed by the usual gorgeously embroidered curtains, this chapel must have presented a rare appearance of religious dignity. From the disused triforium that extended across the aisles and semi-circular east end, many a queen, from Matilda of Scotland to Mary Tudor, heard Mass, unseen by the congregation below. The numerous other towers—the Bloody, the Beauchamp, the Jewel, St. Thomas, the Bell, the Flint, the Devereux, the Bowyer, the Constable, and the Broad Arrow—date from Plantagenet times only. The Salt Tower and the Great or White Tower alone are of Norman origin. The palace where so many of our kings and queens spent the time between their accession and their coronation, where Elizabeth Woodville sorrowed and her daughter Elizabeth of York triumphed, where Anne Boleyn went frantic the night before her execution, and her daughter Elizabeth kept her wardrobe of three thousand gowns, was burned down in the early part of the nineteenth century, but little of the original structure then remained. The Chapel has now been cleared of the Records, more appropriately lodged and carefully collated in the handsome State-Paper Office in Chancery Lane. The Tower is used as a military barracks and as a sort of museum, much more frequented by foreigners and country cousins than by Londoners. None the less it is one of the most fascinating places in the whole of Europe, as unique as the Vatican, its sole rival in sustained historic interest. It is an epitome in stone of our national history from the end of the eleventh century to the close of the second decade of the nineteenth, when it ceased to be a prison for political offenders. As a curious link with the past, the writer, not yet an old man, may state that John Thelwall, his uncle by marriage,

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was imprisoned in the Tower in 1795, with Horne Tooke and Hardy.

According to Matthew Paris, William Rufus was quite as great if not a greater builder than his father. He finished the work William had begun at the Tower, and built the old Westminster Hall,—not the present noble structure, which was erected in the fourteenth century,—and he moreover completed, or continued if he did not actually build, an extraordinary number of castles commenced by William I. in all parts of England. But Rufus, one of the most unpopular and vicious of our sovereigns, made his subjects pay heavily for his architectural enterprises, which included many structural alterations in the ancient Palace of our Saxon kings at Westminster. Every child knows the story of how William Rufus was killed in the White Forest by Walter Tyrrell, and how the news of the mishap reached his brother Henry at Winchester. The Prince, wasting no time in useless lamentation, scurried up to London as fast as he could to claim the throne. Rufus was killed on Thursday, 2nd August 1100, and buried on Friday (the next day), in the afternoon. Henry reached London town on Saturday, and was crowned before noon on the Sunday. He signed his first Charter a few days after his coronation, and dated it from Westminster—a proof that he was then residing in that palace. After his marriage to Matilda of Scotland he brought his bride to Westminster, which became her favourite residence. The Atheling's niece was one of our most excellent queens. Her presence was much needed in the capital, were it only to set an example of restraint and conduct to the women of quality of those days, whose morals and general behaviour had grown very lax during the bachelor King's reign. Queen Matilda of Scotland's bedroom, according to tradition, was none other than the famous Painted Chamber, an apartment 80 feet in length, the walls of which were covered with interesting and very early frescoes representing scenes from the lives of the Maccabees and of Edward the Confessor, who died in this room. In October 1834 this interesting relic of Saxon times was unfortunately burnt to the ground. The artist, Stothard, had made some excellent sketches of the old frescoes, which, by the way, were hidden for ages under some tapestry representing scenes from

the story of the Siege of Troy, and removed at the end of the eighteenth century. They were engraved for that valuable publication, the *Vetusta Monumenta*. Close to this chamber were two noble Saxon arches, the zig-zag ornamentation of which was very clear cut, but these too perished in the fire.

In 1136, a terrible conflagration broke out quite suddenly a little beyond London Stone, and raged for days with intense fury, making short work of the wooden Saxon churches and houses; the wind being high, the flames swept all before them till they reached St. Paul's Cathedral, the new nave of which was by this time on the way to completion. They made irreparable havoc in the great church, burnt the scaffold and calcined the columns; but after consuming St. Erkenwald's shrine they suddenly stopped their wild career, a circumstance which was then considered somewhat of a miracle. The Saint's relics were spared, thanks, so it is said, to the presence of mind of a Norman soldier who, at the risk of his life, bore them into safety. This fire, known for many generations as *the* "great fire," gave the Normans a fine opportunity of rebuilding the city in their own style, and in so doing they displayed extraordinary energy. In less than fifty years nearly all the Saxon churches were entirely rebuilt, and several magnificent new ones erected. Very few of these churches had, as we have already said, been built of stone. The wooden ones probably resembled in their general outlines Roman Basilicas, but the majority doubtless recalled those curious old wooden churches at Urne and Hitterdal in Norway, whose quaint-shaped steeples and archaic decorations of dragons and monsters devouring each other bear a striking and quite unexpected resemblance to Chinese pagodas. The noblest Norman achievement in London, and probably in the whole of England, was the nave of the Cathedral, which was commenced immediately after the fire. Paul's Walk, as this stupendous nave was called in Tudor times, was the longest of any church in England, and was for nearly six hundred years one of the wonders of the world. The work of building was a slow process, for it was not completed under a hundred years. Another fine church erected at this period was St. Martin's-le-Grand, on the site of which the General Post Office now stands. It was founded by Withu, King of Kent, in 750. The church itself, however, was

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really begun in 1056, and built in the sturdy early Norman style, with a central tower which, it seems, never had a steeple. The Conqueror was a liberal benefactor of the Collegiate Church, bestowing upon it all the moorland without Cripplegate, and confirming its privileges of sanctuary. Its great bell tolled the Curfew Hour, when all the gates of the city were closed and all wine and ale taverns had to put up their shutters and turn out their roystering guests. The city gates were locked at the first stroke of the bell, and the wickets, which admitted foot-passengers, at the last. The unwary, who loitered along the roads and lanes and failed to reach the city until after Curfew had tolled, were doomed to pass the night outside the walls, where, however, there was plenty of accommodation for those who could pay, large hostelrys having been built without the gates for the convenience of belated travellers. Curfew tolling from St. Martin's set all the other bells in motion, and the general clashing and ding-donging was quite sufficient, no doubt, to render it impossible for anyone with sound ears to find an excuse for disobeying orders. It does not follow, however, that because Curfew had tolled, all lights and fires were immediately put out, for it seems from the evidence of ancient manuscripts and records that the Normans, like their descendants in France, were much addicted to late hours. Be this as it may, none but a very great personage, a prince, a baron, or a prelate, might venture forth after Curfew with an escort of armed men, or of servants bearing torches or lanterns. Any person caught infringing these laws was sent to the Tun prison in Cornhill, "which for such misdeeds is assigned." Later, the Curfew was transferred from St. Martin's Church to St. Mary's-le-Bow, and the disobedient were put into durance vile at Newgate. The right of sanctuary at St. Martin's could not be violated even by the Sovereign. More than one criminal on his way from Newgate to execution at Tower Hill managed to evade the guards and, making a dash for the Priory, claimed sanctuary. There he was safe, although, to be sure, the Prior might starve him out if he chose. Sir Thomas More tells us in his *Life of Richard III.* that Miles Forest, one of the murderers of the two Princes in the Tower, "rotted away in St. Martin's, whither he had taken refuge." And now the busiest Post Office in the world occupies



NORMAN CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN. IN THE TOWER

the site of the Curfew tower and of this erstwhile inviolable sanctuary! *Sic transit!* . . .

NOTE.—As the Saxons effaced the traces of Roman civilisation in London and throughout the country, so the Normans speedily obliterated any vestige of Saxon influence, especially among the upper and middle classes, ever ready to follow the lead of the Court and of the fashionable world. The wills of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, of which an immense number are still extant in the archives of the city (Guildhall), prove that earlier Saxon Christian names, once universally popular, had nearly fallen into disuse, being replaced by those of Latin or Norman origin. The commonest for women were—Alicia, Juliana, Raysia, Elena, Margery, Isabella, Letitia, Christina, Agnes, Cecilia, Margaret, Dionisia, Amatitia, Felicia, Theodora, Hawisia, Roecysia, Johanna, Lucy, Dorothea, Emma, Hilda (very rarely), Cassandra (wife of John de Flete, a capper, 1279), Beatrice, Katherine, Edith (very rare), Matilda, Mariota, Gunnora (a very old Norman name, the Conqueror had a daughter with a name like this), Æleanora, Magdalene (very rarely), Alana, Anastatia (wife of Robert Bunting, 1300), Ganhelda, Richelda, Anditha, Sabina, Constance, Claricia, Sarati, Tabitha, Elizabeth (very rare), Mabel, Idonia, Avice, etc. Isabella, which is the Spanish for Elizabeth, and Johanna appear to have been the commonest names, and Mary the rarest. Indeed the name of the Virgin appears scarcely ever to have been given until about the middle of the fifteenth century, when it became a favourite. Richard, William, Henry, John, Walter, Geoffrey, and Edward pretty nearly exhaust the list of male names. Robert and Stephen occasionally occur in these ancient documents, but not often.

CHAPTER V

LONDON IN THE DAYS OF THE EARLY NORMAN KINGS

THE system of "flats," believed to have existed in France as far back as the eleventh century, has only been introduced into England within the last twenty years. This being so, the Norman dwellings which replaced the old Saxon huts and houses probably did not exceed one or two storeys in height. They must have borne some resemblance to the timbered buildings which make the old towns of Normandy and Picardy so delightfully picturesque, although few of these date back as far as the thirteenth century.¹ The shop windows were usually sheltered by a wide arch—a fashion revived in some of those lately built in Leicester Square, Piccadilly, Mount Street, and Oxford Street. But the windows of these old Norman shops were unglazed, and protected by massive wooden shutters, one half of which opened upwards and formed a kind of awning over the goods displayed beneath; while the other, falling forward on the window-ledge, served as a counter, across which the tradesman within the room and the customer out in the street transacted their business.

The greater part of the general trade of London, from the Conqueror down to the seventh century, was carried on in a space between East and West Cheap, where there was a sort of permanent open market or bazaar, consisting of rows upon rows of "selds" or sheds, in which most of the necessities of life were set out on broad open counters. These "selds" were closed at night, for Stowe tells us that the merchants and trades-

¹ This was the opinion of M. Violet le Duc, who mentions a few houses of this description as still standing in various parts of France that date back to the eleventh century.

men never lived above their shops. Each class of goods had its own particular quarter, still indicated by the names of streets built at a later date. Thus we have Friday Street, where fish and meagre fare for Fridays and Lent was to be had; Shoe-makers', Leather-sellers', and Hosiery Lanes; Bread and Milk Streets, where, in Stowe's time, milk and butter were sold in convenient little dairies.

A clearer conception of this early English open-air bazaar would be gained by any reader who would take the trouble to seat himself some fine Saturday afternoon on the tram-car which runs between Greenwich and Westminster Bridge. He will find the whole length of the route, on both sides, lined with wooden sheds and stalls, in which everything, from greengrocery to secondhand boots and shoes, is offered for sale. It is probably the longest market in the world. Another open-air emporium may be seen any Sunday morning in Whitechapel; and yet a third in the vicinity of the Italian Church, Saffron Hill. The East and West Cheap presented just such animated scenes when Henry I. was king.

Rare old Stowe tells us that in Eastcheap "is now a flesh market of butchers, dwelling on both sides of the street; it had sometimes also cooks mixed up amongst the butchers, and such others as sold victuals ready cooked of all sorts." When friends were merry and not disposed to dine or sup in taverns, they went to these cookshops (otherwise restaurants), where they called for what they liked, and were sure of finding a meal ready dressed and at a reasonable price. "And to prove this Eastcheape to be a place replenished with cooks, it may appear by a song called London Lickpennie, made by Lidgate, a monk of Berrie, in the person of a clergyman coming to London and travelling through the same. In Westcheape (saith the song) he was called on to buy fine lawn of Paris thread, cotten umble, and other linen clothes and such-like (he speaketh not of silk), in Cornhill to buy old apparel (second-hand clothing) and household stuff, where he was forced to buy his own hood, which he had lost in Westminster—

"Then unto Corn hyl anon I rode,
Where was much stolen gere among:
I saw where honge myne owne hooode,
That I had lost amonge the thronge:
I knew it well as I did my crede,
But for lack of money I could not spede.'

"In Candlewick Street the drapers proffered him cheap cloth. In Eastcheape the cooks cried 'ribs of beef well roasted,' 'pies well baked,' and other succulent dishes. There was a great clattering of pewter-pots, harp, pipe and sawtry, 'Yea, by cock,' and 'Nay, by cock,' for greater oaths were spared."

There was a fish market, it is said, at Billingsgate, and another at Leadenhall, long before the Conquest. There were two meat markets, one below Eastcheap, the other, and more important, a little below St. Martin's-le-Grand. The cattle-market was at Smithfield, out in the fields beyond Aldgate, where, in Henry the First's time, the workmen were already busy building St. Bartholomew's Priory and Hospital. The poultry market was in Poultry—the name of the street at the top of Cheapside still bears witness to the fact. Our ancestors were exceedingly fond of game and poultry. Nothing pleased a good housewife better than the sight of a round capon, a fat partridge, or a tender duckling. Geese were much relished, and so too were swans and peacocks. A fine goose cost 4d. and a duck 2d. In Thames Street were the stock-fish markets, where "stock fish"—in great request on Fridays and in Lent—was sold. Here, too, was the Fishmongers' Hall. In Catholic times, when fish was in much greater demand than now, there were not less than six halls belonging to the Fishmongers' Corporation, and so important were the London fishmongers that between 1350 and 1374 they returned six Mayors to the city. Eels were considered a great dainty—did not Henry I. die of a surfeit of lampreys, a sort of small and succulent eel? The Chroniclers descant with delight on the quantity and quality of the salmon caught in the Thames, "a river most particularly rich in varieties of fish."

The Lombardy merchants, who in Roman times probably had their premises in Lombard Street, were not only bankers and money-changers, but silk mercers as well. But the Lombards, who are reputed to have introduced book-keeping into this country, and along with it the world-famous abbreviation £ s. d. (lire, soldi, denari), for pounds, shillings, and pence, were not the only Italians settled in London. Genoese, Florentines and Venetians had shops there at a very early date, and traded in Genoa velvets, Florentine brocades, and "Venetian finery"; much of the latter being brought from Constantinople and the Levant. The Flemish

merchants imported goods from Bruges, the terminus of the caravans which brought well-dressed furs, ermines, and other rare skins, Oriental carpets, spices, beads, and gold and silver work, from Asia Minor, Persia, India, and China. Spices were considered a great luxury—a box of them being deemed a gift for a king. So, at least, thought the Prioress of Barking, who sent Queen Matilda of Scotland a Christmas offering of spices and cinnamon. Apiculture was a very important industry, honey being one of the necessities of life, and the only “sweetener” then used in cookery. There was also a great trade in wax candles for the churches. This and kindred industries were carried on in Candlewick Street.

Dress was the ruling passion of the Londoners throughout the Norman and Plantagenet period, and it is therefore not very surprising to find evidence in the French archives that, in the early Norman times, commercial travellers regularly visited London, bringing with them “models” of the latest Parisian fashions in dress and head-gear. Under Rufus, himself a coxcomb and dandy, the costumes of the young men were so ornate and effeminate that “it was difficult to distinguish the men from the women.” “They wore their hair very long and cut straight across the forehead, and their shoes turned up at the toes like those of heathen Turks.” The women’s dresses were “as long behind as they were before”—a most inconvenient fashion in muddy and dusty weather.¹ Dress materials varied from Italian brocades to English homespuns. The great ladies wore a profusion of jewels and uncut gems, whole ropes of real or imitation pearls—the latter, most probably, imported from Venice—were as fashionable as in modern times.

The statue of Matilda of Boulogne, which forms one of the pilasters of the west door of Rochester Cathedral—that of the King being the pendant—affords us an excellent idea of the queenly costume of the period. The Queen’s robe, heavily pleated and edged with a band of elaborate embroidery, falls in ample folds to her feet, the mantle clasped with jewelled bands. Her hair, plaited into two long braids, hangs below the knees. Over her head is a veil of some fine stuff, bound by a regal crown. The King’s loose costume consists of a robe gathered

¹ Revived in a very slightly modified form in 1902 and 1903.

at the waist by a leather strap. It reaches to the ankles, and leaves a rather stout and comfortable-looking pair of boots uncovered. The cloak or mantle, like the Queen's, is fastened by a jewelled clasp. This, no doubt, was the Court costume of the period; and when the Queen received the great ladies at Westminster, they came in flowing garments, probably of silk or of the finest wool and gorgeously embroidered. They, too, must have worn their hair in long braids, partly concealed by veils confined by gold or silver diadems, studded with uncut or cabochon gems. The stately elegance and elaborate ceremonial of these Court functions influenced and refined the manners and customs of the upper classes throughout the country. Our Saxon kings, it seems, were rather casual in points of etiquette, and set a better example to their subjects in the matter of despatching a baron of beef or a tankard of home-brewed ale than in the more delicate operation of bowing with obsequious grace before the Sovereign.

That remarkable monument of woman's industry, the Bayeux Tapestry, is not only an historical record but a precious illustration of the costumes, military and civil, of the period. An attempt has been made to deprive Matilda of Flanders of the honour of having produced this extraordinary specimen of needle-work, but the generally accepted theory is that she and her ladies laboured on it for some three or four years after the Battle of Hastings. The designs were certainly supplied by Thorold, a dwarf artist, said to have been an Italian, who has carefully informed posterity of the fact by introducing his own effigy and name into the work. This curious tapestry measures 67 yards in length by 19 inches in height. The colours used are blue, red, dark brown, yellow and green. The wool, laid on the canvas, is not worked in but simply stitched down. Many years ago the writer was enabled to make a brief transcript of the "Inventory of the Robes and Jewels of the Queen-Duchess Matilda of Normandy and England," which up to the fatal year 1794 was preserved in the Library of the Abbaye aux Dames, at Caen, where the Queen is buried. The original disappeared during the Great Revolution, but a seventeenth-century MS. copy remained in the possession of the late Comte de Serens. From this quaint "Inventory" we learn that, at the time of her

death, in 1083, Matilda of Flanders possessed forty-two gowns, some of them richly embroidered, of silk, wool, and thread. She had fourteen pairs of shoes, of which six had heels and five were enriched with gold thread, five mantles of various colours, ten warm underskirts (petticoats) and eighteen veils. Her jewels, though not numerous, must have been costly. She had only one crown, which she bequeathed with her best mantle, "the one embroidered at Winchester by the wife of Aldered," to the Church of the Holy Trinity at Caen (Abbaye aux Dames). "It is in my Chamber and is to be made into a cope. My golden girdle is to be presented to the same church, to suspend a lamp before the Grand Altar." The Queen leaves also to the same church, and with the permission of her husband, "My Crown, my large Candelabra made at St. Lô, my sceptre, my cups, in their cases, another cup, made in England, my horse trappings, and all my gold and silver vessels."

This Queen's dress was singularly elegant and graceful. Her girdles of gold and beads, of which she had a number, served to confine her loose flowing robes to her waist, whilst a long and gorgeously embroidered cloak hung train fashion from her shoulders. She appears to have used a great deal of ermine in the borders of her mantles, and other costly furs were probably employed for the same purpose. Her magnificent tomb, as well as that of the great King, her husband, was desecrated by the Calvinists in the sixteenth century, and her effigy destroyed. Her remains were disturbed, and a ring taken from her finger and given to the Constable Anne de Montmorency, by his daughter the Abbess, to whom it had been presented by the robber who tore it from the dead Queen's finger.¹

As one would expect, the Normans—honest Frenchmen as they were—preferred wine to beer, and, therefore, a very considerable increase in the importation of wine is not surprising. At the coronation banquet of Henry II. ten kinds of red and white wine were supplied. The wine merchants were mostly to be found down by the wharves, and Vintners' Hall (No. 68 Upper Thames Street) was the headquarters of the wine traders, considered, in the Middle Ages, one of the most important

¹ *Curiosités historiques des Rois et Reines de France, Bibliophile Jacob.*—La Croix.

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Corporations in the city. The Vintners or "Vinetarii" (wine importers) were an ancient fraternity that must have existed in Roman days. In Norman and Plantagenet times they were called the Merchants of Gascony, and apparently hailed mostly from Bordeaux. Prior to the twenty-eighth year of Edward the First's reign, the London wine merchants had to sell and deliver their goods within forty days of unlading, and as this patent was the first ever granted exclusively to foreign merchants we may conclude the majority to have been Frenchmen.

In Henry the Second's time the wine merchants dwelt above their business premises, and there appears to have been a number of cookshops in the neighbourhood of the Thames, forming a "row" or cookery. These cooks "dressed meat and sold no wine," while the merchants "sold wine but dressed no meat." The combination of the two trades resulted doubtless in succulent meals washed down with good draughts of the favourite Malmsey. Later, under the three Edwards, other foreigners besides Frenchmen dealt in wine. The Lombards and Spaniards, for instance, imported many sorts, amongst them Cyprus and Malaga, as well as many varieties of sparkling wine from France and Germany. Stowe assures us there were English-born vintners round about Vintry Ward,¹ and speaks of "great Bordeaux and Gascoyne wine merchants of whom divers were Mayors of London—viz. John Adrian, Reginold, John Oxenford (Was he an ancestor of the author of that name?—as likely as not!), and Henri Picard, who in Edward the Third's time enter-

¹ "Messrs. W. & A. Gilbey report that the consumption of wine for the year 1903 was not expected to exceed 15,000,000 gallons. The consumption has been falling since 1876, when very close on 20,000,000 gallons were imported, those figures being the highest ever reached. Before 1860 comparatively little wine was drunk in this country, and a century ago the imports did not reach 4,000,000 gallons. Even the greatest quantity of wine drunk in the nineteenth century falls very short, taking into consideration the increase of population, of that consumed in the Middle Ages. In the middle of the thirteenth century, despite the taxation first imposed in 1216, no less than 10,000 tuns, or over 2,000,000 gallons, were annually brought into the ports of London and Sandwich alone: wine coming from Gascony, Spain, Italy, Greece, Cyprus, and islands of the Archipelago. So strict were the laws against adulteration in those days that Stowe relates how Lord Mayor Rainwell emptied 150 butts of adulterated wine into the channels of the streets."—*Vide the Daily Chronicle*, October 25, 1903.

tained four monarchs at once in Vintners' Hall—the Kings of England, France, Scotland, and Cyprus.” In Edward the Third's reign Gascoyne wine was sold in London “not above fourpence,” and Rhenish wine at sixpence a gallon. If we multiply 6d. by 20, we get near the right price paid—*circa* £3 of our money per gallon. The grand old Gothic Hall of the Vintners' Company was swept away by the Great Fire in the seventeenth century, and soon afterwards rebuilt after designs by Sir Christopher Wren. The plate of this Corporation is very magnificent, and includes a salt-cellar of extremely beautiful design, attributed, and not without reason, to Benvenuto Cellini.

Considering the size of the town there was an astonishing number of hostelries and taverns in Norman London; but the names of the oldest have not come down to posterity. The “Three Cranes,” in the Vintry—so called, according to Stowe, from “three very clumsy cranes placed on the Vintry Wharf by the Thames side to crane up the wine there”—must have been a very ancient hostelry, for its history can be traced back to Henry the Sixth's reign, and even then it was considered a very old house. Edward Seymour, the ill-fated Duke of Somerset and uncle to Edward VI., landed at the “Cranes” in the Vintry on his way to meet his doom at the Tower. The “Painted Inn,” so-called because it was painted in bright colours outside, existed in Richard the Second's reign, and was even then counted ancient. Southwark was full of taverns, for travellers arriving from France too late to cross the ferry spent the night there before proceeding to London. “The Tabard,” built in the fourteenth century, but rebuilt four hundred years later, must have occupied the site of a much older hostelry; it was ruthlessly pulled down in 1875-76, it should have been preserved—at any cost—as a national monument. “The Bear,” in the same neighbourhood, was, if anything, an older inn; it, too, has been “moved on” for modern improvements. In Henry the First's reign there were numerous hostelries and taverns in Cheapside and round about Bishopsgate Street; and, no doubt, the wharves swarmed with little dark public-houses, where sea-faring men consumed wine, beer, and cheap spirits on the premises. “The English,” says an early French chronicler, “drink much more than is good for them.

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They shout themselves hoarse and roll about in the mud when they are surfeited with beer, which is potent and cheap."

There being no carriages worthy the name, people who could not afford to ride had perforce either to walk or stay at home, and the unpaved, ill-kept roads must have been a trial to tender feet. With the exception of a sort of ponderous cart or waggon like a Turkish *Araba*, only used by ladies, there were no vehicles for the general use and recreation of the gentry. Every man, woman, or child, who could afford it, possessed a horse, mule, or donkey. When the Abbess of Bermondsey or Barking came to town she performed the journey on horseback, like the Prioress in Chaucer's *Tales*.

Our Norman ancestors were not without pity; and quite as much charity, of a rough sort perhaps, was practised in their day as in our own. Beggars, and especially the blind, were treated with superstitious awe and reverence. The weary wayfarer was rarely refused alms and food; and a pauper who could tell an exciting story or sing a good song, was on the high-road to fortune, and as heartily received in my lord's hall as in the tavern or the farmer's kitchen. Wandering minstrels enjoyed better revenues than their successors, who now haunt the sands of Margate and Brighton.

The numerous victims of that appalling scourge, leprosy, were in the habit of sitting or standing in rows at the church doors, displaying their horrible deformities and imploring alms, as now they sit and crouch by the mosque doors of Constantinople. When my lord and my lady, or the rich burgher and his wife, came out of church, they opened their purse-strings and gave each sorely afflicted creature the smallest coin of the realm. Matilda of Boulogne, a practical princess, collected a number of these outcasts and sheltered them in a leper-house, which she founded on the site now occupied by the Church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. Other lazaret-houses were eventually established, among them that of St. James-in-the-Fields, now St. James's Palace.

The great Church and Hospital of St. Bartholomew, built in the reign of Henry I., was one of the earliest and most successful attempts made in London to establish a hospital on a large scale. It was approached through New Gate by a shady

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country road that led to the Priory and the great cattle-market in the fields opposite the church. This Hospital and its adjoining Priory and Church were founded by that "pleasant wittiest man Rahere," who, from being a wit and, as we should say, man about town, and not, as usually stated without authority, "Henry the First's minstrel or jester," in later years "got religion," and was converted to a higher view of life. He went to Rome and prayed before the shrine of the Princes of the Apostles, and vowed that if God would pardon him his sins, he would return to his native land and "make an hospital for nourishing poor men," ministering to their wants himself. "After his power," St. Bartholomew, who, having been skinned alive himself, is, it is said on high authority, tenderly disposed towards the sick and suffering, vouchsafed a vision of himself to the penitent Rahere, saying, "I am Bartholomew the Apostle of Christ, that is come to succour thee in thine anguish and to open to thee the secret mysteries of Heaven. Know therefore that it is the will of Heaven that thou shouldst choose a place in the suburbs of London at Smithfield and build a church and hospital, and this thou must do in my name." On his return to London, Rahere obtained from Henry I. the necessary authority and the land whereon to execute his purpose, and in due time a magnificent church, a handsome priory, and a commodious hospital rose in the stately and solid architecture of the period, on the site they still occupy. Rahere had, it appears, a good deal of difficulty in draining the land before he could start building, but before he died his task was accomplished. The original hospital was under a Master or Governor, eight brethren and six sisters. The earliest of the long lists of masters was Alfuen, and the first patient admitted was a man named Adwyne who was suffering from enfeebled muscles. He had been long an invalid, and obliged to lie in bed, which produced a softening of the muscles and general anæmia. The medical men, wise in their generation, advised Adwyne "to move his limbs a little every day," and thus by degrees he was able to cut and carve wood, and in due time was dismissed as cured to resume his trade of carpenter.¹

¹ The Church of St. Bartholomew the Great is still one of the most beautiful churches in London, and if it were in any other capital in Europe

From that remote date to our own time St. Bartholomew's has been a household word in the metropolis; ay, even that famous woman Mrs. Gamp has spread its fame near and wide as "Barklemy's"; kings, nobles, mayors—including Dick Whittington—have been benefactors of an institution which, by the recent purchase of Greyfriars', will ere long become one of the largest and richest hospitals in Europe. A hospital was also erected at Aldgate. Another charitable Norman foundation was the venerable Hospital and Church of St. Katherine-by-the-Tower, created by Matilda of Boulogne. St. Katherine's was originally intended as a hospice for three sisters, three brethren, and ten bedes-women. Some fifty-five years ago the interesting church was pulled down and rebuilt, on more or less the same lines, in Regent's Park. The ten small houses in the quadrangle in front of the new church are a royal bounty, and serve as a sort of succursale to Hampton Court Palace, being allotted to ageing noble and gentlewomen, who were once in the service of the late Queen.

A hospital was also erected at Aldgate by Queen Maud of Scotland, and placed under the superintendence of the Benedictine Fathers attached to the opulent Priory of the Holy Trinity. Beside the Hospital, and facing the high-road, were twelve almshouses built by the same Queen; each was inhabited by "a baseborn, bedridden pauper." On a fine Friday afternoon, when the townsfolk sped "merrily" towards the neighbouring fields to assist at the athletic sports held there, the beds containing the paupers were drawn up to the

would be included among the sights every traveller should make a point of visiting. It must originally have possessed almost the proportions of a cathedral. Unfortunately the nave has almost entirely disappeared, but the west-end and transepts, which have been judiciously restored, are extremely fine. So, too, is the Lady Chapel; and well worth seeing also is the canopied tomb, with effigy of Prior Rahere, which must, however, replace some earlier tomb, for it is of the Perpendicular period, and was at one time richly painted and gilded. Above it is another remarkable monument, that of Sir Walter Mildmay, Under Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Elizabeth. As usual in these old London churches the registers are particularly interesting, and record, amongst other informing items, the baptism of Hogarth, and the burial of Hayward, the historian of Edward VI.

windows, which were kept open so that the passers-by might see and compassionate the invalids. Stowe remembers having seen in his youth "these poor bedridden bodies in their beds by the open window : a clean cloth lay on the window sill, and on it rested a pair of beads to indicate that they could no longer work but only pray."

The mention of these quaint alms-houses reminds us that the road their windows overlooked had been for ages known as Houndsditch. The street erected on this site is associated in our minds with the Jews, and many people imagine a connection between them and the somewhat suggestive name. But the Jews did not take up their abode in Houndsditch until the seventeenth century, when Cromwell recalled them from their long exile. Their original quarter was old Jewry by Cheap. Houndsditch had been an open sewer for ages before the Conquest. In very early times the citizens were wont to chuck their dead dogs and cats into this unsavoury ditch—and hence its name. By the time the neighbouring monastery of the Holy Trinity was built, the evil-smelling place had become a public nuisance, and so the monks very sensibly filled it up and converted it into a garden. In the course of time a street was built there, and it still bears its ancient, unpleasing name. In Henry the First's reign the Jews were already numerous and enviably rich ; they were allowed to practise very few professions, and made their large fortunes by lending money at usurious interest. They were the pawn-brokers, and also the physicians and doctors, of the period. Obligated by statute to wear their yellow gaberdines and turbans, they added a keynote of Oriental picturesqueness to the narrow streets of a city whose inhabitants wore an inconceivable variety of quaint costumes.

Before concluding this sketch of the earlier Norman period of the history of London, it may be as well to dwell briefly upon the advantages that accrued to the citizens during the reign of Henry I., the third and ablest son of William the Conqueror. Although the city and its population increased rapidly, there was, and long remained, space enough within the walls for plenty of country houses surrounded by gardens, orchards, and market gardens. With the exception of a few

religious foundations outside the gates, the suburbs had yet to be created, although there must have been a continuous row of houses and gardens between London and Westminster. The population was densest towards the centre of the city and down by the river, owing no doubt to the Norman and Picard emigrants who flocked to London immediately after the Conquest, and who naturally settled in the parts devoted to business. The shipping trade had improved; and FitzStephen tells us that in the beginning of the thirteenth century "the Thames was blocked by vessels from all parts of the world."

The sanitary conditions of London left much to be desired; as indeed they did until the opening of the nineteenth century. Our ancestors apparently cared less for comfort and cleanliness than for show and ostentation. Baths, public or private, do not seem to have figured amongst the domestic arrangements of either Saxon or Norman. But to this day are there not all over England plenty of large towns—let alone villages—where no public baths exist?

In the days of the old Romans there was scarcely a house without its bath; and public baths, with a considerable degree of convenience, were common. Henry promulgated a timely law prohibiting citizens from emptying slops out of their windows until after Curfew had tolled. There were no drains, and vagrant dogs were the street scavengers, as they still are in most Eastern cities; but this King made some effort to keep the streets clean, for we read of their being frequently swept and garnished, and when royalty was expected to pass they were strewn with sand. Rushes and straw were used as carpets, but being very rarely changed they became offensively filthy and swarmed with vermin. Louis VII., Henry's contemporary in France, when setting out on an expedition, left strict orders that the straw from the royal floors should be sent to the hospitals "as it was clean and free from vermin."

King Henry granted many important "liberties" to the citizens of London; these may be divided into two kinds—remission and gifts. He absolved the citizens from the payment of certain feudal service levied among them, known as "danegeld," a tax originally instituted to buy off the Danes, which had, however, become a fixed source of royal revenue. When a

murder took place, especially if the victim were a Norman, all the inhabitants of the Ward in which it occurred were heavily fined. This tax was amongst the earliest repealed by Henry. He also exempted all Londoners from the quartering upon them of members of the King's household, and from paying toll or passage-money at the ferries; he further abrogated the "lestag"—a tax on leather, hitherto levied in all parts of England. The recall of the "miskening," or use of an unknown tongue in legal matters, is very significant. It points to an abuse in consequence of which the French language was employed in litigation. The Saxons, who could not speak it, were the accused; they were liable to be convicted and fined without understanding why or wherefore. Henry did much to increase his popularity by granting the revenues of the county of Middlesex to the people of London to farm, on an annual payment of £300, still paid to the Crown. These and other concessions, notably a royal renewal to the citizens of the right to hunt (as their ancestors had done) in the forests of Middlesex, Surrey, and the Chiltern Hills, did much to tone down the bitterness very naturally felt by the conquered against their conquerors. Many of Henry's wise measures were, as we shall presently see, imprudently repealed by Henry II., and with disastrous results, which laid the foundation of that revolutionary movement that culminated under the unhappy Charles I. Most people date our Revolution from the seventeenth century, or even back to the Reformation. In reality its gradual evolution began in the days of our Norman Monarchy, thanks to the determination of the Saxons—*i.e.* the plebs—to resist tyrannical encroachments upon their acknowledged rights by the King and his Peers.

CHAPTER VI

LONDON UNDER THE LAST NORMAN KINGS

AT Jerusalem in the fourth century, the British-born Empress, Helena, so it is said, discovered the Cross on which Our Lord was crucified. Fragments of this precious treasure were eventually distributed among the cathedrals and abbeys of Europe, even as far north as Bromholm in Norfolk, and Edinburgh, where a famous abbey was built to enshrine the relic. The sight of these most sacred fragments of the Holy Rood stirred many faithful souls to sally forth on pilgrimages to the scenes of Our Lord's life and Passion. During the first centuries after the proclamation of Christianity as the religion of the Roman Empire, these wanderers were fairly treated; but, once the Saracens held Palestine, and especially Jerusalem, in their power, the Christian pilgrims received scant courtesy. They were not allowed to behold the Holy Sepulchre without paying the tribute of a gold piece, a large sum in those days, and far beyond the means of the poorer travellers. Many of them died almost within sight of their goal, their long-deferred hopes crushed within them. Some, however, returned to their homes to tell the tale of Moslem exaction and cruelty, and kindle the resentment of their hearers. After a time all Europe was aflame with hatred of the followers of Mahomet and a fierce longing to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from their grasp. The Byzantine Emperors wrote letters to the Christian Princes, and even to the Pope, detailing the outrages inflicted upon the Christians, and thus incited the Faithful to join in a concerted enterprise for the capture of Zion and the rescue of the Tomb of the Founder of the Christian Faith. Just when William of Normandy was conquering England, the passionate eloquence of a little old man,



NORMAN TRANSEPT OF GREAT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S, SMITHFIELD

once a soldier, who had become a priest, Peter the Hermit, fired the Western nations to a crusade to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the Saracens. Urban II., then Sovereign Pontiff, heard the Hermit with condescension at first, but finally with an interest that led him enthusiastically to endorse and bless the sacred project.

Adverse circumstances had compelled His Holiness to leave Rome and take refuge in the fortress of that prince of freebooters, Robert Guiscard of Apulia, whose power defied the united Majesties of France and Germany. Peter appeared before the Pope and the great Bandit, and obtained His Holiness' authority to preach his warlike gospel. From town to town and village to village he went, wakening a zealous fervour which was soon to send half the men in Europe clamouring to the frontiers of Palestine. It were foreign to the main subject of this book to enter further into the history of the results of Peter the Hermit's preaching. Though the Crusaders, after over a hundred years of endeavour, failed to rescue the Holy Sepulchre, their effort brought Europe into immediate contact with the oldest form of civilisation known.

Robert of Normandy, the Conqueror's eldest and most disloyal son, was an enthusiastic follower of Peter, and in his hot haste to immortalise his name by substituting the Cross for the Crescent in Jerusalem, sold his English birthright to his brother William. As long as Rufus reigned, the elder brother refrained from molesting him. When Walter Tyrrell's arrow ended our only bachelor King's inglorious career, Duke Robert was returning from the Holy Land. Fascinated by the beauty and the sunshine of the South, he accepted the tempting hospitality of the Prince of Tarantum, and tarried at the Castle of Conversano in Apulia. Meantime, his crown was seized by his third brother, Henry. The story of Robert—the Robert the Devil of romance and melody—is one of the most tragic in history. He eventually fell into the hands of his brother Henry, who, after depriving him of his eyesight, cast him into Cardiff Castle, where for twenty-eight long years of the harshest captivity he lived in darkness and misery.

But Henry's unnatural cruelty was punished. His son and heir, William, together with his half-brother Prince Richard and

their sister Maria, Countess of Perche, were drowned at sea on the night of November 26, 1120. The young Princes had been holding a merry carouse on board, when the ill-fated vessel—the *Blanche Nef*—striking on the rocks of Barfleur, instantly sank. The shrieks of his drowning children were heard by the King himself, on shipboard some miles farther out; but he little realised the terrible meaning of the sound borne to him by the winds. No man daring to do it, a little child was tutored to tell the bereaved father the appalling truth, and with the fearlessness of his age the boy, in his artless way, broke his strong Sovereign's heart.

Henry married a second wife, Adelicia of Louvaine,¹ the descendant of Charlemagne and ancestress of the present Duke of Norfolk, Lord Mowbrey and Stourton, and Lord Petre. No issue came of this marriage between an old man and a young bride; and there being no likelihood of his having a direct heir, Henry arranged a marriage between his only daughter, the widow of the German Emperor, Henry v., and Geoffrey, son of Fulk, Count of Anjou, commonly called Plantagenet from his custom of wearing a sprig of yellow broom—*plante à génêt*—in his helmet. The Empress was a worthy daughter of such a sire. She and her handsome cousin Stephen, son of King Henry's sister Alice, Countess of Blois, dishonoured the husband chosen for her by her father, and she bore a son whom she passed off as Geoffrey's child, and who eventually became Henry II. of England. Henry I. never recovered the loss of his three children, and died in 1135, hated and despised alike by his family and people. Yet he had been a great prince, and Londoners at all events owed him much, for he had restored all or nearly all their liberties.

No sooner was Henry dead than Stephen of Blois, setting aside the pretensions of the Empress, seized on the British crown and held it, for a time, without dispute. The Empress Maud was at first almost lethargic in the matter. In due time, however, her husband, ignorant probably of the relations which had existed between her and the new King, forced her to act, and for close on fifteen years England was torn by civil strife.

¹ Arundel Castle was her dower, and came into the possession of the Howards through her second marriage with their ancestor, the Count Albini.

The people, however, did not take kindly to the Empress, who was never popular. Her adventures were many and romantic. Once she escaped disguised as her own corpse, enclosed in a coffin full of air-holes and hurriedly borne by a train of faithful mock-mourners not to her grave but into safety. At one period fortune was distinctly in her favour. This was in the year 1141, when she had so far triumphed over Stephen as to defeat and even cast him into prison at Bristol. After this success her victorious army marched to London, and her entry into the city was attended by great splendour. The Aldermen of the Wards and burghers of the city paid her homage as the rightful Queen of the Realm. Soon, too soon, however, her character exhibited itself in its true dress. Her nature was vulgar, haughty, and false, and she disgusted all who approached her.

The citizens of London had been obliged in the year 1139 to pay Stephen the then enormous sum of 100 marks of gold—*circa* £60,000 of our money—for the privilege of electing their own sheriffs, a right conceded to them by the Conqueror but abrogated by Rufus. This imposition on Stephen's part had given great offence, and had the Empress shown any token of generosity her success would have been assured. She acted otherwise, and seemed to revel in her power to give gratuitous offence. She, very unwisely, granted Geoffrey, Earl of Essex, her half brother and Generalissimo, all the possessions of the Crown—which his father and grandfather had held—lands, castles, manors, etc., among them the Tower of London, and the Sherifwicks of London and Middlesex—at a fee-farm rent of £300 per annum. But what most annoyed the citizens was the said Geoffrey's appointment as Supreme Justiciary of the City and County of Middlesex, which gave him a great and undue advantage, since without his consent no one could hold pleas either in or out of the city. To emphasise the importance of this measure, the Empress had the compact drawn up and executed with the utmost solemnity. The clergy and nobility were called upon to sign it, and swear on the Gospels to maintain it in all its integrity. The appointment perhaps gave the new Sovereign the whip-handle for the time-being; but Geoffrey, a brave and able condottiere, was not fit to hold a post of such

unlimited power. He soon began to abuse his authority, making a series of unwise and vexatious exactions. Meanwhile the Papal Legate, Henry, Bishop of Winchester, the deposed Stephen's brother, had warmly espoused the Empress's cause, and even went so far as to excommunicate Stephen and all his party. He invited the clergy to endorse Maud's claims, and to accept her as their Queen. This they willingly agreed to do; but the citizens of London, when invited to approve the compact, irritated by the fashion in which the Empress and her brother had heaped unjust favours and honours on their own adherents, flatly refused to come to terms.

The Empress had proceeded to St. Albans to await the result of negotiations which threatened to become interminable. She was accompanied by her uncle, King David of Scotland, who had been residing for some weeks at the Scots' Palace in Westminster, an edifice originally built by King Edwin as the Scottish Embassy, on the site now known as Scotland Yard. Even now the Londoners, who had not quite forgotten Stephen's exactions, made an attempt to conciliate the usurper! A deputation proceeded to St. Albans to entreat her to reconsider her decision and restore them their rights and privileges. But she haughtily refused even to listen to their prayer, and still further exasperated them by driving their beloved Queen Matilda, who had remained in London during her husband's misfortunes, from her presence. Matilda, too, had gone to St. Albans to implore her cousin's clemency, but the rude and defiant Maud not only grossly insulted her, but turned her out of the palace with special marks of ignominy. The Empress and her brother now returned to London and took up their abode in the Tower, which Stephen had greatly enlarged and strengthened. Suddenly the citizens rose in revolt. They were well-armed, the streets were narrow, and the odds so much in favour of the rebels that the Empress, seizing an opportunity, slipped out of the city, and, protected by her powerful Angevine guard, galloped to Winchester. Her brother Gloucester was captured and eventually exchanged for King Stephen, who returned in triumph to London.

The Empress, after a strange adventure at Oxford, from which city she made her escape wrapped up in a sheet, so as to pass

unobserved across the snow-covered Thames, returned to France, where her prudent husband gave her a not very hearty welcome. He had steadfastly refused to assist her in her English undertakings, and remained in Normandy instructing his son Henry in the arts of war. This boy was eventually sent to England, and placed under the care of his greedy uncle Robert of Gloucester. For three years yet the country remained plunged in all the miseries of civil war, for although the Empress's cause was lost, the rights of her son Henry remained to be settled. He may, as the man-in-the-street of those days would have affirmed, have been Stephen's son, but none the less being born in wedlock he was legally Geoffrey Plantagenet's child and the Empress's legitimate heir. His cause was warmly espoused by his grand-uncle King David; and many Englishmen boldly declared that, though prepared to accept Stephen during his lifetime, they were resolved, for the prevention of further strife, to acknowledge Henry's ultimate claim. So the war dragged on, for Stephen had an heir of his own, Prince Eustach, a hopeful youth of handsome appearance and considerable ability.

The year 1150 was marked by a terrific frost, that sealed the Thames from end to end in a sheet of ice, which lay unthawed from December 9 to March 15, "during which time carriages and horses crossed the river as safely as on dry land." On May 3, in the following year, Queen Matilda of Boulogne died in her forty-eighth year, at Henningham Castle in Essex, the mansion of Alberic de Vere. London mourned the good Queen, and her epitaph truthfully expressed in choice Latin the feelings of the grief-stricken people—

"Cultrix veri Dei, cultrix et pauperi,
Hic submixa Deo, quo frueretur eo,
Femina si quo Polus conscendere queque meretur,
Angelicis manibus diva hæc Regina tenetur."

"A true lover of God, and patroness of the poor,
She lived submissive to God, that she might
Afterwards enjoy His Presence.
If ever woman deserved to be carried by the Angels
To Heaven, it was this Holy Queen."

In 1153 Prince Henry, who had assumed the title of Duke of Normandy and Anjou, landed unexpectedly in England.

Omens were not wanting to terrify Stephen, already greatly shaken by the loss of his wife. His horse reared three times and thrice threw him to earth—a most unlucky augury, which induced him to agree to meet his nephew at Wallingford. There it was arranged that he (Stephen) should remain King of England during his lifetime, the crown being solemnly secured to Henry at his decease. His own children were to be confirmed in their succession to the Earldom of Boulogne, in the enjoyment of the estates of their late mother, both in France and England, and of such as had belonged to their father during Henry the First's lifetime. A year later Stephen passed away, leaving three children: Eustach, who died of fever a month later at Faversham; William, who became Earl of Boulogne; and Marie, who took the veil at Romsey Priory, where her mother and her aunts—the Queens Margaret and Matilda of Scotland—had been educated. It cannot be said that Stephen was regretted; Londoners did not mourn for him as they had so pathetically for his queen. They soon forgot a prince who had done them no good, and who was only a trifle less hateful to them than William Rufus.

As a builder, Stephen was not behind his predecessors. The Great Fire afforded him an excellent opportunity of reconstructing the city in a more durable style, and he availed himself of it. Many churches were restored or rebuilt in the Norman style, and the Tower was greatly strengthened by the addition of several towers, walls, and bastions. The enormous and picturesque pile known as Baynard's Castle, which was destroyed in 1666, was built by the Saxon kings as their town residence. With the Conqueror came a Picard squire named Baynard, to whom William gave this castle. He had already granted the Palatine Tower, evidently a part of the vast structure, to the Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral. After Baynard's death the castle came to his son Geoffrey, who finished the work of reconstruction commenced by his father. He lost the castle by forfeiture, and it was granted to Gilhard de Clere. FitzStephen tells us it was a "double castle"—otherwise, that one part of its enormous turreted and be-towered bulk stood somewhere between St. Paul's and the river, and the other, linked to the first by a chain of walls and bastions, on the bank of the Thames. The name still clings to the latter spot as Castle Baynard's Wharf. It must have been a

very imposing addition to the river panorama, and a noble pendant to the Tower at the opposite end of the city.

Few and far between are the remains of Norman London. The Reformation and the Great Fire in 1666, and modern Vandalism, have deprived the capital of its finest ancient buildings, including the noble Norman nave of the Cathedral. Among the scanty vestiges of Norman buildings which the metropolis still possesses is the White Tower, with its fine chapel. The Temple Church is also pure Norman, but modern and tasteless restorations have done it as much mischief as the worst fanatic of Edward VI. or Cromwell's day could have desired. Some forty years ago it was so be-polychromed and generally be-devilled as to leave very little of the original building undisfigured. Not far off, in Chancery Lane, stood, until quite recently, the venerable Chapel of the Rolls' Office—built in the days of Henry III. for the benefit of converted Jews. The outer walls were part of the original structure. The interior, of a later date, was well worth visiting, if only on account of the beautiful and little-known monuments; one to John Young—an altar tomb—by no less an artist than Michael Angelo's rival and nose-breaker, Torrigiano. Never was a more wanton act of vandalism perpetrated than in the destruction of this venerable little old chapel, which could easily have been spared. Young's monument is now to be seen in a sort of small museum in the Rolls' Office, where it is quite out of place. In Smithfield we may still admire the tastefully-restored choir of St. Bartholomew the Great, which is pure Norman, although the clerestory is of a slightly later period, very Early English. This picturesque church and the street of old houses beyond it well repay the trouble of a longish journey. They stand far from the madding crowd, among old-world nooks and corners that have survived the hundred changes of this busy and noisy part of the town—which, in the morning, is a busy meat market, and in the later hours of the day a kind of sleepy hollow, full of tragic memories of the past. Here, from Henry's time onwards, Catholics and Protestants were roasted, turn and turn about, to appease the fanatic fury of those of their fellows who could let no man worship God save in their own peculiar way.

The fine Chapel of Lambeth House—it has been called

Palace only since the beginning of the nineteenth century—is an interesting specimen of Early English of the First Plantagenet period (1270).

Only a few years ago several important very early crypts were to be seen in the city, but none of these are now accessible to the public. The finest was needlessly destroyed some time since. Stowe mentions it in his *Memorials* as having formed part of the substratum of the house of a renowned giant of fabulous height and size called Gerrard. Says he, "There standeth in Bassing Lane a great ancient house, built upon arched vaults, and with arched gates of stone brought from Caen in Normandy. The same is now a tavern commonly called Gerrard's Hall. In the high-roofed hall of this house sometime stood a large fir pole, forty feet high, which reached to the roof thereof, and was said to be one of the staves that Gerrarde the giant used in the wars to run withal." The pole seems to have been one of the attractions of the hall, "for it was removed after some alterations had been made in the hall to a corner, and a ladder of like proportions was also shown near to it." Evidently this pole was of great antiquity, and the house may have been built by an exceptionally tall man. It belonged in 1245 to John Gisors, Mayor of London, and continued in his family for several generations. Eventually, in Elizabeth's reign it became an inn. This inn and its magnificent hall were burnt down in the Great Fire of 1666, but the crypt escaped. When all that remained of Gerrard's Hall was removed in 1852, the Corporation decided that the crypt should be preserved, and the stones transferred to the Crystal Palace, with a view to its being re-erected there. The stones were numbered and packed—but falling unfortunately into vandal hands, were used for the building of an engine-house, and what remained were sent to mend the South Kensington roads! This superb crypt had several sturdy columns and a noble-groined roof of the thirteenth century. Its destruction does not reflect much credit on our artistic taste, or our veneration for the past history of our capital.

There is another very fine Norman crypt, dating from Henry I., under the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow. It escaped the destruction of the old church by fire in 1666, and Sir

Christopher Wren was able to use it as the superstructure of his masterpiece, the present edifice. Unfortunately it has been so choked up with coffins that it is now scarcely worth visiting. Until the beginning of the nineteenth century there was a very fine crypt under the scanty remains of the Church of St. Martin's-le-Grand, but it was pulled down when the General Post Office was built. Beneath the house numbered 153 Leadenhall Street there still exists a very large and remarkable crypt of Early Norman workmanship, which had the honour of being visited, on more than one occasion, by Charles Dickens, who has immortalised as Captain Cuttle the then owner of the premises above ground, which served as a shop for the sale of nautical instruments. My readers will be glad to hear that the famous little wooden midshipman, renowned in *Dombey & Son*, is still in perfect condition, flourishing but in another part of London, keeping watch and ward over the belongings of a descendant of the kindly old Captain of the hook, so tenderly beloved by Walter Gay and Florence Dombey, and held in awesome veneration even by the irrepressible Nipper.¹

Fire has been ancient London's chief foe. The destruction by its agency of the palace of our kings at Westminster was a loss for which even the beautiful and fanciful structure that replaces it cannot compensate, for, with the venerable stones, crumbled nearly a thousand years of historical and romantic association. Nothing now remains but the crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel, the oratory of the present Houses of Parliament, and it, like the Temple Church, has been over-restored.

The Chapel of the Pyx, or rather the sub-structure of the dormitory and the dark cloister, to the south of the south transept, are all that now remains of Norman work in Westminster Abbey. The Confessor's Chapel, and the choir and transepts date from Henry the Third's time, and are in the first Pointed style, which marked the architectural transition introduced during his reign.

¹ This pleasant information comes to the writer direct from a member of the family which all lovers of Dickens will be glad to learn is "hearty."

CHAPTER VII

LONDON UNDER THE FIRST PLANTAGENETS

THE feudal system, which governed Europe from the ninth to the thirteenth centuries, had by this time reached its zenith. England was rapidly being covered, from end to end, with formidable castles, some of which, as for instance Cardiff, Raglan, Windsor, Alnwick, Warwick,¹ still stand fairly well-preserved, at least as to their original outlines; while the majority have either altogether disappeared or only serve, with the stately ruins of their ivy-covered towers, keeps, and crumbling walls, to add a keynote of romantic charm to English landscape. The King, who was but the over-lord of many lords, each absolute in his own fortified keep, was forced by sheer instinct of self-preservation to rely in many an emergency on the goodwill of the townsfolk, and it was his interest, therefore, to court the favour of the citizens of the capital and other large cities—a policy very foolishly neglected by Stephen's successor.

Society in those days was divided, as is our own, into three distinct classes—the nobility, burghers, and lower orders of freemen. But there was yet another class,—a relic of Saxon times,—the Theowas, or slaves. Domesday Book reckoned

¹ So closely are these castles set that within a radius of seven miles in the county of Norfolk the writer recently visited the ruins of six—beginning with the noble remains of Castleacre and ending with the scanty vestiges of the once formidable fortress of Mileham. It was in this latter castle that Fleance, son of Banquo, found refuge from the vengeful Macbeth; and here, too, Guiscard's son, whose disappearance from the scene of history has so often puzzled chroniclers, lived and died a peaceful exile, leaving a left-handed progeny, which still tills the neighbouring fields under the patronymic of Wyskerd (Guiscard). For further particulars see Carthew's *Hundred of Launditch*.

these unfortunates, probably the descendants of Roman slaves and prisoners of war, at some 20,000. The Church did all in her power to emancipate them, but her efforts and influence long proved powerless. The lot of these Theowas, dire enough in the cities, must have been well-nigh unendurable in the villages, where even the freedmen maltreated them, although they themselves were not much better off. In London they usefully performed the citizens' dirty work in their frequent revolts against oppression. They were much to the front in the momentous insurrection against the Empress Maud, a turning-point in the history of London, since it taught the people to realise how great was their united power, even when the object of their resentment was their Sovereign.

Henry II. was barely twenty when, on August 5, 1154, he ascended the throne left vacant by Stephen's death. According to Peter of Blois, who knew him from boyhood, he was one of the handsomest young men of his time. He was of towering stature, with a head "of such quantity, that to the neck and to all the body, it accordeth by even proportion. His eyes 'pykeled' fine and clear in the colouring, when he is pleased well, but, if he is angered, like sparkling fires. His hair thickly curled and worn cut square across the forehead." His character left much to be desired, notwithstanding the praises of Peter of Blois. He could be generous enough when it suited his purpose; he could be most cruel and treacherous too. He was a brave soldier, a splendid horseman, and a passionate sportsman; was not devoid of literary culture and encouraged learning in others. Peter of Blois, who was his chaplain and secretary, gives us a lively description of the King leaving his palace: "When King Henry sets out of a morning you see multitudes of big people running up and down as they were mad, horse rushing against horse, carriage overturning carriage, players, gamesters, cooks, confectioners, morrice dancers, barbers, courtesans, and parasites, making so much noise and, in a word, such an intolerable tumultuous jumble of horse and foot, that you imagine the great abyss hath opened and that Hell itself had poured forth all its inhabitants."

King Henry II. brought with him to this country quite the most amazing Queen-Consort that ever shared the throne of England.

Æleanora of Aquitaine, unlike her modest and saintlike predecessor in the honours of Queen-Consort of the Norman line, was a lady with not one, but many "pasts." She was a good dozen years older than her youthful husband, a disparity of age which did not affect his infatuation for her mature charms. There is something weirdly modern about this extraordinary woman's career. Her story, shorn of its romantic environment, is that of a finished adventuress, who divorces, on the flimsiest of pretexts, a dull husband to marry a handsome lad. The background of this sordid story is so extremely picturesque and so little known that it needs to be briefly related, and all the more as it bears indirectly upon the history of London's civilisation, for we owe this queen a debt of gratitude for the remarkable impetus she gave to our commercial and artistic progress. Æleanora, a distinguished poetess, was, moreover, a very observant woman, who, as we shall presently see, had travelled far and wide. Her connection with the Southern States of Europe was intimate and important, and she used it, during her brief period of absolute power in England, to the best advantage of our nascent commerce. Judging from the miniature portraits scattered through a few contemporary MSS., her effigy at Fontevrault, and the descriptions of those who saw and knew her, she was exceedingly beautiful, with regular features and fine eyes. Her complexion, we are maliciously informed, was of her own making, and her long hair dyed red with henna.

Aquitaine, as the Queen Æleanora's domains were called, was formed of the two counties of Guienne and Gascony, and was undoubtedly, at this period, the most highly-cultivated and literary principality in mediæval Europe. Learning was there protected as one of the most precious of human possessions, music was loved, and poetry considered a heaven-born gift that raised the lowliest-born poet to the level of a prince. In this nursery of the Muses Æleanora shone like a star. She was worthy of her grandfather, William IX., the Minstrel Duke whose poems are still in high repute. In 1137 the Princess became the bride of the fat young King, Louis VII. of France, "*le gros*," retaining her independent position as reigning duchess after the death of her grandfather, who retired, in tardy penance for a very gay youth and middle age, to a hermit's cell near Campostella

in Spain, where he died full of years and strongly perfumed with that subtlest of odours—sanctity.

The European atmosphere was permeated at this period with Crusades and Crusaders. Young men could talk and think of nothing else. The Holy Land had a double attraction for them in that it presented a means of saving their souls, and at the same time of filling their pockets with the spoils of ten thousand harems, whose inmates were reported to be as rich in gold, silver, and gems as they were beautiful and kind. In a word, Palestine was, in countless eyes, a sort of heavenly South Africa, and Jerusalem a sacred Johannesburg. To the Crusades therefore went King Louis, and with him the Queen-Duchess, who had had the advantage of hearing St. Bernard himself preach the spiritual benefits of the enterprise. That side of the question did not much affect the fair *Eleanor*, who considered the matter from a worldly point of view as a novel form of excitement. She was accompanied by what she was pleased to call her "flying squadron"—otherwise a regiment of ladies equipped in fantastic costumes, consisting of short pleated skirts, light breast-plates, helmets with floating plumes, and highly-ornamented spears. The Queen's luggage exceeded that of any modern lady of fashion going on a pilgrimage to Delhi or Monte Carlo, and her ladies' impedimenta were as unwieldy. No wonder King Louis' crusade was a dismal failure! A volume—a very amusing one to boot—would scarcely suffice to describe the Queen's vagaries and most unseemly behaviour. At Antioch, where her uncle, Raymond of Toulouse, was Prince, she turned the head of that venerable gentleman, whilst her "squadron" gave itself up to worldly amusements and danced more frequently than it prayed. King Louis was forced at last to hurry his consort and her Amazons out of Antioch to avoid fresh scandals, and decamped in the dead of night for Jerusalem, where, dreadful to relate, the Queen found the Holy Sepulchre less interesting than the handsome Saracen Emir, Sal-Addin. Before long the wretched Louis was half distracted by his domestic troubles, especially as the Queen made no secret of her dislike for his ungainly person. She laughed at him in public, and taunted him in private—said he was *gros et vilain*, and that with his close-shaven face he looked like a priest.

A visit on the homeward journey to Constantinople (in those days a sort of combination of modern Paris and Monte Carlo) was a distinct success. The Byzantine Emperor and Empress received the French Queen with effusion, but seem to have slighted the King. The wonders of the city on the Golden Horn, with its pleasures and its vices, enchanted the frivolous lady and her Amazonian brigade. It would have been hard indeed to scandalise the headquarters of Byzantine depravity; but Æleanor managed even that at last, and left an undying impression of beauty and caprice behind her. Yet she learnt a good deal by her journey to the East. Observant and artistic, she benefited by her experience, and returned to Paris laden with beautiful robes of Oriental silk and embroidery, jewels, Persian carpets, and inlaid furniture. Her adventures did not, by any means, end with her home-coming. She next fell in with Geoffrey Plantagenet, the husband of the Empress Maud, who was soon smitten by her irresistible charm, but one day unfortunately he presented to the syren his eldest born, Henry Plantagenet. The unflattering result was that she swiftly gave the father to understand she preferred his handsome young son to his elderly self. Henry, then barely nineteen, fell head-over-ears in love with the wily charmer. Æleanor, perceiving a chance of becoming Queen of England, and, at the same time, of ridding herself of her uncongenial lord, forthwith set her busy brain to find a means of carrying out the extraordinary project. A plea of consanguinity—Louis was her cousin five times removed—served her purpose, and the marriage was annulled by the ecclesiastical authorities; Louis, who had evidently had enough of her, thankfully giving his consent. On May Day, 1152, Æleanor of Aquitaine was married with the utmost pomp to Henry Plantagenet in the Cathedral of Bordeaux.

Such was the new lady paramount of England! No wonder, then, that Londoners gossiped, for although there were no newspapers to "sensationalise" the scandals of those days, they were none the less freely commented upon. Notwithstanding all her "pasts" and her follies, Æleanor was an amiable and gifted woman. With consummate tact she won her way to her people's hearts, and through many vicissitudes remained their beloved friend and patroness.

The coronation of Henry II. and Æleanor of Aquitaine in Westminster Abbey on December 19, 1154, was by far the most magnificent pageant London had hitherto witnessed. The gorgeous costumes worn on this occasion were doubtless part of the Queen's Eastern spoils. Her own dress, we know, was brought from Constantinople. It consisted of a tight-fitting robe of gold cloth, "in many shades of gold upon gold," which exhibited the graceful outlines of her matchless figure to perfection. Over this shimmering garment there hung in elegant folds the royal mantle of violet silk, richly embroidered with gold *fleur-de-lys* and leopards, and lined and edged with ermine. The beautiful Queen's head-dress consisted of bands of wrought gold blazing with huge pearls, rubies, and emeralds, confining her hair, which was braided and coiled round her head. A veil of silver tissue—an Oriental fabric—was thrown loosely over the whole costume, after the fashion of the veil which the Byzantine Empresses have handed on to their Turkish successors on the banks of the Bosphorus, now known as the "yashmak." The King, who walked up the nave of the Abbey holding his wife's bejewelled hand in his, was scarcely less gorgeously arrayed. He wore (and this scandalised many) short hair, mustachios, and a shaven chin. Hitherto the fashion had, it appears, been for long hair and beards. The Church had lately fulminated against the wigs of the men whose hair was not long enough to satisfy the exigencies of the mode. The King wore a doublet and a short cloak. The Archbishop and clergy were supplied, for the first time in the history of our national Church, with velvet and silk vestments heavy with gold embroidery. Even in this detail we can trace the influence of Æleanor, who had admired the rich robes of the Greek priests, and compared them with those worn by the clergy of the Western Church, much to the disadvantage of the latter.

Whilst the King was busy with politics, the Queen busied herself with social reforms. She infused new life into the dull society of the day. Her gay and graceful manners fascinated the homely ladies of the great English barons, who straightway endeavoured to imitate them. To Æleanor of Aquitaine we owe the introduction of the profane drama. The first play ever acted in London, at anyrate since the introduction of Christianity, whose plot was not taken either from Scripture

or from the lives of the Saints, was performed at Westminster in the early years of Henry the Second's reign. It was a tragedy by Peter of Blois, entitled *Marcus and Flora*, and perchance was acted by some of those very "players" mentioned by the same Peter in his graphic sketch of Henry II. which we have already quoted. It was, no doubt, a very primitive affair, but none the less an exceedingly important fact in the history of the English stage. Æleanora also used her influence with the wine merchants of Bordeaux, and brought about a marked increase in our commercial relations with the South of France, and even the East.

A most interesting event, so far as London is concerned, in the reign of Henry II., was the building of London Bridge. According to Stowe, the original wooden bridge was burnt in the fire of 1136, but was afterwards repaired. This, most likely, was a bridge of boats like the one across the Rhine at Cologne. In the poem of Holy Olaf of Norway there is a mention of London Bridge "being broken down in 1014 by the Danes in the interest of Etheldred." The *Heimskringla Saga* distinctly states that "there was a bridge between Suderwick (Southwark) and London, so broad that waggons could cross it, and they could be driven past each other without touching." On the other hand, we find in the Saxon Annals that "in the year 993 Anlaff the Dane arrived in the river and sailed up the said river as far as Staines with a fleet of ninety vessels," which he certainly could not have done had there been a bridge, unless, indeed, it was a bridge of boats, when, by removing a few of them at one end or in the centre, "a fleet of ninety vessels"—each about the size of a fishing-smack—might, easily enough, float on to the upper part of the river. It appears that in olden time the bed of the Thames occasionally got so dry that, as in 1150, people crossed it on foot, apparently extracting great "merriment" from so novel an experience. A well-organised ferry was established between Southwark and London at a very early date. Stowe tells us that the "ferryman in King William's time bequeathed the profits to his daughter, Marie, and that with them she builded a nunnery and church which became known as St. Mary Overies.¹ Later," says Stowe,

¹ Literally St. Mary *ofer* or *ofre*—"by" or "on" the shore, now part of the Cathedral Church of St. Saviour.

"the church and convent were purchased by a Danish lady, who converted the nunnery into a college for priests, which priests eventually built a bridge hereabouts of timber." This was a tradition which Stowe obtained direct from Father Fowler, the last Prior. In 1167, Peter, the Rector of Colechurch, an architect of repute, undertook, for the assistance of the King and the Archbishop of Canterbury, to erect a permanent bridge, which was eventually built about 200 feet below the present structure, on a line with Fish Street Hill and just by St. Magnus' Church. It was carried on 20 arches, there was a drawbridge for large vessels, and, on the centre pier, a chapel 60 feet long by 20 wide, dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury, which in due time became one of the favourite places of devotion in the city, with four chaplains to say Masses for the souls of departed citizens.

Peter of Colechurch did not live to see his colossal undertaking finished, for in the third year of John's reign, that monarch of evil repute commanded the Mayor and citizens of London to accept the services of Isambert, a renowned Norman architect, to "complete the work begun by the late Peter of Colechurch." Isambert remained in office four years, when Friar West took his place till the bridge was finished in 1209. Peter, the first architect, was buried in St. Thomas' Chapel; but in the eighteenth century, when the bridge was pulled down, his bones were disinterred and scattered to the winds before the authorities could rescue them. In 1282, the bridge was the scene of an awful disaster. A fire broke out in Southwark and destroyed the Chapel and Priory of St. Mary's. The flames, swept by a strong south wind, caught the bridge and stopped the progress of a multitude of well-intentioned people, who were hurrying across to render assistance to their friends in Southwark. Meanwhile, by some unaccountable accident, the London end of the structure began to blaze, and three thousand persons, caught in a trap between the two fires, hurried to the centre arch, which gave way, and all were either crushed, or burnt, or drowned. Many perished by overloading the vessels that came to their rescue. The only part of the bridge which remained intact was the chapel. The work of reconstruction was at once begun, and on a much more durable basis. So important did the citizens of London consider the

rebuilding of the bridge, that, for considerably over a hundred years, very few people of any position died without bequeathing a more or less important sum towards the building fund. The great tower on the Southwark side of the bridge was built in 1471. At first, it would appear, no houses stood upon it, but by the beginning of the fifteenth century it had become a continuous street, from which only occasional glimpses of the river could be seen.

There is a curious—almost prophetic—ballad connected with London Bridge, which was certainly sung about the streets in the sixteenth century, and which only a few months ago the writer heard some children singing in the Borough Road.

The reference to "my Lady Lee" is supposed to refer to the bridge built over the river Lea by Queen Matilda of Scotland.

The children sang—

London Bridge is broken down,
 Dance over my Lady Lee ;
 London Bridge is broken down,
 With a gay ladie.
 How shall we build it up again ?
 Dance over my Lady Lee.
 Silver and gold will be stolen away,
 How shall we build it up again ?
 Build it up with iron and steel,
 Dance over my Lady Lee ;
 Build it up with wood and clay,
 Dance over my Lady Lee.
 Build it up with stone so strong,
 Hurrah ! 'twill last for ages long,
 Dance over my Lady Lee.
 Then we must set a man to watch ;
 Dance over my Lady Lee.
 Then we must set a man to watch,
 With a gay ladie.
 Suppose the man should fall asleep ?
 Then we must put a pipe in his mouth.
 Suppose the pipe should fall and break ?
 Then we must set a dog to watch.
 Suppose the dog should run away ?
 Then we must chain him to a post ;
 For London Bridge is broken down,
 On Christmas Day in the morning.
 Dance over my Lady Lee.

Little did the children in Elizabeth's time dream that the words of their doggrel ballad would one day be fulfilled, and the bridge be rebuilt of "iron and steel," and "wood and clay," strong enough to last for "ages long."

Among the many important events in the crowded reign of Henry II. none is more full of interest than the elevation to earthly power and the subsequent exaltation to martyrdom of St. Thomas à Becket. On the day of his birth in Cheapside, December 21, 1118, his paternal house was burnt down, and of all the furniture only the child's cot was saved, to be in due time converted into a sort of relic. Long after his murder, his surviving sister was wont to show it with devout affection to the pilgrims who came to press with reverent lips the richly embroidered purple silk quilt she had worked and thrown across the poor little wooden cradle. The house in the Cheap—the exact site is still well known since it is now occupied by the chapel of the Mercers' Company—was immediately rebuilt. After à Becket's death it was converted into a hospital or refuge for old men.

The Londoners of Henry the Second's time must have been very familiar with the slim, tall, pale-faced man with his abnormally long nose, and affable manner, who was created Lord Chancellor of England at the King's coronation, and who, although he affected the utmost magnificence in public, was reputed to wear a hair shirt of the coarsest beneath his outer splendours. Again and again they had seen him pontificate in St. Paul's Cathedral before the whole Court, a picture of ecclesiastical pomp and glory worthy of the brush of Memling or Van der Weyden. We too can see him, thanks to the minute details preserved by his many biographers, sitting at Lambeth in the great hall of the Archiepiscopal Palace, taking his meals in public, surrounded by his numerous attendants, ecclesiastical, lay, and military. The Archbishop sat under a canopy, a small high table before him, while two of his clerics handed his dishes and his cup. On either side of him, at long tables, sat the prelates and monks, each with his cup and pewter plate. At separate tables, far removed from the Reader,—a monk who from a little pulpit opposite the Archbishop chanted the Lessons of the day in monotone,—sat the laymen and guards. The laity, it seems, had

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objected to this pious infiction, and had been removed to a lower place where they could chatter at their ease. The gold and silver plate on the sideboard at the upper end of the hall was most magnificent. The Archbishop himself was frugally inclined, preferring plain food to the daintiest of fare, and a cup of water with a sprig of fennel in it to the finest wine that could be offered him.

"Brother," said Herbert de Bisham to him one day, "if I mistake not, you eat your beans with better appetite than I eat my pheasant."

On October 13, 1163, à Becket officiated in Westminster Abbey at the translation of the relics of the Confessor from their former resting-place to their present mutilated shrine. The King and all the Court were there—"a most godly and sumptuous company." At Christmas time, three years later, London was thrown into consternation by the rapidly spreading news that the great Archbishop and Chancellor had been treacherously struck down in his cathedral at Canterbury. It was as if the world were coming to an end, and pious folk dreaded God's wrath. The King feared it, too; and soon the good citizens in Cheap and elsewhere about London talked of his Grace's self-inflicted penance, the lash laid on his bare back, as he knelt weeping before the tomb in the cathedral crypt, whence the Archbishop's remains were presently to be translated to the richest shrine in all England. So rich indeed, that Erasmus, who saw it four hundred years later, tells us a man could barely look upon it, so did it blaze with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires and pearls, as big as beans. For six hundred years and more this shrine was the Mecca of England, a haven of hope which every English man and woman vowed to visit at least once in a lifetime, generally in those fair months when the green lanes and flowering meadows of Surrey and Kent are gayest and sweetest. These pilgrimages were not matters of religious conviction only, but joyous outings that gathered men from all parts of the country, to extend their commerce and open out new fields of enterprise. They served to break up the stay-at-home tendency of a people none too well provided with the means of locomotion, and who, but for so agreeable a method

of obtaining salvation, would never have left their native towns and villages at all.

The death of à Becket deprived Henry of his wisest Councillor. Two years after his marriage he had banished his queen to Winchester; soon tired of a companion thirteen years older than himself. It was after this time that Queen Æleanor so startled her lord's mistress, fair Rosamond Clifford, in her retreat at Woodstock, that she drove her, frightened and penitent, to seek a peaceful haven from a troublesome world in the cloisters of Godwick Nunnery, where she died some twenty years later. This fact is now so well authenticated that the story of Queen Æleanor's dagger and poison bowl may be safely dismissed to the lumber room of fiction. At Winchester the Queen lived as a sort of State prisoner, separated from her husband, until his death, when his son Richard of the Lion Heart set her free, and appointed her Regent of England during his own absence on the Continent and in Palestine.

Henry II., naturally a tyrannical and covetous man, rescinded all or nearly all the rights and privileges granted by his three predecessors to the citizens, and thereby roused a spirit of rebellion which more than once threatened danger to his throne. The Saxon blood, although now considerably diluted by frequent inter-marriages, still flowed hotly in the veins of the majority of the burghers and lower orders, and their dogged Teutonic nature was not easily subdued by repressive measures. For obvious reasons London was in those days but poorly supplied with the necessities, let alone the luxuries, of life, and the food of the population depended, in a measure, on the freedom to hunt in the almost virgin forests that still covered the country at no great distance from the metropolis. In the year 1158, twenty thousand persons died of hunger owing to a scarcity of corn. In 1170, there was another terrible famine. An immense number of rabbits might easily have been caught in the forests, and would have been most useful to the starving population, but the King, who was inordinately fond of hunting, reserved the sole rights of the chase for himself, and this greatly embittered his subjects. Neither threats nor prayers would move him, and when he died at Chinon, on July 6, 1189, he was little regretted either by his family or by his people.

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Richard's first act on reaching England was, as already intimated, to restore his mother to her proper position. His filial devotion was one of the many charming traits of his attractive nature. He was no paragon, truly, but he was blessed with that indefinable charm that veils many evils and obtains forgiveness for the worst offences. His beauty of face and form, his accomplishments, his leonine bravery, his delightful voice and manner, and above all his frankness, captivated all who approached him. He could be as cruel as any devil, and he proved himself on occasion as tender as a woman. As our great Crusading King he is the hero of a thousand romances, but as the King of the English Realms he looms less large, for most of his time was spent far from these shores. His lovely consort, Berengaria of Navarre, is the only British queen that never set foot in England.

Richard I. is usually credited with a lavish recognition of municipal life, but an examination of dates and of contemporary evidence proves that the numerous liberties granted to the citizens of London at this period were due to the inspiration, and even to the direct act, of Queen Æleanor, whom he had appointed Regent, and who acted in this capacity, save during the few brief intervals when he was in England, throughout the whole of her son's reign.

The title of our chief magistrate was changed at Richard's accession from "Portreeve" to "Mayor." Henry FitzAlwin was London's first "Mayor," and that learned man and true, Mr. Round, has immortalised him in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. From his capital article we glean that he was a member of what the French would term a municipal family, being the grandson and son of men who have been eminent in official circles. He had for dwelling a "fair house" close by London Stone, and ruled the Mayoralty of London for twenty-five years. At his decease, King John decided that the Mayor of London should be changed every year. Although in some of the earlier editions of Stowe, Alwin's portrait figures with the words "Lord Mayor of London" under it, he never enjoyed that exalted title, being generally designated in his own time as "Sir Mayor, *Domine Maiore*." Meanwhile his colleague of York was created Lord Mayor as early as 1389, when Richard II.

greeted him by the title on presenting him with his sword and mace. That industrious antiquary Mr. W. H. St. John Hope, in a letter to the *Times* in 1901, proved conclusively enough that "down to the year 1540 London's chief magistrate was invariably addressed as plain 'Mr. Mayor,' but after that date the designation of 'Lord Mayor of London' has been invariably used." Our mediæval Mayors generally proceeded to Westminster on horseback for the election, but Sir John Norman, who was lame, invented the water procession, which continued to be a picturesque item in the programme on Lord Mayor's Day until about forty-five years ago. Up till the year 1712, the Lord Mayor and City authorities always rode to Westminster, but by that time state coaches were almost universally used by the nobility, and in 1756, the then Lord Mayor, not to be behind the times, ordered the present much begilded but none the less extremely decorative vehicle to be constructed. The Aldermen and Sheriffs followed suit, and their Cinderella-like coaches still form the most attractive among the scanty survivals of the pageantic glories of Old London. In pre-Reformation times the Lord Mayor's Show was, however, one of the least magnificent of the many annual pageants, but in Elizabeth's day, after the suppression of the religious processions, the great Queen thought fit to encourage splendour and elaboration on the occasion of this annual procession, which, as the Venetian Envoy to our Court informs us, "takes place early in November when it is so foggy you can't see it, or so rainy that you get drenched to the skin in trying to catch a glimpse of it." He continues, "the Londoners are fond of processions and pageants, but the English climate is so fickle that the shows are mostly spoilt either by the rain, the fog, or the wind, when the worthy folk who take part in the pageant are obliged to hide their finery under the long woollen cloaks and capacious hoods which the people here carry about with them, in case of rain. Everybody possesses one of these cloaks, and in the rainy weather the town looks as if it were inhabited by so many monks and nuns." Evidently these cloaks, which were probably impervious to wet, served the purpose of our modern umbrellas, which did not come into general use until the eighteenth century.

On the day of Richard's coronation, which chanced to be a

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Sunday (September 3, 1189¹), a great number of Israelites flocked to Westminster to ingratiate themselves with the new King by the presentation of costly gifts. They even ventured their distinctive costumes into the Abbey at the time of the solemn service, thereby greatly irritating the congregation. Someone raised a cry that the Jews meant harm to the King. The report ran like wild-fire, and the next day the streets of London were reddened with the blood of five hundred men, women, and children, who had been ruthlessly put to the sword. The King, who was banqueting at the time, does not seem to have concerned himself about the reports of the horrors perpetrated in Jewry. When the massacre was nearly over, and he knew his subjects to be satiated with the blood of the detested race, he issued a proclamation declaring the Jews to be under the protection of the Crown, and forbade anyone to molest or plunder them. His action under the circumstances looks very much like shutting the stable door after the steed is stolen.

In our day, thanks to the modern inventions of rapid transit and inter-communication, the world seems to have shrunk to comparatively modest proportions. But in King Richard's the crossing of one of the smaller counties entailed upon his subjects several days hard travelling, and must have seemed to them as large as does a kingdom to us. The hordes of warriors who followed their Lion-hearted Sovereign on his venturesome campaigns fared forth, no doubt, with much of the feeling of insecurity and dubious hope that perplexed the comrades of the great Columbus on that momentous voyage of theirs across the unknown seas. Palmers and pilgrims, who had found their way back from the Holy Land, had doubtless whiled away many a winter's evening with their descriptions to admiring, if somewhat incredulous, listeners, of the wonders of the mysterious East, the fabulous wealth of Constantinople, and the accumulated treasures that glittered in the vaults of the Holy Sepulchre. They spoke, probably, of lands where winter was not, where luscious fruits ripened all the year round, and

¹ In the same year died London's earliest historian, William FitzStephen, formerly the secretary to à Becket, whose *Life* he wrote, adding to it a description of London and its citizens which has been of considerable value to the writer of this book.

jewels glistened in a sunshine compared with which the pale rays of the English summer sun was but a faint and tremulous glimmer. When the time came, the youths of the enterprising English race flew to take service under the banner of Cœur de Lion, eager to realise for themselves the wonders they had heard. Thus was the horizon of their country's history widened, and its interests transferred to a broader stage, one that stretched from Thames to Jordan, and across which marched, as in a pageant, a noble army of heroic figures, Emperors, Kings, Princes, Sultans, Paladins, Knights, monks, troopers, Christians, and infidels, dominated by the picturesque and romantic personality of the English King.

But the Chroniclers, in their eagerness to tell us of the great, and of their deeds, speak but little of the lowly. Much would we give for a sketch of the streets of the metropolis on the eve of the departure of a party of Crusaders, in their new armour, their spotless white dalmatics, with broad red crosses back and front, rustling in the breeze, whilst fathers, mothers, brothers, and sweethearts, clung about them for a parting word, a farewell kiss. Human nature changes but little with the passing of the ages. Sorrow and suffering, hope and joy, were as keen then as now, and will remain, unchanging and unchanged, till our race is spent and heaven and earth are rolled away. Physical suffering, however, must have been far greater then than now. The wounded on the battlefields of Palestine lay uncared for till death relieved them of their sufferings, unless indeed some good Samaritan chancing to pass that way took pity on individual cases. Anæsthetics were unknown; no skilled doctors, no ambulances, no trained nurses accompanied the army on its march. News loitered on leaden feet; and aching hearts had time to crack and mend again ere the fate of their loved ones was declared.

London, we know, watched with strained eyes the distant career of her King and his men. Accounts came from time to time of glorious victories and of deadly defeats, always with the same tale of heroic endeavour. King Richard had become a sort of demi-god; and when at last it was first rumoured, and then confidently asserted, that he was the prisoner of the Emperor Henry vi., the citizens, obedient to one of those

noble impulses that, thank God, still distinguish our race, clubbed their means together and redeemed him at tremendous cost and sacrifice.

King Richard returned to England in March 1194. London went mad with joy. The people, breaking through the barriers, clamoured round him uproariously. Not a word could he speak of their English, but he bowed and kissed his hands to them, and kissed the little children their mothers held up as he passed. The city was a marvellous sight. Every house was decorated with cloth of gold and silver, crimson and royal blue. Such was the display of plate and jewels, that a German baron who accompanied the King remarked: "Had the Emperor, my master, dreamt of the great riches of London, he would not have let his prisoner go so lightly." The attempted usurpation of that sinister prince, John, may have been at the bottom of this hearty demonstration. When Richard entered London, the churches opened their doors, and before their blazing altars a grateful *Te Deum* was sung for the good King's safe return. Suddenly every taper was extinguished, and simultaneously from every altar sentence of excommunication was launched against the treacherous brother John and his adherents. Did the Londoners hear anything of Philip's laconic warning to John Lackland? "Look to yourself—Satan has got loose!" John wisely sought safety in flight, and "Satan"—Richard—sought the sylvan groves of Sherwood, where "under the greenwood tree" he found solace for his struggles and hair-breadth escapes in both infidel and Christian lands.

Foreign as this romantic story may be to our special subject, we must allow ourselves a passing allusion to one of the most enchanting episodes in all our history. The grand old trees that had sheltered Druids and Saxon refugees now cast their leafy shade over the lordly presence of the Plantagenet King, upon the Saxon Robin Hood and his merry men, on Little John, Friar Tuck, and fair Maid Marion. An immortal combination surely. Alas! it escaped the divine Bard's pen, else might we have another *As You Like It* to enrich our pastoral poetry.

The Crusades, successful or not, had to be paid for; and the resources of those days were not unlimited. The age was a

cruel and hard one; the poor were so ground down that, soon after Richard's splendid entry into the capital, the unequal manner in which the taxes were levied cost him much of his popularity. The people, as we have already seen, had realised their power under Stephen—in the matter of the expulsion of the Empress Maud. They were determined to use it again, and William FitzOsbert, a Saxon, surnamed Longbeard, was sent over to Normandy to interview the King in person and to lay his humble subjects' grievances before him. Richard received the Envoy courteously, listened with apparent attention to what he had to say, promised much, but fulfilled nothing. Osbert, elated with hopes which were soon to be crushed, returned to London. For four months the royal silence remained unbroken. Then Longbeard formed a secret association, including, so it is said, 52,000 citizens—an unlikely number, considering the population could not have exceeded 100,000 souls! He had the gift of eloquence; and, though "poor and evil-favoured in shape," and "with a beard that almost swept the ground," impressed his audiences by his blunt speech, diversified by occasional outbursts of fiery indignation against imposts and assessments, and spirited appeals to the citizens to resist them. At last the attention of the Mayor and Aldermen, mostly wealthy and patrician Normans, was attracted to the ubiquitous and dangerous demagogue. Longbeard was summoned before the new justiciary Herbert FitzWalter, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was so alarmed at the number and determined attitude of his followers that he dismissed him with well-acted affability. The poor man was barely out of the Archbishop's sight ere he was re-arrested. He contrived to escape, and took sanctuary in Bow Church. In this sacred asylum, being fairly well provided, he prepared himself to stand a prolonged siege, and for some days refused to surrender. Faggots were at last ignited under his windows, and the smoke soon nearly suffocated him and the few staunch followers who shared his captivity. They were forced to yield, but not till a free fight had reduced their numbers, and Longbeard, after killing one soldier, had himself been badly wounded. He was taken to the Tower, where he remained until the Wednesday morning in Passion Week (1196), when, notwithstanding the sanctity of

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the season, he was dragged at a horse's tail through the streets, his head "bumping on the rough stones," all the way to Smithfield, where he was despatched. The apathy of his 52,000 cowed adherents is certainly remarkable, and says little for their fidelity and courage. After his death they tried to make what amends they could by proclaiming him a martyr. They swore his bones worked miracles, and even "pared away the earth that was dabbled with his blood and kept the same as holy relics to heal sick men withal." To Henry FitzOsbert we owe much. He was the proto-martyr of a long line of heroes who fought and died for the liberties we now enjoy. He was one of the earliest of the many half-forgotten builders of England's freedom and greatness.

The news that King Richard had been treacherously killed before Chaluz was received with every mark of sorrow in London. All his faults and sins of omission and commission were forgotten. Requiem Masses for the repose of his soul were said at St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, and Londoners, forgetting his exactions, remembered only the glorious side of his career; but no one mourned him like his aged mother, Queen Æleanora, who was destined to survive him until she was long past eighty years of age. She had nursed him, loved him, worked for him, ruled for him, and now he was gone the sun had no more light for her aged eyes. She lived to see her grandson Geoffrey's boy, Shakespeare's Arthur, murdered by his uncle John, and she was alive when John himself was poisoned or died of excess at Swineford. In a letter to the Pope, the once frivolous Crusading Queen expresses her desolation in a concluding and most pathetic line, worthy of the Poetess-Duchess of the Land of Oc—"Æleanora, by the *wrath* of God, Queen of England."

The Lion Heart's successor, King John, does not seem to have troubled London often with his evil countenance. In Richard's reign, when Richard was away, he was there often enough, intriguing against his brother, and assembling the citizens at St. Paul's to promise them liberties and tax reductions. But the people knew him better than he thought they did. Like his brother, he was a man of magnificent presence, he had some courage and no mean ability; but he lacked the frankness and those

occasional beams of sunny brightness which made Richard's personality so bewitching. John may not have been so black as he was painted, but the most sinister pictures of him are those drawn by his contemporaries, who, as a rule, were apt in the case of a king to gloss over certain bloody and tyrannical deeds which we now should deem odious in any man. Their portraits of King John are much the same as Shakespeare's terrible indictment of a crowned criminal. For all that, he gave us—though against his will—the chiefest Charter of our liberties, Magna Charta. Runnymede is not far from London, and when the citizens became aware that the King had signed the parchment a thrill of joy pervaded every class of the community.

In the year 1207, London received a visit from the Emperor Otho of Germany, the King's nephew, and entertained him "right royally." He lodged at Westminster, and was banqueted by the city with great splendour.

The famous interdict which fell upon the land in John's reign did not interfere as greatly with the devotions of the citizens as is often stated by historians,—it only affected the cathedrals, abbeys, priories, and parish churches; there were many other semi-public oratories and places of worship where Mass could be heard and the consolations of religion obtained. Yet when the hitherto uninterrupted services in St. Paul's, the Abbey, and all the great churches, ceased suddenly on the Pope's command, a dark shadow must have fallen upon the city. In so essentially theocratic an age the suspension in great part of the religious life of the country could not but produce an appalling effect—the city must have felt itself accursed indeed! When at length the dread sentence was lifted by the King's submission to Rome, and all the bells pealed merrily once more, the people were well pleased—the shadow had passed away!

John, whose domestic life was embittered by the vile and notorious conduct of his Queen, Isabella of Angouleme, died at Newark, on October 19, 1216, poisoned, it was reported. His departure from a world he had not adorned, and from a throne he had polluted, was received with few marks of regret. Yet solemn Masses for the repose of his soul were sung and said both at St. Paul's and Westminster, and in all the churches of the Preaching Friars throughout the kingdom.

CHAPTER VIII

THE GUILDS, COMPANIES, AND THE FRIARS

HENRY III. was a mere lad of ten years old when he ascended the throne, and as London was temporarily in the possession of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis VIII., the coronation took place at Gloucester. It was not until after the departure of the French, that Henry made his state entry into London, which, however, was never his favourite residence. From the very first year of his long reign he disliked it, and the Londoners in return bitterly disliked him. Talleyrand, if he had lived in those days, would have described this monarch as "worse than a bad king—a weak one." He started his reign by repudiating the Great Charter which had been forced with so much difficulty from his father; declaring that, as he had no hand in the making of it, he had "no cause to maintain it." The Forest Charter fared no better, although the nation had paid very dearly for it—one-fifteenth of all movables—and any interference with it was obviously dangerous.

London had been steadily rising in commercial prosperity, and increasing both her import and export trade, so that even at this early date, our metropolis was considered one of the most important cities in Europe. We get a startling illustration of the wealth of the city in Matthew Paris's account of the coronation of Eleanor of Provence, Henry's first consort. This Princess was the great-granddaughter of the famous Raymond, Count, or, as he is sometimes called, King of Provence. She was a handsome and, for the time, a highly educated woman, but giddy and extravagant. The wedding was celebrated by proxy in Paris, but the solemn union of the royal couple took place on January 28, 1236, at Canterbury. Immediately after the

nuptial service the King and Queen started for London, where Eleanor was crowned in Westminster Abbey. The good Monk of St. Albans describes in glowing colours the gorgeous appearance of the city on this occasion. The streets along the route of the procession were hung with tapestry and cloth of gold and silver: "London was so full of nobles, gentry and folk from the country, and with players and sundry that she could scarce contain them within her capacious bosom. The city was adorned as never before with silk hangings and with banners, crowns, palls, tapers and lamps, and with certain marvellous ingenuities and devices; the streets were delivered from dirt, mud, sticks, and everything offensive"; from which statements we may conclude that for once they were thoroughly cleaned, and that some sort of general illumination was attempted, although the earliest account we possess of any such form of embellishment in this country is connected with the coronation of Henry iv., in the fourteenth century, when there were not illuminations only, but fire-works. "The Citizens," proceeds this quaintest of historians, "met the King and Queen ornamented and trapped and wonderously sporting their swift horses. Some three hundred and sixty citizens went forth in marshalled array, adorned in silken vestments, wrapped in gold-woven mantles with fancifully devised garments, sitting on valuable horses refulgent with new bits and saddles." They carried with them "three hundred and sixty gold and silver cups, the King's trumpeters going before, blowing their trumpets," which it seems was "a marvellous novelty that produced a laudable astonishment" in the spectators.

Other pens, besides that of Matthew Paris, have minutely described the scene in the Abbey, by all accounts a very splendid function. The Queen was crowned by the Bishop of Chichester, and the banquet in Westminster Hall after the ceremony made such a profound impression, by reason of its magnificence and profusion, that it was referred to a hundred years later as a precedent. One particular connected with it is of curious interest: a carpet of "striped English burel," (otherwise, fine felt), was stretched from the Abbey to Westminster Hall for the King and Queen to walk upon. This is the first mention in our history of any sort of carpet of home

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manufacture long enough to be used for such a purpose. There was also "an abundant supply of nappery," or table-cloths and napkins. Henry de Hastings, who had them in his charge, claimed them as his perquisites at the finish of the repast. William de Beauchamp, who served as almoner, demanded an enormous silver dish and a tun of wine; while Hugh de Vere received the gold basins and towels. The Earl de Warren was butler and cup-bearer instead of the Earl de Albiniac of Arundel, who was in disgrace. Michael Belot filled the cup with rich wine for the Earl, whereupon the Earl, having tasted it, handed it on bended knees to the King. He, in his turn, put it to his lips, and then pledged the Queen, who rose and bowed to the company. Then every man stood up, touched his neighbour's cup, and cheered three times for the King and Queen. The three hundred and sixty gold and silver cups which had been brought to Westminster with so much ceremony by the citizens were handed round to the company at the upper table, *i.e.* to the great lords and high Court officials, by Andrew Benkerel, Mayor of London from 1231 to 1257, "because the city of London is held to be the assistant to the chief butler, just as Westminster is represented in the same way in the kitchen to assist the High Steward." For some unexplained reason the King took offence at the officiousness of the Mayor, and rudely brushing him aside would only take the cup from Belot, "who was his man." Thereupon the Mayor and his attendants retired in high dudgeon.

The William de Beauchamp above referred to, enjoyed in his capacity the curious privilege of jurisdiction in the matter of disputes between paupers and lepers. If a leper struck a pauper with a knife, Beauchamp could order the said leper to be burnt. Those who have studied minutely the ways and manners of by-gone times, will remember that it was customary for rows of lepers and beggars to stand at the church doors, waiting for the exit of the congregation after Mass. Occasionally there was a scramble for small coin, in which the lepers and beggars came to blows; the former, if disappointed, would try, by biting or scratching, to inoculate the unfortunate paupers with their fell disease—hence possibly Beauchamp's "privilege" of burning them if caught in the act.

One of the numerous duties of Gilbert, Earl Marshal, Earl of Stirling, who served the office of Marshalsea, was that of settling disputes in the royal household. He could thrash the King's servants at will, even the maids. Whenever anyone was knighted, Stirling received a present of a palfrey and saddle.

Immediately after the King and Queen had withdrawn from Westminster Hall, the door-keepers and scullions began to squabble for the cloth of gold that hung behind the royal chairs. Between them all they tore it to pieces. Then there was a pitched battle among the doorkeepers and the cooks for the scraps left on the dishes: in a word, the attendants and the company at this royal banquet anticipated, by their misbehaviour, the ill-conduct of the guests at the coronation of George IV., who raided the tables, tore the cloths to pieces, and even pocketed the knives and spoons!

Some months after this magnificent but rather disorderly entertainment, the Queen's mother, Beatrix of Savoy, Countess of Provence, came to England to attend the marriage of her daughter Sancha with the King's brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall. An order was issued that every house between St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey "should be hung with tapestry, red cloth, and cloth of gold," which points to the existence even then of an almost continuous line of houses from St. Paul's to Charing Cross. After the wedding, a Gargantuan banquet was served in Westminster Hall, at which thirty thousand (*sic*) various dishes were served. It is deeply to be deplored that the menu of this feast should have been lost, for surely even the greatest of modern caterers would be nonplussed by an order to organise a banquet consisting of thirty thousand dishes.

Eleanor of Provence was one of the most unpopular queens who ever shared the throne matrimonial of these realms. The people attributed much of the increased taxation that burdened them to her extravagance. Her influence over her weak-minded husband—who might have made an excellent monk, but was a very poor king—was known to be unbounded and pernicious, and the discontented people even went so far as to accuse their sovereign lady of witchcraft. On one occasion, during a popular tumult, Eleanor of Provence received an unparalleled insult from the citizens of London. As her barge shot London Bridge, the

people above pelted her with rotten eggs, garbage and stones, shouting as they did so, "Down with the witch! Let's drown her!" The witch, however, was fortunate enough to escape, thanks to the good offices of the Mayor, who, perceiving her danger, rowed to the rescue and brought her in safety to St. Paul's Wharf. Thence he conveyed her to the Cathedral, where she remained until the disorder had somewhat subsided. The origin of this unpleasant and unique incident in the life of an English Queen may be traced to the excited state of the lower orders, which had recently been inflamed, by the ambitious Earl of Leicester, against both King and Pope. Rome had—with the connivance (so it was reported) of the King and Queen—appointed no less than three hundred Italian and Provençal prelates and priests to vacant bishoprics and other high positions in the Church. The English very naturally resented the introduction of so many foreigners into their spiritual affairs. The Welsh having invaded England, Leicester allied himself with them against King Henry, and relying on the ill-feeling amongst the populace and clergy against such bishops as favoured the papal and royal scheme, he rode straight to London, to stir up strife and work mischief there. He found a ready ally and tool in the person of the Mayor, Thomas FitzRichard, a thorough scoundrel and profligate.

It was Eastertide, but notwithstanding the sacredness of the season, Leicester and FitzRichard busied themselves exciting the already angry mob, egging them on to attack the Jews, who were accused, without any proof whatever, of ritual murder. They had, Leicester declared, sacrificed two Christian children, whose blood had been used to cement their Passover cakes. The infuriated populace, blinded by prejudice, pillaged and burnt Jewry, and massacred some five hundred Israelitish men, women, and children. They next attacked the Lombards and other Italian merchants, who, being Catholics, sought sanctuary in the churches, leaving their goods and chattels to the mercy of the mob. The mob now set fire to the houses of the wealthy English merchants, and it is a miracle that they did not burn down the city. It was whilst this civil strife was in progress that Queen Eleanor, attempting to escape from the Tower and seek refuge in Westminster, experienced the disagreeable

adventure already narrated, which might have cost her her life, and which we learn ruined her cloak, which she held up to protect herself from the unsavoury shower-bath.

In the year 1244, King Henry, who was a most rapacious monarch, extorted fifteen hundred marks from the citizens of London, under the pretence of punishing them for permitting one Walter Buckerel (who had been banished twenty years before) to reside in the city; though this very King, himself, had by his Letters Patent, pardoned Buckerel before he presumed to return to his native country. From Madox's *History of the Exchequer*, we learn that the Sheriff of Kent was, in this same year, commanded to send to the King one hundred ship-loads of greystone, for the works then erecting at Westminster, in connection with the new Abbey Church there, which the King did not live to see finished. In the same year, added Madox, "King Henry III. of England granted or dedicated to God and St. Edward, and to the Church of Westminster, for the re-edifying of that fabric, two thousand five hundred and ninety pounds, which was due to him by Licoricia, the widow of David, a Jew of York." So, virtually, a great part of the vast Christian church was built with the money of a Jewess!

We gather from contemporary sources that the houses of the city of London were, at this time, mostly "covered or thatched with straw: for it appears that, in 1246, an ordinance which had been issued some years before, was renewed: viz. 'that all the houses therein should be covered with tiles and slates, instead of, as heretofore, straw: more especially such as stand contiguous in the best streets.'"

Among the most picturesque pageants of the reign of Henry III. was the great procession which took place in June 1247, when Henry received from the hand of the Patriarch of Jerusalem that notable memorial of the Passion—some drops of the Precious Blood. On the arrival of this august relic, the King went in state to receive it down by the Wharfs beyond London Bridge. A solemn procession was formed in which Henry, bare-footed and bare-headed, carried the precious burden under a sumptuous canopy to the Cathedral. He was preceded by the Archbishops and Bishops wearing their mitres and bearing their croziers. Then came the secular and regular clergy in resplendent vest-

ments, the Mayor and Aldermen, the Guilds and the City Companies; the great officers of the State and the Ambassadors closed the cortège. The people on either side of the road knelt as the relic passed them, and were moreover deeply impressed by the King's demeanour—"he kept his eyes ever fixed upon the Blood of Christ and wept many tears." After High Mass in St. Paul's, the King, still bare-footed and in monkish attire, conveyed the Precious Blood with the same pomp to Westminster Abbey; the route was lined with pious people, who had decorated their houses with banners and ensigns. The Queen and her ladies waited in the Abbey. Vespers were sung, and the Relic was enshrined upon the High Altar, where it remained exposed for three days for the veneration of the faithful.

The thirteenth century was an age of great, and even of sudden, transition. The failure of the Crusades, the last of which was organised in the reign of Edward I., obliged Europe to desist from the attempt to extend her influence beyond her geographical limits, and to concentrate her efforts on the defence of her northern and southern frontiers from the invasion of Saracenic and Moorish hordes thirsting to avenge the devastation their territories had sustained during the past two hundred years. Christendom had now to satisfy its warlike instinct in the perpetual endeavour to maintain its independence against the Powers of the East, and its energies were henceforth confined within its own borders. To an era of conquest succeeded an era of re-organisation.

Long before the end of this momentous century distinct symptoms of decline began to show themselves in the feudal system, and the great Barons, in their endeavour to escape the incessant encroachments on their so-called rights, made by clergy and people in the fierce struggle for their respective franchises, were at length fain to negotiate with the Sovereign.

The evolution of slavery into serfdom, and of serfdom into vassalage,—one of the greatest efforts towards true progress effected in this age,—very rapidly brought about the creation of what we might describe as a lower class, whose voice was soon to be heard clamouring for its share in direct or indirect administration. Hence the increasing influence of universities, guilds, and corporations.

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An extraordinary galaxy of great men simultaneously appeared in Italy, Germany, France, and even England. Among them we may mention Dante, Thomas Aquinas, Buonaventura, Francis of Assisi, Dominic, Duns Scotus, and Roger Bacon; these, and others scarcely less illustrious, were now labouring in the realms of thought, and were eventually to liberate man's intelligence from the fetters of superstition and prejudice. How profoundly these men observed and studied, and how much knowledge they acquired, is summed up and quaintly expressed in the following perhaps little-known passage of Roger Bacon's *De Secretis Artis et Naturæ*, which, in the light of present scientific knowledge reads almost like a prophecy: "One may cause," says he, "to burst forth from bronze, thunder-bolts more formidable than those of nature. A small quantity of prepared matter occasions a terrible explosion accompanied by a brilliant light. One may multiply this phenomenon so greatly as to destroy a city or an army. Art can construct ships governed by a single man unto which the largest of our vessels are mere cockleshells and which can traverse rivers and seas more rapidly than if they were filled with oarsmen. We may also make carriages which, without the aid of animals, will run with immeasurable rapidity." Did the good friar foresee the steam-engine and the motor-car? This very remarkable paragraph suffices to illustrate the trend of thought amongst the intellectuals of this interesting era, which beheld the foundation of nearly all the principal universities of Europe; Paris being the first and Oxford the second. Learning was beginning to be appreciated at its true value; and if Louis of France entertained the seraphic doctor, Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus was welcomed in London as the English King's honoured guest. The effect of this intellectual movement was felt indirectly by the unlettered masses, which included most of the nobility and gentry, who, if they could not read and write, could at least listen and ponder. The human mind was gradually becoming enfranchised, and this without much disturbance of its religious belief.

It is difficult for us, living as we do in an atmosphere of scepticism, to realise the intensity of the religious sentiment which pervaded all classes during the Middle Ages, and

enkindled that pious enthusiasm the permanent results of which still excite our imagination, as in subdued wonder we wander beneath the stupendous vaults of the cathedrals, or saunter lost in reverie among the ruins of abbeys and priories, whose marvellous beauty may well be compared to the work of Nature herself. It was at this period that Henry III. transformed Westminster Abbey from a severe Norman structure into the elegant Early English church which is still the admiration of Europe. He began his work very gradually; the church was never closed, nor was divine service suspended, but column by column and arch by arch the Norman yielded to the Gothic, until, under the succeeding Edwards, it was finished completely as we see it now. Nearly all the churches of London were also subjected to the same beautiful change. The very dwellings underwent a like process, so that at the end of three centuries, that is to say at the beginning of the sixteenth century, London became, in an architectural sense, the most beautiful city in Europe.

The political and intellectual movement above alluded to led, as we have stated, to the reorganisation of municipal life. The Guilds, and eventually the City Corporations or Companies, became of paramount importance; and again the introduction of several new Religious Orders, especially the Franciscan and Dominican, brought religion, which had hitherto hovered too often over battlefields and had busied itself too exclusively with the Councils of Princes, to the fireside of the middle classes, and even into the hovels of the poor.

Guilds and confraternities first came into existence in Europe at the time of the breaking up of the Roman Empire. When its centralisation yielded to feudalism, there arose, by the side of the parochial organisations, certain aggregations of laymen whose objects were of a combined social and religious character. We shall find the first mention of them in the little known writings of Himcar, Archbishop of Rheims, in the ninth century, who laid down rules proscribing their Masses, alms, processions, and oblations, and these rules have remained but little changed to our time. They were then called *Gildonia* and *Confraries*, and their existence for some generations must have been exceedingly unobtrusive, for although they were

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firmlly established in London in early Saxon times we hear very little about them. In the thirteenth century they underwent a sudden and surprising development through the zeal of Odo, Bishop of Paris, 1210, who created the great "Confraternity of the Blessed Virgin." A little later the famous Brotherhood of the Gonfalone or Standard was founded in Rome; and almost immediately afterwards hundreds of other confraternities under the patronage of Our Blessed Lord, of various Saints, and of the Virgin Mother, came into being all over Europe, and were especially numerous in England, where even in the eleventh century there were Guilds of Our Blessed Lord, of St. Peter and St. Paul, of Our Lady of Help, and Our Lady of Pity, of the Precious Blood, etc., etc.

Every village throughout the kingdom had its Guild and its Guild Day, and half the men of England may be said to have belonged to some Guild or other. They bound themselves by oath to see that money willed for the saying of Masses for the souls of dead members was spent for no other purpose; to hear Mass in common at least once a month; and to take part in all the great functions and processions of their parish. They looked after sick members, paid pensions to widows, apprenticed orphans, and even paid damages in case of fire or accident. As they wore distinctive and brilliant costumes, they added very considerably to the picturesqueness of such grand processions as Corpus Christi, the Rogations, and those of the Passion in Holy Week. In the town records of Hertford, there is a remarkable account of a Guild Procession which took place annually in that city up to the Reformation, in which the brothers of the Guild of St. Mark carried in solemn procession round the town great floats or wooden platforms, mounted upon wheels, on which children were grouped to represent the various stages of the Passion of our Lord. Such pageants may still be seen in Spain and Italy, and in Spanish America.

There was one Guild which deserves particular notice—that of the Ring—which was entirely composed of foreign merchants established in England, who were devoted, probably as amateurs, to the arts of poetry and music. Occasionally, however, an Englishman was admitted, and at least one, Sir John de Chesunt, was Prince or President. The brethren were allowed to meet at

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the chapel of the Guildhall, and no doubt they assisted very considerably the culture of church music.

The rules and regulations for one Guild evidently applied to them all, a modification being made here and there to suit the particular trade to which the brotherhood belonged. Mr. Toulmin Smith in his most interesting book on *English Guilds* gives us the following rules and regulations observed by the members of the Guild of Saints Fabian and Sebastian. "Oath on entry, and a kiss of love, charity and peace. Weekly help in poverty, old age, sickness, or loss by fire or water, etc. The young to be helped to get work. Payments by bretheren and sisteren. Four days of meeting in the year, when all must attend under penalty. Burials shall be attended. The gild shall bear the charge of burials. Those dying within ten miles of London shall be fetched to London for burial. Loans to gild-bretheren out of the gild-stock on pledge or surety. Wax lights to be found and used at times named. Ill behaved bretheren shall be put out of the gild. Entry of new bretheren. Four men shall keep the goods of the gild and render an account yearly. Assent of all the gild to new ordinances. Grant of a house in Aldersgate worth £4, 13s. 4d. a year, less quit rent of 13s. a year the profits of which are applied in aid of the gild."

If one of the brethren misbehaved himself, or developed drunken or peevish propensities, he was ejected from the Guild and rendered incapable of enjoying any of its privileges. Lazy men and frequenters of taverns and other questionable resorts were watched and reported to the Guild Master, and promptly put outside the community. In 1547, the first year of the reign of Edward VI., Protector Somerset, who stood in need of money, prompted the young King to abolish the Guilds and confiscate their property, whereby the rich were the gainers and the poor the losers. Well may Mr. Toulmin Smith stigmatise this iniquity as one "of wholesale robbery and plunder done by an unscrupulous faction to satisfy personal greed under cover of law. No more gross case of wanton plunder is to be found in the history of all Europe, no page so black in English History." The misery which it entailed upon the lower orders, and especially the peasantry, was appalling. It was fully two centuries

before any attempt was made to replace even in small measure the benevolent work carried out so effectually by the Guilds and Sisterhoods in that much abused period of history which we thoughtlessly style "the Dark Ages."¹

The Guilds were closely connected with the Companies, which, however, came into being at a later date, when the citizens of London, wishing to free their trading interests from the interference of the Mayor and Aldermen, created commercial confraternities, most of which, though modified, are still extant. Each company had its Patron Saint and its Hall, and nearly every free citizen connected with a particular trade became a member of the Company representing that trade or branch of industry. The Patron Saints of Fishmongers were St. Peter and—for some unexplained reason—St. Michael. The Skinners consecrated themselves to Corpus Christi and the Holy Virgin. The Tailors placed themselves under the celestial guidance of St. John the Baptist, though why they selected this holy man, distinguished in life by a sheepskin garment, is a mystery of our day which their worthy representatives own they find it hard to explain. Surely St. Pantaloon, or Pantalone, who had a shrine in many English churches, would have been a more appropriate patron! The Grocers and Pepperers swore allegiance to St. Pancras and St. Anthony of Egypt; while the Worshipful Company of Haberdashers and Fan Makers worshipped at the shrine of St. Catherine, who, by the way, was also the patroness of old maids. The Musicians chose St. Cæcilia as their celestial sovereign. This list might be prolonged for many a page.² The greater Companies included the Drapers, Brewers, Haberdashers, Gold and Silversmiths, Glovers, Carpenters, Mercers, Broderers, Dyers, Girdlers, Woolmen; and finally, amongst many others, the Weavers, a Company established in Queen Elizabeth's reign. The barber surgeons only came into being in the reign of Edward IV. The Stationers' Company, whose interests

¹ The Dark Ages really extended from the third to the beginning of the sixth century, and not beyond, and must not be confounded, as they usually are, with the Middle Ages.

² The Sisterhoods, or female Guilds, were nearly as numerous as the male, and were in a sense independent of them, although they observed the same rules. They had no Halls, but used the parish churches as meeting-places.

are bound up with all matters relating to the newly invented art of printing, was not formed until the reign of Mary 1. In course of time these Corporations waxed enormously rich and exceedingly influential. As education spread, they endowed schools for the benefit of less fortunate members, and as they grew wealthy, the city Corporations rivalled each other in the splendour of their Halls, some of which were almost as large and beautiful as the churches, but nearly all of them, being in the heart of the city, were destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. Reorganised after the Reformation, when the purely religious Guilds were suppressed, the Corporations of Livery Companies, as they were called, on account of the uniforms or liveries worn by their members on state occasions, have come down to our times in an exceedingly flourishing condition. The combined Companies of the city of London are believed to spend not less than one hundred thousand a year in hospitality—a hospitality, however, not wholly devoted to good cheer, for through its means the poorer brethren, with their widows and orphans, are enabled to reap a golden harvest. To mention these Guilds and Corporations without speaking of Guildhall is to attempt to play *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark.

Guildhall, the seat of our civic government and the heart of London, is situated, as all the world knows, a little to the right of Cheap, in the very centre of the city. The site of the present Guildhall, the greater part of which dates from 1411, corresponds with that of the original structure, the entrance to which, however, was in Aldermanbury. Even in Saxon times there may have been a general meeting-place for the Guilds hereabouts, but no part of the present building, not even the splendid crypt, is older than the beginning of the thirteenth century. The crypt is one of the best of the very few still remaining in London. It measures 76 feet by 45½, with an average height of 13 feet 7 inches, and is divided into three equal parts by clustered columns of Purbeck marble, from which spring the groins of the noble vaulting. In this ancient sub-structure was arranged the supper for the guests at that historic ball given by the City of London to the Royal Family, crowned heads, and princes assembled on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1887. The Guildhall has been the focus of the civic life of the city

of London from a very remote period, and since the reign of Henry VI., the first King of England ever entertained beneath its roof, it has repeatedly been the scene of the most sumptuous hospitality. Here, more fully than elsewhere, the majesty of London is realised, for here the Mayor of our mighty capital receives, even as a brother sovereign, not our own King only, but all the Imperial, royal, and other illustrious guests who may, in the course of the year, honour the nation by their presence, and who would feel it a slight if the "lor' Mayor" did not offer them the time-honoured hospitality of old London.¹

The coming of the Friars, which took place in the beginning of the thirteenth century, was an important event for London. The two Orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis were essentially missionary, and by their preaching brought about an awakening of religious and philosophic sentiment which can only be likened to the godly influence wielded by Wesley and Father Mathew—decided revivalists—in our own times.

On September 10, 1224, nine Franciscan Fathers, under the guidance of Friar Angelodi of Pisa, one of St. Francis' disciples, and with the sanction of Pope Honorius, left Fécamp, and landed at Dover. The party consisted of five Italians and four Englishmen, besides five lay-brothers and four servers. The English were Father Richard of Ingeworth, who eventually went to Spain, where he died; Father Richard of Devon, Father

¹ Sir John Shaw in 1482 was the first Mayor of London to give the annual banquet at Guildhall. That function had hitherto taken place in the Hall of the Company to which the newly-elected Mayor belonged.

² Should my readers wish to acquire a more complete knowledge of the London Guilds and Companies, and of Guildhall itself, they will do well to read the elaborate account in Chapters viii. and xvi. of Mr. Loftie's interesting *London Afternoons*, and also the admirable *Essay on English Guilds* by Miss Toulmin Smith, and her celebrated father's authoritative work, *English Guilds*, which she edited in 1880. See also Brentano, *Essay on English Guilds*. It is curious, however, that these erudite and industrious writers do not appear to have been acquainted with the writings of Himcar of Rheims, or with an Essay by the bibliophile Jacob, which contain the most complete account of the origin, formation, and statutes of these ancient organisations. It may also be of interest to state that in the Roman Catholic and "High" Churches, the purely religious Guilds have been revived on a very considerable scale within the past thirty years. The Roman Catholic Guilds now include no less than 100,000 members of both sexes.

Robert, and Father William of Esseby; their first station was Canterbury and their second Northampton. They did not establish themselves in London until two years later,—in 1226,—when they lodged for the first fifteen days with the Preaching or Black Friars in Holborn. After this, John Ewin, a mercer, presented them with land in the neighbourhood of St. Nicholas Shambles, himself joining the order as a lay-brother, and eventually erecting the Franciscans' Church—one of the largest and finest in London—on part of the site now occupied by that very ugly brick structure, Christ Church, Newgate. The library was built and filled with books by no less a celebrity than Richard—"Dick"—Whittington. In this church were buried Margaret, second Queen of Edward 1.; Isabella, the wicked Consort of Edward 11., and Mortimer her lover; Joanna, David Bruce's injured and unhappy Queen. At the Dissolution, the monastic buildings were secularised, and the church, inferior only to Westminster Abbey for the beauty of its stained glass and the number and magnificence of its monuments, was most abominably desecrated and defaced. The glorious windows were smashed, and the nine alabaster tombs, with over seven-score marble gravestones, were sold for £50 or thereabouts to Sir Martin Bowes, goldsmith and Alderman of London. The church was closed, and at one time—in the last years of Henry the Eighth's reign—it was used as a wine vault for the enormous quantity of plunder seized by Thomas Seymour from the French. On the Sunday after Henry the Eighth's death, Grey Friar's Church was reopened as a parish church, but so well guarded was the secret of the King's demise that no allusion to that event was made in the sermon. Henry was likened unto a deity "for giving back unto God, God's very own house."

The actual Christ Church was built some years after the Fire, from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren. It was opened in 1704. As is usual in churches of this period, the general effect of the interior, owing to the mass of wood-carving, is gloomy. There is an interesting monument to Lady Venetia Digby, wife of Sir Kenelm Digby, whose strange portrait by Van Dyck represents her with a serpent in one hand and a dove in another, whilst Slander lies helpless at her feet. There is yet another portrait by Van Dyck of this lady, which is less known and even

more remarkable, since it represents her as lying dead in her bed. Trapp, the translator of Virgil, is also buried in Christ Church, where he rests in peace in the excellent company of Baxter and his wife. There is, however, no monument to the author of *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*, possibly the most popular book ever written in the English language. The great Richard Baxter rests in peace near to where the High Altar once stood. The courteous pew-opener, who is very proud of *her* church, takes good care to inform you that the coffins of no less than three queens are still in the vaults below your feet. These queens were, as above-mentioned, Margaret, Isabella, and her daughter Joanna, Queen of Scotland, whose monuments, with much besides of beauty and historic interest, were destroyed at the time of the Reformation, but whose coffins may, however, very likely be still *in situ*.

"In the reign of Edward VI. (1559)," says Stowe,¹ "began the repairing of the Grey Friars house for poor fatherless children, and in the month of November the children were taken into the same, to the number of almost five hundred. On Christmas day in the afternoon the Lord Mayor and Aldermen rode to Paules. The children of Christ's Hospital, who stood from St. Laurence Lane end in the Cheap towards Paules, were all in one livery of russet cotton, three hundred and forty in number, and in Easter next they were in *blue* at the Spittle and so have continued ever since." Hence their name of Bluecoat Boys.

It was the privilege of the writer to be among the invited guests at the last banquet ever given in the fine hall of the Bluecoat School. Never can the scene be effaced from the memories of the hundreds of old Bluecoat Boys assembled under the presidency of the late venerable Duke of Cambridge, who for near upon fifty years had presided annually at this particular festivity. Many had not been within that hall since they were lads. Not a few had risen in the meantime to great positions in the Church, the army, navy, and learned professions, or had

¹ Edward VI. is usually credited and praised for having founded Christ's Hospital School. The credit thereof should be given to Henry VIII., who issued the charter in the thirty-eighth year of his reign. It was not confirmed by his son until June 26, 1553, ten days before his death.

grown rich in commerce and trade. After long years they met on this occasion, probably for the first time since childhood, old comrades some of whom had been less fortunate in the battle of life. A line of carriages and even up-to-date motor-cars belonging to the "Boys" on whom Fortune had turned her kindest smiles was drawn up in the quadrangle. Many a less favoured guest doubtless had to catch the last 'bus to get home, but in the presence of this memorable meeting all differences of rank and wealth vanished. Hands were clasped that had not touched since boyhood; the old Duke spoke a few last but touching words; an indescribable thrill ran through the vast assembly, and as, for the last time in that historic pile which had enjoyed, as monastery and school, close upon nine hundred years of chequered yet glorious existence, they sang "Auld Lang Syne" together in heartfelt chorus, the tears sprang to their eyes. Soon, too soon, alas! every vestige of old Christ Church has been swept away.¹ Perhaps all is for the best, and in the pure country air the dear Bluecoat Boys will surely continue the great traditions of their illustrious school, amid even better surroundings than when they conned their books in the former home of the Grey Friars.

The Dominicans or Black Friars, so-called on account of their black cloaks,—though their under robe is of white wool,—are a Spanish order, founded by St. Dominic in 1215-16. The rule is that of St. Augustine, but the practice included the preaching of popular sermons on matters of Faith and doctrine, not only at Mass, but even in the highways and byways. Schools and universities also attracted the attention of these relentless combatants of the numerous heresies rife at this period. In a word, the Dominicans were and still are missionaries whose aim is to infuse new life into the Church and to rally the lukewarm and indifferent round her standard. They appealed to the people, and especially the educated; and although in later times a certain rivalry existed between the Dominican and Franciscan Orders, in the earlier days they worked well enough

¹ Exception should surely have been made for the cloisters, and for the tomb of the founder in their centre, who, by the way, had particularly requested that "his bones should not be disturbed." The cloisters could easily have been preserved as an open space incorporated in the new buildings.

together. Dominic and Francis had met and embraced ; their followers could ill afford to do otherwise than follow so excellent an example. Only the other day here in London, on St. Francis' annual Feast, the Grey Friars from Notting Hill and Forest Gate dined with the Dominican Fathers at their Priory at Haverstock Hill, and in like manner on St. Dominic's Day the Franciscans entertained the Black Friars to a fraternal banquet.

The Dominicans preceded the Franciscans or Grey Friars in England by a few years. Their first settlement in London was somewhere in Holborn, not far from Lincoln's Inn Fields. Here they remained some five-and-fifty years, and then removed to the site near Ludgate, still called Blackfriars. Gregory Rokesby gave them a piece of land in the Ward of Castle Baynard ; and Archbishop Kelworthy helped in a very practical manner to build the church, which in course of time became one of the most sumptuous in London. Their monastery was a vast edifice with three cloisters, and a hall of such noble proportions that it was occasionally used for councils. In January 1389, the bishops, six doctors of law, thirty doctors of theology, and four bachelors of laws, assembled there under the presidency of William Courteney, Archbishop of Canterbury, to examine and condemn the thirty-four Articles drawn up by Wyckliff, when a sudden earthquake disturbed the proceedings, and the interrupted conclave was ever afterwards called the "Earthquake Council." In this splendid hall the Parliament assembled under Henry vi. Here, too, Henry viii. called the "Black " Parliament, which began in the precincts of the Black Friars and ended in that of the Black Monks of Westminster. Here Katherine of Aragon's trial took place, as did that which brought about the fall of her arch-enemy, Wolsey. Some thirty friars and fifty lay-brothers generally lived in the monastery, ruled over by a Provincial. Not many months ago a fine Purbeck marble column which must have belonged to the church was dug up in the vicinity. It is now one of the treasured possessions of the Black Friars at Haverstock Hill. At the present time there are eight Dominican houses in England and sixteen in Ireland.

The present church of St. Anne's is said to stand on part of the old church of the Black Friars. The registers are singularly interesting, and contain records of the burials of Isaac Oliver,

the miniature painter, of William Fairthorn, the engraver, and of Nat Field and Dick Robinson, two of the most popular actors of the seventeenth century. More interesting, however, are the entries relating to Van Dyck, who lived and died in this parish.

"Jasper Lanfranch, a Dutchman, from Sir Anthony Vandike's, buried 14th February, 1638.

"Martin Ashent, Sir Anthony Vandike's man, buried 12th March, 1638.

"Justinian, daughter to Sir Anthony Vandike, and his lady, baptized 9th December, 1641."

This ceremony took place on the very day her famous father died.

Yet another order of mendicant Friars came over in the year 1245,—the Carmelites or White Friars,—a very austere community, whose mother-house, from whence they derived their name, was upon the slopes of Mount Carmel, where, as Marston has it, Elias dwelt after the mysterious disappearance of Elijah. That famous worker of miracles, Simon Stock,—afterwards canonised,—a Cambridgeshire man, was at one time their General. Their London house was just below the Temple, at the spot still known as Whitefriars. The church attached to this large monastery was exceedingly fine, and the burial-place of many illustrious persons. Not a vestige of it now remains. The library, the gift of Father Thomas de Walden, Confessor to Henry v., was one of the richest in MSS. in England, and valued at 2000 gold pieces, *circa* £60,000 of our money. Every book was destroyed, burnt, or lacerated at the Suppression, "whereby," as the Historian of the *Bibliotheca Carmelitana* puts it with perfect truth, "history and literature were the loser and no one the gainer." There were fifty-two houses of White Friars in England and Wales at the Dissolutions. These were divided between the two great branches of the Order, to wit, the calced or shod and the discalced or barefooted Carmelites. Carmelite nuns were not found in England before the Reformation, although they had been instituted in the fifteenth century by the General of the Order, John Soretto. That remarkable woman and mystic poetess, St. Theresa of Avila, the correspondent of all the Catholic kings of her time, reformed the Order, and her severe rule is now observed in all the nunneries of this rigid sisterhood in the United Kingdom.



THE GUILDHALL.

The Carmelite Friars have in our day a house in Kensington, which is famous for its music, and where for many years the magnificent voice of the great baritone Mr. Santley was often heard leading the choir—long after he had retired from the operatic stage and the concert-platform. There are, moreover, nine nunneries of this Order in England. In Ireland there are ten Carmelite friaries and as many nunneries.

A fourth Order of Friars was the Hermits of St. Augustin, popularly known as Austin Friars. They arrived in England in the thirteenth century. Like the Augustinian Canons, they claimed to derive their rule direct from St. Augustine himself, though with very slender proof. As a matter of fact they were an amalgamation of several congregations, which Pope Alexander IV. united under one rule in 1265. In the sixteenth century they numbered not less than 30,000 monks. Luther was a friar of this Order, and was attached to the mother-church at Wittenburg. At the Dissolution they had some thirty houses in England, of which the most celebrated were the friary at Oxford and the monastery in Austin Friars. The nave of the London church, converted in Edward the Sixth's time into a chapel for the use of Dutch Protestants, is still standing, though considerably altered. To-day this Order has one London House at Hoxton, and nine in Ireland. In Stowe's time, the steeple of Austin Friars was a "most fine spired steeple, small, high and straight," but it was in a very unsafe condition, so "the beautifullest and rarest" of our spires was sacrificed—it being "a fearful imminent danger to all the inhabitants next adjoining." The pre-Reformation monuments in the church were exceeding splendid and interesting, but they have all been swept away. The Cistercians, a contemplative and agricultural Order, were also established in the outskirts of London at St. Mary's Graces, East-Minster or New Abbey, a large monastery founded by Edward III. in 1350 after the cessation of the Black Death, with a noble church, almost equalling Westminster in size and riches.

The Crutched or Crossed Friars, *fratres de sacco*, was another popular Order, established in 1298 by Ralph Hosier and William Sabernes in a large house between Jewry, Aldgate and Mark Lane. They derived their popular name from the cross on their garments, and were originally a nursing Order who attended the

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poor. In course of time their house became rich, and their church magnificent. The last Prior, according to Thomas Cromwell, was a very scandalous person, but one must take Cromwell's official stories of monastic iniquity with a very big pinch of salt. Suppressed at the Dissolution, their church fell to ruin, and their hall was converted into a glass-blower's factory, being destroyed by an explosion in 1575. Henry VIII. gave the land on which this ancient monastery stood to Sir Thomas Wyatt, who built himself a mansion on the site, now (1904) occupied by the East and West India Dock Company's huge pile of buildings.

CHAPTER IX

LONDON IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

IN the year 1272 Henry the Third's long reign came to a close at last. But at that moment his son and successor Edward I. was still far from the English shores. He had taken the Cross and travelled to the Holy Land with his beloved and beautiful spouse Eleanor of Castile. At the time of his father's death he had turned his face homeward, and was tarrying to visit the Pope at Viterbo, in Italy. Thence the royal couple passed to Paris, and spent several months in Guienne, before taking final and formal possession of the English throne. It was not, then, until the first week in August 1274, that the new sovereigns made their state entry into London, to be crowned at Westminster. They were hailed during their progress through the city with demonstrations of the wildest joy. Popular ardour was still hot for the Crusades, and every street, so Holinshed tells us, "was hung with rich cloth-of-gold, arras, and tapestry." The aldermen and burgesses threw handfuls of gold and silver out of their windows to denote "the great gladness which they conceived of King Edward's safe return from Palestine, and the conduits ran with white and red wine, that each creature might drink his fill," which each creature did to the utmost of his capacity—the number of incapables after this great "free drink" attracting contemporary notice, and even unfavourable criticism. The royal hospitality was as generous, in its way, as that of the city. The area of Palace Yard, Old and New, was filled with wooden buildings, improvised kitchens, open at the roof to let the smoke of the cooking-fires escape. Here for a whole fortnight a succession of bountiful banquets was served to all comers, rich and poor, gentle and simple; but altogether the

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most extraordinary feature of Edward's coronation took place immediately after the service, when the five hundred "great horses on which the princes and great nobles had ridden to the Abbey were let loose for all and sundry to catch and keep."

Edward I. undoubtedly made good use of his continental sojourn. Before ascending the throne of his fathers he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with Roman law. He was a born organiser, and gave evidence soon after his accession of inherent wisdom and exceptional legislative ability. Not content with his own experience, he called several renowned legists to his assistance, and his choice, as his Prime Minister, of the celebrated Robert Burnell, secured him his people's confidence at an early period of his reign. His invitation to the astute Italian lawyer Francesco Accursi—son of Giovanni d'Accursi of Bologna, a famous jurist who had written explanatory notes on Roman law—was another wise step, and one which his subjects, usually so ready to express their dislike of foreigners, do not seem to have resented. To the names of these eminent men must be added that of Walter Britton, who wrote a great deal in French on the reformation of law. Guided by these learned men, Edward succeeded in revising our legal system, basing his reforms on John's Great Charter, which had become very much what the laws of Edward the Confessor had been in Henry the First's reign, and the laws of Henry I. under John—the watchword of a party whose object was to prevent any abuse or increase of the royal prerogative.

Edward the First's wise legislation, which won him lasting fame, and the title of the "British Justinian," must be sought in the Statute Books of his reign, and all we need say of it here is to recall the fact that it resulted in the concentration of the legal system of the kingdom in London, and that to this King we owe the final arrangement of the three royal tribunals: the Court of Exchequer, which heard all cases that touched upon the revenue; the Court of King's Bench, which determined disputes in which the King was concerned (criminal questions, and the matters which went under the name of "Pleas of the Crown" being reserved for his special treatment); and, lastly, the Court of Common Pleas, which heard suits between private individuals. These important matters, instead of being, as

heretofore, heard indiscriminately either by the whole judicial body, or by some members of it, were now apportioned among three distinct sets of judges. Thus London became what it has since remained—the great legal centre of the kingdom. To Edward I., too, we owe the development of our Parliamentary system; and thanks to his energy, Westminster, hitherto only a place of royal residence, became the focus of the political life of the realm.

Henry III. had occasionally allowed some of the lesser noblesse to choose certain members of their Order, in each county, as representatives of the whole body—hence our knights of shires. His successor established this occasional practice as a uniform rule. Being obliged, for the purposes of his expeditions into Poitou and to put down the Welsh, to levy a sixth of all movables from the laity, and a moiety of all ecclesiastical benefices, and foreseeing that this necessity must recur if his policy of national aggrandisement was to proceed, Edward I. resolved to summon the representatives of all the boroughs to Parliament; and thus without, it may be, even realising the importance of the act, he founded the House of Commons. The initial sentence of the writ establishing this new power in the State (copied, by the way, from the Roman law), has an almost prophetic ring: "It is a most equitable rule that what concerns all should be approved of by all, and common dangers be repealed by united efforts." Yet when our earliest members of Parliament consented to come up to Westminster from all parts of the country, they did it most reluctantly. The journey was expensive, tedious and dangerous; and, further, when the members got to London, the great Barons refused to have anything to do with them. The difficulty of amalgamating the two classes in one meeting, even in the interests of a common Fatherland, led ultimately to the creation of the two distinct yet united Parliaments, or Chambers, of Lords and Commons. This great event in our national history took place at Westminster, A.D. 1295, in the twenty-third year of King Edward's reign.

Whilst we are on this subject, it may be of interest briefly to chronicle two or three incidents in this reign which cast a remarkable side-light on the manners and customs of the age, on its administration of the law, and the popular notions of justice.

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In 1284, one Lawrence Ducket, a goldsmith, having quarrelled with a neighbour named Ralph Crepin, fell upon him in the street, and wounded him sorely. Fearing the consequences of his act, Ducket sought sanctuary in Bow Church. Here he was surprised, during the night, by some of Crepin's friends, who hanged him in a window in such a fashion as to mislead the Coroner's Jury, which returned a verdict of suicide. Thereupon the wretched man's corpse was refused the last rites of the Church, and buried in a ditch outside Aldgate with a stake run through the heart. Presently a youth who had slept with Ducket on the fatal night, and who, from a place of concealment, had witnessed all that happened, ventured to give such information as led to the arrest of several suspected murderers. The trial revealed that the quarrel between Ducket and Crepin was due to a lady called Dame Alice atte Bow,—a name evidently derived from the church near where she lived. The excitement in London became intense, and the judicial proceedings were watched with the keenest interest. They resulted in the conviction and condemnation of Crepin and of two of his associates, a clerk and a sheriff. All three were imprisoned for a certain time, but were finally released on payment of a heavy fine. Alice atte Bow, the fair Helen of this tragedy, was less fortunate. Charged with inciting to murder, she was condemned to be burnt in West Cheaping, and several of her accomplices were hanged. Bow Church, the scene of the crime, was placed under interdict and closed for a week, all the windows being stuffed with thorns. Ducket's body was dug up, and honourably buried in Bow churchyard. The curious part of the story, and, from a certain point of view, the eminently human touch, is that the man who committed the murder seems to have been held less guilty than the woman who tempted him to do it; he was pardoned — she was burnt. The treatment of the supposed suicide's body, and the placing of the church under an interdict after the murder, give us a clear and convincing picture of the customs and views of the period.

An intensely dramatic and characteristic incident in Edward the First's reign was the arrival in London and the subsequent execution of the heroic William Wallace. The romantic history of the great warrior's struggle, and his betrayal at Stirling Castle, are too well

known to need recapitulation here. Brought to London in chains in August 1305, he was first lodged in a sort of honourable captivity in Fenchurch Street, with one William Delect. On the 23rd August, very early in the morning, John Seagrave, late Governor of Scotland, and Geoffrey — (name lost) accompanied by the Aldermen and Sheriffs, entered his lodging, and, after placing the patriot on a horse with his hands tied behind him, conveyed him, followed by a prodigious multitude, to Westminster Hall. Here he was crowned, in mockery, with a wreath of silvered laurel leaves, and condemned "to die the death of a traitor." On the same day he was hung, drawn, and quartered at the Elms, in West Smithfield. Finally his head was struck off, stuck upon a pole, and the mob, laughing and shouting, exhibited the grim trophy on the top of the city pillory. Men, women, and children, joining hands, whirled round and round the ghastly thing, singing, howling, and pouring insults on the memory of their fallen foe. Then they carried the head from Cheapside to the Tower, and there set it up over the principal gate. The rioting went on for hours, and the soldiery was called out at last to restore order.

The Londoners were evidently getting into bad habits. Some time before, in 1282, the mob had poured similar ignominy on the severed head of the unhappy Welsh chieftain Llewellyn, who had been betrayed into the hands of the English, and decapitated by Edward's command. With a view, it may be, to propitiating the people of London, he sent them a messenger carrying the head on a pike. No sooner was the news made known that the King's envoy and his gory burden were in sight, than the humbler citizens trooped out beyond Southwark to meet them. Playing on tambourines, fifes, harps, and other musical instruments, howling, shouting, creating an appalling din, the crowd, with the messenger in their midst, returned to London, where the head, crowned with a wreath of ivy, was set up over the pillory. Thence, after a wild scene, it was carried, at the suggestion of a blacksmith, to the Tower, and placed above the principal gate, before which the rioting went on for hours. Here the unconscious object of the hideous revelry remained for a considerable time, and was, no doubt, pointed out to the "country cousins" of that date as one of the "lions of the town." There is a

curious analogy between these scenes and the similar exhibitions of popular frenzy during the Reign of Terror in France.

Edward the First's good fame has been considerably smirched by a somewhat unjust accusation of wanton persecution of the Jews. In the third year of his reign his Statute "de Judaismo," though it abolished usury, had placed the Jews in a surer and more protected position than they had hitherto enjoyed in England. It is therefore evident that he was at first favourably inclined towards them; but at a most perilous juncture there swept over the country one of those irresistible waves of anti-Semitism which, ever since the Fall of Jerusalem, have saddened the story of the Jewish race. This outburst of popular hatred was probably due less to religious fanaticism and racial bitterness than to commercial jealousy. Persecution of the Israelites had taken place, it will be remembered, in the reigns of Richard I. and Henry III., but the trouble now brewing was to be worse than any that had preceded it.

The Jews, like the poor, have been always with us, and probably came into this country with our earliest Roman invaders. The Venerable Bede, the first English historian who mentions them, simply records the fact that they were already established in London in his day. The view that they must have been on fairly intimate terms with the native population is confirmed by a curious edict issued in 740, by the Archbishop of York, which forbids Christians to attend Jewish feasts and ceremonies. In the fifth year of his reign, William the Conqueror, with the object, doubtless, of increasing the commercial activity of the country, imported a number of Jewish tradesmen from Rouen, and settled them in a part of the city situated near East Cheaping, and still known as the Old Jewry. Queen Eleanor of Provence increased this colony by a contingent from her own fair country, which was cordially welcomed by its co-religionists. In Edward the First's time, according to the Jewish historian Vergd, there were two hundred and eighty Hebrew householders in the London Jewry, where they formed a sort of Oriental quarter, adhering strictly to their Semitic costumes and customs, and thereby exciting the criticism and suspicion of the native population. They had several synagogues and schools, and supported a staff of Rabbis and teachers. Among these, in Edward the First's time, was the famous

Nicholas de Lyra, who, though a professed convert to Christianity, was, if we may judge from his writings, less a forerunner of Luther than of Spinoza.

Although never confined within their Ghetto by walls and gates, the London Jews rarely, if ever, ventured beyond their precincts, save on urgent matters of business. In earlier times they were more famed for their learning than for their commercial ability; but, as the years rolled on, they developed—especially in London, Norwich, and York—those money-making proclivities which have distinguished them in all ages and countries, with the inevitable result of exciting the jealousy of the peoples among whom they elect to live. Usury was certainly at the bottom of their extreme unpopularity. They are described, in a petition addressed to King Edward I., as “eating his people to the bone,” and of “possessing more than half of the wealth of the city” obtained by ways and means of a very dubious nature. They were willing to lend on mortgage and fair security, but always at an exorbitant rate of interest, and they were pitiless in exacting repayment; the Christians, on their side, eager to borrow, were slow to repay, and resisted, whenever possible, the usurious percentage demanded by the Hebrew money-lenders and pawnbrokers. The London Jews, in particular, had allowed the rich to use them as their agents in the oppression of the poor, by making over their mortgages on small estates to neighbouring great land-owners, into whose hands they gladly played, so as to ensure their protection. For these and like reasons the Jews were cordially detested by the poor. Even great men like Grossetete and Simon de Montfort demanded their banishment in the interests of internal peace, and to save the country from falling entirely into their power. Externally the Jewish houses were dirty and squalid, but they were reported to be sumptuously furnished and filled with magnificent treasures, gorgeous silk and satin hangings, and priceless gold and silver plate. People of all ranks, including members of clergy, who were in the hands of the Jewish money-lenders, resented the acquisitive habits of these aliens, without whose aid, however, they seem to have been incapable of managing their own affairs. There is no doubt that at a period when the modern system of banking was in its infancy, the Jews,

with their traditional knowledge of Oriental methods of finance, handed down from Egyptian and Babylonian times, had an almost undue advantage over their Christian clients, who could scarcely be expected to compete with them in commercial astuteness. Matters came to a climax when, in the sixteenth year of King Edward's reign, a petition was presented praying the King to settle the Semitic question of those days by the expeditious methods favoured in modern Russia, *i.e.* confiscation, massacre, and banishment. To replenish his Exchequer, which was almost empty, the King resolved on drastic measures against the Jews. He had little difficulty in carrying out this plan, for some of the Hebrews in London, Oxford, Norwich, Lincoln, and York—their principal centres—had been so imprudent as to openly express their contempt for Christianity and insult the emblems of that Faith. Some London fanatics had hooted a procession of the Corpus Christi, and at Oxford several hot-headed Hebrew lads had scoffed at the shrine of St. Friedswald.

All sorts of strange anti-Jewish stories, some true, some false, were now put into circulation. A Jewess named Judith was murdered by her husband because she had rescued an image of the Virgin from his profaning hands. Another, Rebecca, induced a priest to desecrate the Host, renounce Christianity, and marry her,—for which offences both were put to death. Several children, it was reported, had been kidnapped and concealed in Jewry for a sacrilegious and abominable purpose. A charge of counterfeiting and clipping the coin of the realm was added to the long list of Hebrew failings. Two hundred and eight Jews, male and female, were arrested, convicted of this last crime, and hanged in various parts of London. On this occasion, however, impartiality was not lacking, for three hundred and twelve Christians, including seventy Flemings, and about a dozen Italians, charged with the like offence, shared the same fate. In May 1291, every Jew in the country—man, woman, and child—was suddenly arrested and cast into gaol. Their sufferings were terrible, especially in London, where they were so closely packed in every available prison, crypt, and cellar, that decency was outraged, and an epidemic which carried off many hundreds of women and

children soon broke out. After three months' captivity these unhappy people were liberated on payment of an enormous ransom, said to have equalled a quarter of the national revenue.¹

At length the King, to secure peace, and, it may be, to save the unhappy Jews from general massacre, ordered them all to be "forthwith banished the Kingdom." In less than two months accordingly, and much to the detriment of our commerce and industry, between 15,000 and 20,000 Jews left England, and the race was destined never to return, in any great numbers at least, until Cromwell's time. Many of the poor creatures did not reach their chosen destination. The King had allowed them to carry away their portable property, but this proved a most disastrous concession. The captains and the crews of the various ships on which they had taken passage, learning they had concealed immense treasures about them, killed many without mercy, and threw their corpses overboard. Holinshed relates a very curious legend concerning a contingent of these unhappy exiles who had taken passage with their property on board "a mighty tall ship" which they had hired. When this ship got down near the mouth of the river Thames, towards Quinborough, the wily master-mariner cast anchor; and, as the tide ebbed, the vessel was left high and dry on the sand. The master now enticed the Jews "to take a walk with him on the land for recreation." When the tide began to come in, he forsook his passengers, and slipped back to the ship as fast as he could. And when at length the unhappy Hebrews perceived their peril, the ship was afloat and steering off. Wherefore—for it seems they could

¹ Dr. Margoliouth's *History of the Jews in Great Britain* admits this fact, stating "that the King accepted from his people the fifteenth part of their goods, on condition that he banished the Jews, which was a very inadequate sum when compared with the debts they owed the Jews." This means that these aliens, the majority of whom were not even English born, had acquired at least a quarter of the revenue of the country, if not more. That religion had not much to do with the persecution is proved by the fact that the Franciscans petitioned the King in their favour, and saved the lives of some hundreds, only, however, to be persecuted for their charity by the native population. For a long time the people refused to give them alms, on which, according to the rules of their Order, they were bound to subsist.

not swim—they were all drowned. At the spot where they perished, it is said, there is a never-ending bubbling of the water. Even in this matter-of-fact twentieth century of ours, some old-fashioned East-End Jews, on a certain day in the year, charter a boat, row out to this particular place, and there wail and pray, whilst they tearfully watch for the bubbles to rise over the watery graves of their ancestors “full five fathoms deep” below.¹

Scarcely had the Israelites turned their backs on our inhospitable soil, when London was shaken to its foundations by a terrific earthquake. From 1100 to 1485, England appears to have been frequently visited by earthquakes more or less violent. The most appalling occurred in 1100, under William Rufus. The shocks are said to have lasted forty-eight hours, almost without intermission, and during this time many houses and churches were overthrown. This memorable earthquake was accompanied by “strange, hideous and doleful roarings,” and terrific thunderstorms. From that date London had its regular earthquake, once in ten years at least, if not oftener, until 1488, when the earth, after a terrific convulsion, seems to have settled down to a lengthy period of repose.

In addition to his other practical qualities, Edward 1. showed a keen interest in the domestic concerns of his subjects, and promulgated many laws intended to protect them from swindling tradesmen and hucksters. For us, it is well and interesting that he did so, since his regulations enable us to form a very fair idea of the price of provisions in the London of his day. The Mayor and Sheriffs, for instance, were ordered to regulate the price of food. Dishonest bakers were to be punished by forfeiture of their light bread for the first offence, by imprisonment for the second, and by the pillory for the third. As to millers who gave bad measure, no alternative was allowed them. Any detected in nefarious practices were to be dragged round the town in a dung-cart, exposed to the derision of the people, and heavily fined into the bargain.

In an ordinance concerning poulterers we note the following prices of fowls, game, etc., in 1293. The best capon cost 2d. The best goose, from Easter to Whit Sunday, 5d., after which period it might fall as low as 3d. Evidently the Michaelmas

¹ For further details of these events, see Note at end of the chapter.

goose must be of later date. A wild goose cost 4d. Pigeons, three for 1d. Wild duck 1s. 3d. Partridges 3½d. each. Larks 1d. a dozen. Pheasants 4d. A heron 6d. A plover 1d. The best swan 3s. The best crane 3s. The best peacock 1d. The best hare, without the skin, 3d. The best kid, from Christmas to Lent, 10d.; all other times of the year 6d. Although these figures have been reduced to their equivalents in modern coinage, it should be remembered that the purchase value of money in mediæval times was much greater than at present, and therefore we may safely conclude that the fowl which in Edward the First's time cost 3d. was in reality worth about 10d. of our money; and so forth with the other articles of provision.

Fishmongers were not to keep unsalted fish more than one day after its coming into the market. Hucksters were authorised to sell soles at 3d. a dozen, mullet at 3d. a dozen, haddock 2d. each, fullgrown conger-eels 1s. each, turbot 6d. a pound, mackerel (in Lent) 1d., out of Lent ½d. Best fresh oysters were 2d. a gallon. Best fresh salmon 5d. a whole fish. The other fish mentioned in these lists, and still popular in our time, are herrings, stock-fish, lampreys, smelts, shrimps, winkles, cockles, crabs, and lobsters. The list of vegetables is a very short one, and only comprises turnips, carrots, sorrel, and sweet herbs.

That learned and very trusty man, Master Dugdale, has set out the prices of live stock, cereals, etc., in the thirtieth year of King Edward, 1302. A quarter of wheat cost 4s. A quarter of ground malt 3s. 4d. The same quantity of pease 2s. 6d. A quarter of oats 2s. As to cattle, we learn that a bull was sold for 7s. 6d., a cow 6s., and a "fat mutton" 1s. But a ewe sheep is priced lowest of all, 8d.

One of the most interesting documents of this period is the little-known account for the year 1313, of H. Leicester, Cofferer to the Earl of Lancaster, the King's cousin. By it we learn that the Earl spent £7309, 12s. 6½d. per annum on his household expenses. Silver was then at one shilling and eightpence an ounce: so that twelve pounds went to a pound sterling. The Earl must therefore have been enormously rich, and we may conclude his estate produced not less than £25,000 per annum. This great noble spent £3405 on his pantry and buttery. On groceries he spent £180, 17s. His secretaries must have had a

great deal of correspondence to attend to, for we find that he purchased "129 dozen skins of parchment and ink," and paid for them £4, 8s. 3d. His servants' wages, "charge of great horses," grooms, etc., came to £436, 4s. 3d. The linen for the Earl, his chaplain, and his table, cost £43, 17s. The following items speak for themselves:—

"Paid for seven furs of powdered ermine (*i.e.* ermines with the tails) and ninety-five furs of budge for the liveries of barons, knights and clerks. Also furs of lambs, bought at Xmas, for the 'Squires' (£147, 17s. 8d.).

"To sixty-five saffron-coloured cloths for the barons and knights in summer, twelve red cloths for the clerks, twenty-six cloths for the 'Squires,' one for the officers, and four Ray cloths for carpets in the Hall (£345, 13s. 8d.). At Xmas the Earl brought home a saddle and paid £2 for it."

The Earl and his numerous household evidently did not sit in the dark after Curfew had tolled, for he spent £31, 14s. 3d. on 3219 lbs. of tallow candles and 1287 lbs. of lights, "called Paris candles," made of white wax.

In 1290, Queen Eleanor's eldest daughter was married at Westminster Abbey to the Duke of Barr. The marriage was celebrated with great splendour, and we still have the list of the plate used in the Queen's household on this occasion. This plate was the work of Ade, the King's goldsmith, who supplied thirty-four pitchers of gold and silver intended to hold water or wine.

"Ten gold chalices of the value of £292 each.

"Ten cups of silver gilt or silver white, some enamelled and some with stands.

"Over one hundred smaller silver cups, value from £4 to £118 each.

"Also cups of jasper, silver plates and dishes, gold salt-cellars, alms bowls, silver hanapers or baskets, cups of benison, inscribed with holy sentences, and two effigies of Queen Eleanor."

In another list we have the first mention of forks in our history:—"Item. A pair of knives with silver sheathes enamelled, with a *fork* of crystal, and a silver fork handled with ebony and ivory." These forks were, however, not fashioned like those now in use, but had one prong, and that shaped like a

hook. The Queen also possessed certain objects which must have been of great value in those days; such as silver-gilt looking-glasses and combs, a silver bodkin in a leather case, and five serpents' tongues set in silver. She had three crowns: one set with rubies, emeralds and great pearls; another with Indian pearls; and a great gold crown, ornamented with sapphires, rubies, emeralds and large pearls. This last was probably worn by the Queen at her coronation feast. But "in particular she had a gold ring with a large sapphire, wrought and set for no other hand than that of St. Dunstan."¹

Not many months after the brilliant wedding of her daughter Princess Margaret, the beloved Queen died near Grantham, where she had been suddenly seized with fatal illness. The romantic story of the great attachment between King Edward and his Spanish consort, how he forsook his warlike enterprise to hurry to her bedside, and finally carried her mortal remains in sad and solemn state for nine long days, from Grantham to Westminster, causing splendid crosses to be erected wherever the corpse of his beloved rested, is matter of history. Fourteen of these crosses were set up, but only two now remain—Northampton and Waltham. The Londoners of that day, who were as ardently attached to Queen Eleanor as are their descendants to Queen Alexandra, sent out several of their most prominent citizens along the North Road to meet the sad procession. They wore black hoods and mourning cloaks, and followed the funeral car in solemn cortège to Westminster. The body rested, for the last time, on the spot in modern London now occupied by the statue of Charles I. Charing Cross, as we now call it, was in those days a tiny village with a hermitage and chapel, but although the last of Edward's monuments to his "*chère reine*" undoubtedly stood here, the village itself did not receive its name from this fact, but probably derived it from the manor having belonged to an old Saxon family of the name of Charring, for it was so called several hundred years before Queen Eleanor of Castile was born. Edward erected a magnificent monument² to his queen, which,

¹ Rymer's *Fœdera*.

² The monuments of Edward I. and Eleanor of Castile, into which were introduced the two slabs of porphyry the King brought from Italy, were

though somewhat mutilated, still remains in its place in Westminster Abbey.

All sorrow-stricken as he appeared to be, and as Waltham and Charing Crosses bear witness, for the death of the beauteous Eleanor of Castile, King Edward lost no time in casting about him for another wife. He opened negotiations at once with King Phillippe le Bel, for the hand of his lovely sister, the Princess Blanche of France; but the canny French King played him a shabby trick, whereby he substituted the fair Blanche's younger sister, Margaret, a plain child of eleven years of age. This led to an interminable imbroglio, and the Princess was over twenty and the King over sixty ere they were made man and wife. The eldest born of this ill-assorted match was Prince Thomas de Brotherton, so called from the place of his birth in Yorkshire. He left a daughter and sole heiress, the Lady Margaret Plantagenet, who was created Countess of Norfolk by Richard II. She married, as her first husband, John de Segrave, and had a daughter who became the wife of John de Mowbray. Their great-granddaughter, Margaret de Mowbray, at the beginning of the fifteenth century married Sir Robert Howard, the direct ancestor of the present Duke of Norfolk.

Queen Margaret of France made the King a plain-visaged but sensible consort, and was respected, if not beloved, by the people. After her death she was not buried in Westminster, where the King himself was laid to rest by the side of his beloved Eleanor, but, as we have already seen, in the church of the Grey Friars. Her magnificent alabaster monument, crowded with small statues of kings and queens, was sold, in the reign of Elizabeth, with nine other royal tombs belonging to the same church, for the preposterous sum of £50.

King Edward died in July 1307, whilst on his march from Carlisle. He was in his sixty-ninth year,—older, therefore, than any king who had reigned before him. Nor, until

most probably designed by an Italian master, but the brass effigies of the King and Queen, which are exceedingly fine, were executed by an Englishman, William Toral, and the superb grille of wrought iron was forged by master Henry of Lewes in Sussex. The pearls, which were very numerous, have all been picked out—the holes which once contained them alone remaining.

Elizabeth, did any of his successors live so long. His life had been one of bodily and mental discomfort, but his reign was brilliant, and he left an ineffaceable impression on the laws and civilisation of his country. He lived, unfortunately, to see the well-disciplined generation of his own youth pass away, and to behold the rising up of another more luxurious and extravagant, but also, in a measure, less polished and refined, than the men who had been his associates in the early days of his reign. He had, at least, the satisfaction of knowing he had conscientiously laboured and cared for the well-being of his people, but he learnt, to his unending sorrow, that his weak son, the Prince of Wales, was utterly unworthy to come after him. This great King's end, therefore, was full of sadness and gloom. His son and successor, Edward II., gave him solemn burial in Westminster Abbey in October, 1307, and in the following February, the young monarch was crowned with his youthful bride, to whom he had been lately married at Boulogne. The coronation ceremony in Westminster Abbey was very magnificent, but the subsequent banquet gave rise to a most unpleasant incident. Immediately after his accession, the King had recalled his unworthy favourite Gaveston, on whom, to the indignation of the assembled nobility, he conferred the honour of bearing St. Edward's crown. This youthful popinjay was observed to be even more gloriously attired than the King himself, and his Majesty's hot-blooded uncle, Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, was with difficulty restrained from murdering him in the sanctuary. Gaveston, who was also created Master of the Ceremonies, so mismanaged his charge, that in the unrestrained crush to see the Queen, several persons, including Sir John Bakewell, a very rich and popular knight, were killed. The ceremony was not over till three o'clock, but Gaveston, more concerned with his dress than with his duties, so bungled the coronation banquet that there was not a morsel for anybody to eat till after dark. Everybody was very hungry, and therefore, of course, everybody grew angry. When at last the royal meal was served, it was badly cooked. The flesh was either raw, or boiled to a tasteless pulp, and the sweet dishes not fit to eat. Under these unpleasant circumstances the banquet was left untasted, and most of the usual ceremonies were dispensed

with. No one resented this humiliating state of affairs more fiercely than the young and high-spirited Queen, who had been exposed to many taunts, whether intentional or as the result of the execrable humour into which the company was thrown is not recorded, but the French princes and nobles, on their return, certainly gave their royal master a very unflattering account of the happenings at the coronation of his son-in-law and daughter.

NOTE.—According to Matthew Paris “in August of the year 1244, the corpse of a little male child was found buried in the city of London in whose thighs and arms and under whose paps there was a regular inscription in Hebrew letters, which discovery led the people to summons the king’s bailiffs and conservators of the peace, and they came to the conclusion that the child had been crucified by the Jews in obloquy and contumely of Christ. And because it was found that the Jews at other times had perpetrated such wickedness, and the holy bodies crucified had been solemnly received into the church and likewise to have shined there brightly with miracles, the Canons of St. Paul’s took this child’s body violently away and buried it in their church, not far from the high altar.”

On the occasion of the marriage of Richard of Cornwall with the King’s sister-in-law, Sancha, the Jews were called upon to supply the funds for the festivity, a Jew, Aaron of York, alone being compelled to pay no less than four thousand marks of silver and four hundred marks of gold. The Jews of London were mulcted in like proportion. This Aaron of York was selected by Sir Walter Scott as the prototype of his Isaac in *Ivanhoe*. Those who are interested in the pros and cons of the frequent charges of ritual murder made against Jews in ancient and modern times will do well to read the remarkable essay on the subject by the late Sir Richard Burton, who from his long residence in the East, and his intimate acquaintance with various and little-known Jewish tribes, is of opinion that some lower-class Jews have preserved certain ritual superstitions derived from contact in remote antiquity with the pagan inhabitants of Arabia, who habitually sacrificed human beings to their deities. The perusal of a few of the earlier chapters of Renan’s *Histoire du Peuple D’Israel* also throws some curious and convincing light on this interesting subject. It is, needless to say, highly improbable that even in Eastern Europe the Jews of our time, although often accused of child murder for ritual purposes, are guilty of the crime. The tradition that such uncanny deeds have been perpetrated in the Dark Ages, however, lingering among the Christian peasantry and lower orders, no doubt is the cause of much injustice being done to the unhappy Israelites who are compelled by their poverty to lead a down-trodden existence in the midst of a hostile population.

CHAPTER X

LONDON IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

THE reign of Edward II. is one of the most tragic in all our tragic annals. The young King was not devoid of intellectual qualities, but his better nature was warped by his idleness, his love of pleasure, and his exaggerated devotion to his handsome minion Piers Gaveston, through whom he would fain have ruled. This young gentleman, whose knowledge of English was of the slightest, came of a comparatively humble French stock. His mother had actually been burnt as a witch, a fact that went sorely against her son when his enemies charged him with countless dark crimes and strange malpractices. The Londoners resented his promotion to the office of Secretary of State, and cried out against his attempts to meddle with their jealously guarded liberties, while his ostentation and love of finery exasperated them still further.

Froissart, whose taste and judgment in the matter of female beauty cannot be denied, declared Queen Isabella was the most beautiful woman of her time. In the first year of her wedded life she was, or pretended to be, deeply in love with her husband, who was a type of manly beauty. At length, however, his intimacy with Gaveston stirred her jealousy, and with feline caution she forthwith organised a formidable party, the machinations of which resulted in the banishment of the detested favourite. But Piers was back again within the year, and, to the intense indignation of the Barons, appeared at a tournament at Wallingford. He soon grew venturesome, and openly insulted his enemies, calling my Lord of Pembroke "Joseph the Jew," and my Lord of Lancaster, the King's cousin, who was fond of fine clothes, the "Play-actor." When the young

Frenchman at last took leave of his royal patron, the infatuated monarch not only gave him all the jewels he possessed himself, but most of the Queen's to boot—her rings and brooches. In 1312, Gaveston returned to England, and even to London, and Edward compelled his Queen to receive him. Isabella, dissembling her anger, was fairly civil to her unwelcome guest, but, true to her cat-like nature, she secretly incited the angry Barons to murder the hated interloper, whom the King for his greater safety had left in Scarborough Castle. Gaveston was accordingly treacherously conveyed to Blacklow Hill near Warwick, and there beheaded without trial. Rymer's *Fiedera* gives a lengthy list of the crown jewels, and those belonging to the Queen, found in the young man's possession at this time.

Shortly after this tragedy, on November 13 of the same year, at forty-one minutes past five in the morning, Queen Isabella, being then at Windsor Castle, gave birth to her eldest son, afterwards Edward III. She was churched in a gown of white velvet, for which Stephen Toloise (probably Stephen of Toulouse), her tailor, who "dwelleth in Fleet Street," was paid £3, 10s. 2d. Apparently men were employed then as now to make the very tight-fitting dresses of the ladies of the period—true "tailor-made" gowns, of great magnificence, which fitted the body like a glove.

In October 1321 a long procession passed out of the town and over London Bridge. The Queen, in a pilgrim's garb and riding a white palfrey, was surrounded by a bevy of ladies similarly attired, and attended by a retinue of knights and barons. They wended their way through Southwark, and thence over Surrey hills and through Kentish lanes to Canterbury, whither Isabella in a moment of pious awakening was bound on pilgrimage to Thomas à Becket's shrine. She was well loved by the people at this time, for, probably with an eye to her own ends, she was a hearty defender of their liberties, and lavish enough in her charities to the poor to account for the fact that hundreds of Londoners followed her for some distance on this occasion. Had this bodyguard gone the whole distance, it might have saved the Queen from the affront of being refused admittance to Leeds Castle, where she had intended to spend the night. But although this fine stronghold was her property,

the custodian, Lady Bedlesmere, stoutly refused to open the gates. Her husband, Bartholomew Bedlesmere, was absent, and no one, not even the Queen of England, should pass the draw-bridge.

Queen Isabella persisted in her demand, but a shower of arrows, which killed six of her men, was the only answer vouchsafed by the virago of Bedlesmere, and she withdrew in high dudgeon, vowing vengeance on the House of Bedlesmere, and took shelter for the night at a village inn. The shrewd Queen clearly saw that this inhospitable reception was prompted by the Barons, who resented her influence over the King, and set herself to retaliate, not on the Bedlesmeres only, but on the party behind them which opposed her schemes. Returning to London, she so worked upon her husband that he forthwith laid siege to Leeds Castle. In the course of this undertaking two gentlemen, father and son, named de Spenser, came to the front, though more as advisers than as soldiers. One was over eighty, the other an exceedingly handsome man of thirty. In a very short time the younger of the two, Hugh de Spenser, replaced the King's lost friend, Gaveston, in his Sovereign's affections, and the same consequences ensued. Isabella, jealous of anything that stood between herself and the King's power, turned as furiously on the de Spensers as she once had done upon Piers Gaveston. They repaid her enmity with interest. In her letters to her brother the King of France, the Queen averred that the de Spensers—"*père et fils*"—were eating up the revenue. Meanwhile the war in Scotland took a disastrous turn, while in England, and especially in London, a famine broke out—the most dreadful scourge of its kind recorded in the annals of the city. The citizens were driven to feed on rats and mice.

The Barons meanwhile allied themselves with the Bedlesmeres, and against the King and Queen. But in the long run, after a stout defence, Leeds Castle was reduced, and Lady Bedlesmere was brought prisoner to London. Bedlesmere himself escaped for a time, but was eventually hanged ignominiously at Stone Park in Lincolnshire, the seat of his uncle the Bishop. His wife was consigned to the Tower, and there she remained a close captive for many years.

Among the prisoners taken on this occasion were the aged

Roger Mortimer, Lord of Cherk, and his nephew Roger Mortimer, junior, a magnificently handsome man. They were sent to the Tower and closely confined. Queen Isabella, too, came to the Tower for safety whilst the King was away fighting the rebellious Barons. The elder Mortimer soon died, of gross neglect on his gaoler's part it would appear. How the surviving prisoner contrived to enter into relations with the Queen has not transpired. Somehow or other, through the influence it may well be of his wife, Jeanne de Joinville, a French lady, he gained admittance to her and pleaded his own cause. A month had scarcely passed ere Mortimer was reprieved, and within the year he was Isabella's acknowledged lover. Then began a fierce struggle between the Queen and Mortimer on one hand, and the King and the de Spensers on the other. Now we find Isabella and her paramour in London, high in popular favour; then we hear of them in France and in dire trouble, the French King bitterly denouncing his sister's notorious misconduct. In the *Fœdera* we have a number of plaintive letters from King Edward vainly beseeching the Queen to return to him and to her children.

In the course of years Prince Edward grew into youth, and the King, knowing the great affection between mother and son, implored his eldest born "for God's sake to use his influence with his mother." "Fair son," wrote the unhappy monarch, "you know how dearly your mother would be loved by us if she would only return to us according to her duty. She will abide with our most cruel and treacherous enemy, Mortimer, and worse, she allows you—you, our son, to consort with him, making him your counsellor,"—and so forth. In these letters Edward calls de Spenser his "nephew," which he was not, though the elder Spenser's wife was a distant kinswoman of King Edward I. They are sad letters, very human—very much the sort of letters a father would write in these days, and under similar circumstances. But they were quite unavailing.

The Londoners sided against de Spenser, with the Queen—ay! even with Mortimer—and the narrow streets soon became the scenes of many an outbreak of popular violence. Banished, and then shortly afterwards recalled by the King, the de Spensers, both father and son, exhibited a vindictive cunning and greed

that quite justified the virulence of public indignation. On September 26, 1326, the fugitive Queen landed in Suffolk. Edward, hearing of his consort's return, and of her bellicose intentions, compelled the city of London to furnish him with a hundred men-at-arms. This the Londoners agreed to do, but they absolutely refused to supply him with money. Even the members of the promised military force stuck to their ancient rights, and announced their unwillingness to march out to fight "unless," according to their old privilege, "they could return home the same day before sunset." (!)

Edward, exasperated by their disloyal determination, suddenly left the capital to raise an army in the west. Meanwhile he committed the custody of the city to Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, and sent his young son, Prince John of Eltham, to the Tower for better protection. The King's back was scarcely turned ere Isabella's messenger came post-haste to London, exhorting her "friends and citizens to lend her their assistance to capture and punish the oppressors of the people." Her first letter was intercepted, and remained unanswered. Not so a second, which was stuck up at the Cross in West Cheap, and copies of it elsewhere. On this, Bishop Stapleton made a fatal move, demanding the keys of the city. The Londoners, who suspected a collusion between the Mayor and the Bishop, seized their Chief Magistrate and threatened to hang him unless he consented to obey their orders implicitly and help them to destroy the Queen's enemies. His worship managed to effect his escape. Then the riot began in earnest. A luckless youth in the service of young de Spenser was seized and decapitated without any trial. After this exploit the mob rushed to the Bishop of Exeter's palace, and gained admittance by burning down the doors. Finding his lordship absent, they pillaged his house and robbed it of plate, jewellery and furniture. Suddenly someone said the Bishop had fled to St. Paul's, whereupon a mad rush was made for the Cathedral, where the unfortunate refugee was seized at the north door, just as he was gaining sanctuary. Before he could effect escape, or be rescued, his brains were dashed out. The wild populace now dragged the slaughtered prelate's corpse to West Cheap, where they cut off the head. Having thus despatched the wretched

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man, they next seized his two attendants and beheaded them. When all was over they buried the bodies under the rampart of a tower which the Bishop was building close to the Thames.

On the following day the rebels compelled the Constable of the Tower, Sir John de Winton, to hand them the keys of that stronghold. The young Prince John of Eltham was now appointed Regent of the city, with a proper selection of officers under him. Meanwhile Chancellor Robert Bullock, to whom the people attributed half their miseries, was caught near Hereford, and brought to London for trial. No sooner did the rabble get sight of him than they fell upon him and beat him to death. The subsequent capture of the de Spensers had the desired effect of cooling the popular fury. They were both hung, but the head of the younger was sent up to London and delivered to the mob, who, receiving it with derisive triumph, stuck it up, crowned with straw, on London Bridge. The poor weak King was next taken prisoner, brought to London and forced to abdicate. Such were a few of the terrible scenes that took place in London in the years 1326-27. In reading of them one involuntarily recalls some of those which Paris witnessed in 1793 and 1870. The same causes produce the same effects in all ages and countries.

The Queen and Mortimer now took up their abode in London, and spent money like water. At Christmas 1326, the Queen gave a ball, attended by all the great ladies and even by many prelates. In the midst of the entertainment the young Prince, who had already distinguished himself at arms, was introduced to the company, and it was unanimously decided that he should forthwith be proclaimed King. On Christmas Day, therefore, he was crowned at Westminster, but with scant display. Throughout the ceremony Isabella distinguished herself by shedding crocodile tears. State affairs were managed, or rather mismanaged, by the Queen, Mortimer, and Adam Orelton, her secretary, almost as infamous a character as his master and mistress. The dénouement of this long tragedy took place at Berkeley Castle, on the night of September 22, 1327, when the wretched Edward II. was put to the most cruel death.

The documents connected with his deposition throw a curious side-light on the customs of the time. It took place at Kenilworth Castle, where, three hundred years later, Queen Elizabeth was so sumptuously entertained by the Earl of Leicester. The King, amongst other things, was accused of playing "chuck-farthing," or tossing farthings for heads or tails, and of paying Jack of St. Albans, his painter, 6s. 8d. for dancing on the table before him and making him laugh exceedingly. Another fellow, it was said, had been paid for tumbling off his horse in a comical manner. The King, moreover, was reported to have been in the habit of drinking too much wine, of singing ribald songs, and of going about scantily attired. He had come down the Thames one night from Westminster with some of his companions in a return faggot-barge, and had bought cabbages with which he had made soup on board, and so forth,—harmless, if undignified, frolics which in the end afforded an excuse for taking the poor man's life.

Walsingham describes a curious ball given by the Queen and her son in the dormitory of Black Friars after the deaths of the two de Spensers. By the "house of the Black Friars" he has probably intended to indicate the neighbouring Palace of Bridewell, a part of which was occasionally used as a royal residence, although the rest was in ruins, and so remained until Henry VIII. rebuilt it as a palace for the entertainment of Charles V.

"The Queen held a great court on Trinity Sunday at the house of the Black Friars, but she and her son were lodged in the city where each kept their lodgings separate, the young King with his knights, and the Queen with her ladies, whose numbers were very considerable. At this court the King had five hundred knights and created fifteen new ones. The Queen gave her entertainment in the dormitory, where at least sixty ladies, whom she had invited to entertain Sir John de Hainault and his suite, sat down to table. There might be seen a numerous nobility, well served with plenty of strange dishes so disguised that it could not be known what they were. There were also ladies most superbly dressed, who were expecting with impatience the hour of the dance or a longer continuance of the feast, but they expected in vain, for it fell otherwise. Soon after dinner the guests were suddenly alarmed by a furious

fray which commenced among the grooms of the Hainhault knights and the English archers, who lodged with them in the suburbs. This increased so much, that the archers banded together with their bows strung and shot at the foreigners, so as to force them into their lodgings. The Hainhault knights, their masters, who were at the Queen's banquet, hearing the bruit of the affray, rushed to their quarters. Those that could not enter them were exposed to great danger, for the archers, to the number of three thousand, aimed both at masters and grooms. It was supposed that this affray was contrived by the friends of the de Spensers out of revenge for their being put to death through the advice of Sir John Hainhault."

The murder of Edward II. brought about a great revulsion of feeling throughout England, and indeed throughout Europe, against the Queen and Mortimer, and Edward III. was forced at last to take steps to humble them. For some time, however, he remained a tool in their unscrupulous hands, and the guilty couple lived on in the greatest magnificence. As Marlowe has it in his tragedy of Edward II.—

"For Mortimer and Isabel do kiss,
While they conspire, and yet she wears a face of love forsooth,
'Tis on this love that hatcheth death and hate."

Their well-planned murder of the King's uncle, the Earl of Kent, notwithstanding the storm of indignation which it created, did not prevent their appearing in London with more than regal splendour. The new King and his Queen, Philippa of Hainault, were left in the shade, whilst Mortimer, as Earl of March, opened Parliament at Westminster with "such glory and honour, that it was without all comparison. A greater rout of men waited at his heels than upon the King. He treated the King as his equal and would not even suffer him to rise to him." He was at Nottingham Castle when the exasperated Edward III. took his opportunity and laid hands on him, as he was getting into bed. The Queen flung herself on her knees, imploring her son to spare him—" *Bel fils, ayez pitié de gentil Mortimer.*" But there was no pity left for "gentil" Mortimer. He was bound, sent to London, and hanged at Tyburn, then called the Elms, in the presence of

a riotous mob.¹ For six days and nights his body hung on the gallows, and then, at the prayer of the Queen, it was buried in the Church of the Grey Friars, of which she was the benefactress. Isabella herself was long imprisoned at Castle Rising² in Norfolk, but, in spite of Froissart, the writer unhesitatingly asserts that her seclusion did not last anything like twenty years. Recent investigation of contemporary evidence proves that she lived a good deal in London, at Hereford and elsewhere, and she seems to have been in affluent circumstances and honourably treated. Edward III. was passionately fond of his mother, and was extremely lenient to her. He may have known more than we do of the causes which led up to the tragic story of her jealousy and her revenge. She died, thirty-six years after Mortimer, on August 22, 1358, aged sixty-three, and was pompously buried in the Church of the Grey Friars, with the heart of her murdered husband, in a silver box, laid on her bosom!

In an order still extant, the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex are commanded "to cleanse the streets from dirt and all impurities, and to gravel Bishopsgate and Aldgate against the coming of the body of Queen Isabel, the King's mother, and £9 to be disbursed for the purpose." This proves that the Queen died out of London, very probably at Castle Rising. On this occasion the city witnessed for the first and only time the obsequies of two queens on one and the same day, for whilst Queen Isabella's funeral procession was passing down Aldgate and Bishopsgate, that of her daughter, Joanna of Scotland, the deserted consort of Robert Bruce, was wending its way over London Bridge to the same Church of the Grey Friars, where erring mother and saintly daughter lay in peace until the reign of Henry VIII., when their ashes were cast to the winds and their splendid alabaster tombs destroyed. It seems, according to Stowe, that the coffin of one queen passed into the church from the northern road, whilst that of the other entered by the eastern door, so that the royal biers met before the High Altar, and the same Mass

¹ According to the French Chronicles (Camden Society) Mortimer was the first man ever hanged at Tyburn.

² Walsingham.

served for both. The *Fædera* tells a different tale, and gives a later date, 1367, for the death of Queen Joanna.

The reign of Edward II. was marked by an event which, according to some thoughtful writers, bore strange fruit at the close of the eighteenth century. This was the destruction of the Order of the Knights Templars, one of the three great religio-military associations,—the Knights Templars, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem (commonly called the Knights Hospitallers), and the Teutonic Knights of St. Mary of Jerusalem (or German Knights of the Cross). Founded in 1119, by nine French Knights, to protect the approaches to the Holy Sepulchre, the Order of the Temple had rapidly risen to great wealth and influence. Its constitution was confirmed by the Council of Troyes, and in 1128, the Pope granted the Knights the right to wear a white mantle with a red cross on the breast in imitation of the cross of the Hospitallers of St. John. This red cross soon became famous all over the world, winning renown on many a battlefield. It was often seen in the streets of old London, and a parade of the Templars in their splendid armour and their famous white cloaks was among the favourite pageants of those far-away times. A long sojourn in the East had, it was reported, inoculated the Knights with strange vices, and had also led them at their secret meetings to adopt signs and symbols unlike those acknowledged by other Christians. Many young men of high rank had joined the Order, and brought their wealth into the general treasury. Driven from Jerusalem by the Saracens, it settled at Cyprus, and gradually established Commanderies in Spain, Portugal, France, England, Scotland, and Italy. These recognised each other by secret signs, and their vows of poverty and celibacy presently became an empty mockery, their wealth and splendour being the envy even of kings. They had refused to join the last Crusade, in which their rivals, the Hospitallers, distinguished themselves both by bravery and care for the sick; and the world at last began to inquire what good purpose this occult Society served. The general opinion was that its influence was directed against the Church, and that if it was allowed to endure without opposition, it would eventually sap the very foundations of Christianity. Philip le Bel, King of France, dreading the great power of the Templars, which menaced his

own, turned hungry eyes upon their riches, and, thanks to the treachery of an apostate Italian Templar and a French renegade, the alleged secrets of the Order were divulged, and charges of foul blasphemy and hideous immorality were hurled against it. On an appointed day, all the Templars in France were seized and tried with merciless applications of the torture, on accusation of denying the Divinity of our Lord, and of spitting on the sacred emblems of His Passion, of omitting portions of the Mass in their churches, and even of betraying the cause of Christendom to the Moslem. Sorcery and idolatry were both added to the long list of the fallen Templars' crimes, and scores of them were condemned and publicly burnt.

Du Molay, the last Grand Master of the Order, from whom the torture had wrested certain admissions which he afterwards retracted, died in the midst of blazing faggots on the morning of March 12, 1314. So far as France was concerned, the Templars were no more. Pope Clement v. had tried to save them, but his feeble effort was of no avail. Their wealth was seized by the Crown. The survivors, according to some very respectable authorities, formed themselves into a secret society, the members of which took a terrible oath to be avenged on the Church of Rome and the French Monarchy,—a menace, however, which was not fulfilled until the end of the eighteenth century, when for a time Catholicism was stamped out in France, and Louis xvi. was imprisoned in that very Temple from which du Molay had been carried to execution. From the Temple, too, Louis went to the guillotine—the coincidence is, to say the least, curious.

In London, the Templars possessed a splendid dwelling close to Temple Bar, which surrounded the circular Temple church, which is still one of the most beautiful in London. In those days the church had a noble cloister in front of it, of which the present porch formed a part. Edward i. had given clear evidence of covetousness when in 1283, going to see his mother's jewels, then in trust with the Templars, he broke open several other person's repositories and carried off plunder to the value of some thousands of pounds. In 1310 Pope Clement v. requested Edward ii. to suppress the Order. All the Templars in the kingdom were suddenly arrested, and tried for offences similar to

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those alleged against their French brothers. But they were less harshly treated. Instead of being burnt alive, they were sent to expiate their sins by life-long detention in various monasteries. Their income, which Matthew Paris estimates at £600,000 sterling, was confiscated, and their Church and Commandery in the Temple was given to Aylmer de Valence, the King's cousin. The Earl of Lancaster eventually obtained possession of it, but at his "martyrdom" it reverted to the Crown, and in 1338 it went to the Templars' old rivals,—the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, at Clerkenwell,—who leased the premises of the Inner and Middle Temple to students of the Common Law, and the Outer Temple to Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter and Lord Treasurer, who, as we have seen, was beheaded by the citizens of London in 1326. In Henry the Eighth's time the students of the two Inns of Court remained the tenants of the Crown. In 1608, James I. (by royal letters-patent) conferred both the Temples on the Benchers of the two societies and their successors for ever.

In the Temple garden, a hundred years after the suppression of the Order, the scene of the two Roses took place—

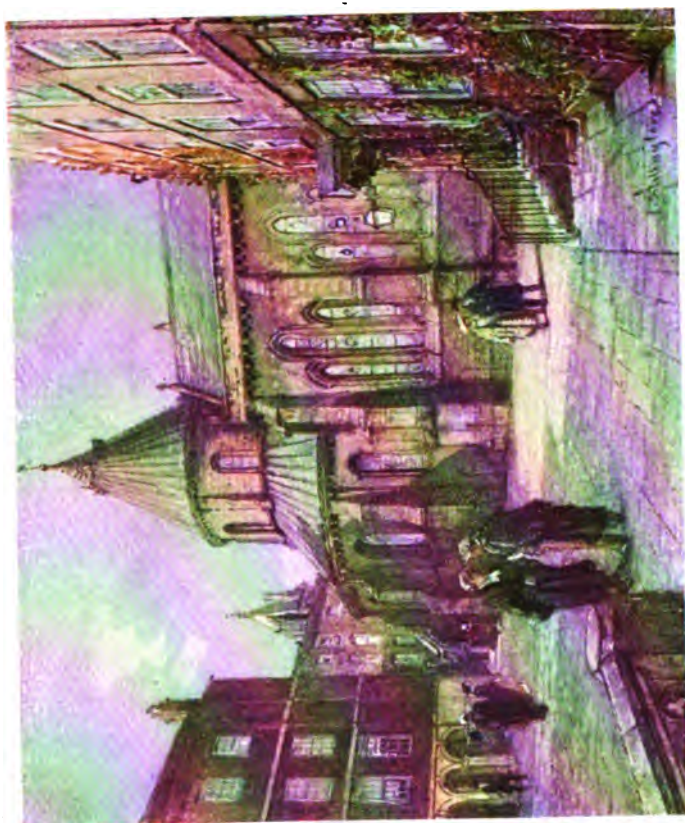
Plantagenet. If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.
Somerset. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

Plantagenet. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Somerset. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Warwick. . . . This brawl to-day
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

First Part of Henry VI. Act. II. Scene 4.

This interesting episode, if it ever really happened, probably occurred on a terraced garden overlooking the Thames, where in those days roses would flourish, as indeed they did in every London garden. At present the atmosphere of our capital is so foul and sooty that only the hardy Japanese rose will flourish within a radius of two miles from Charing Cross. To this day the Temple is fenced in on every side, and protected



TEMPLE CHURCH

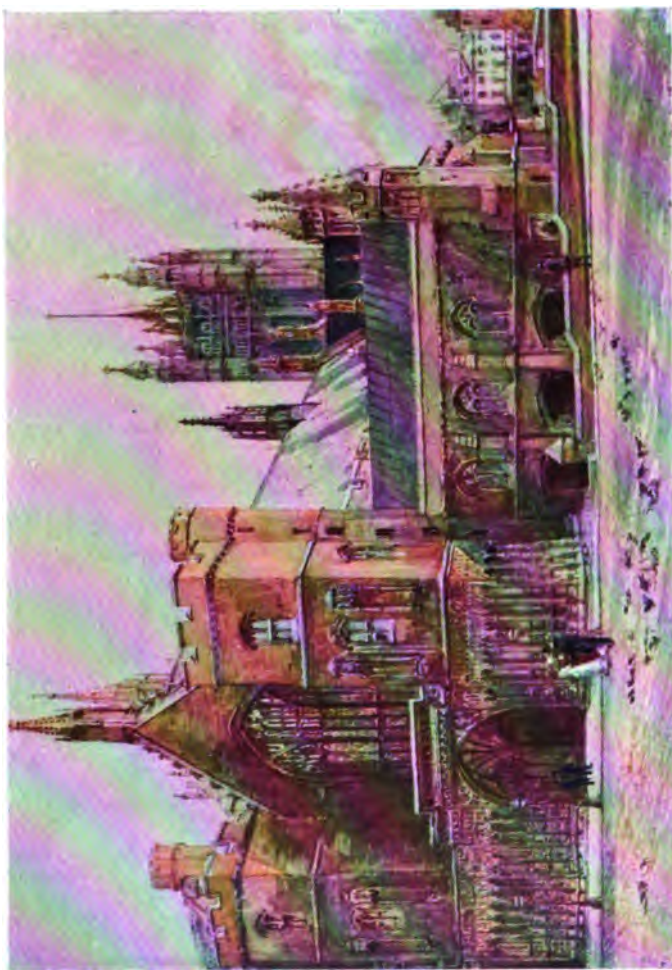
by gates. In our time ordinary iron ones replace the more massive defence, which, in the great days when the Commanders of the Temple held their court on a scale scarcely inferior to that of the Sovereign, closed with a mighty clang as Curfew sounded. To the Inner Temple, which also formed part of the Commandery, three Inns of Chancery—Lyon's Inn, Clifford's Inn, and Clement's Inn—were until lately attached. Lyon's Inn was done away with some years ago. It was so called from a guest-house or inn "held at the sign of the Lion," which in Henry the Eighth's time was sold to "gentlemen, professors and students of the Law," and by them converted into an Inn of Chancery. Clifford's Inn, a secluded and interesting old-world spot by the side of St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street,—the messuage of which was granted in 1310 by Edward II. to Robert de Clifford, whose widow let it to students of the Law in 1344 for £10 annually,—was put up to auction in 1903 and sold for a little under £100,000. Clement's Inn is the only one of the three Inns of the Inner Temple now remaining, and it too will probably soon disappear. Its name is obviously derived from its vicinity to the Church of St. Clement Dane. On a charming, quiet spot beneath the shadow of some old trees in the Inner Temple garden stands the celebrated bronze figure of a kneeling slave, which was presented to the Inn by Holes, Earl of Clare. The following sarcastic epigram was once found attached to this figure—

"In vain, poor sable son of woe,
Thou seek'st the tender tear;
From thee in vain with pangs they flow,
For mercy dwells not here.
From cannibals thou fled'st in vain;
Lawyers less quarter give;
The first won't eat you till you're slain,
The last will do't alive."

The Inner Temple was destroyed by the Great Fire of 1666, which stopped suddenly within a few yards of the Temple Church. Perhaps the most interesting relic of this Inn of Courts is the curious old house fitted up as a barber's shop in Fleet Street, which for so many years has borne an erroneous inscription stating it to have been "formerly the palace of Henry VIII.

and Cardinal Wolsey." As a matter of fact it was merely the outer gate of the Inner Temple, and probably dates from the reign of Henry VII., having, however, been greatly altered in the last quarter of the sixteenth century, and possibly even rebuilt. The ceiling of the large room on the first floor has been hitherto considered Jacobean, but a close examination of its details proves it to be of a much earlier date. The monogram of Prince Arthur, eldest brother of Henry VIII., has been recently discovered in the scheme of decoration, which is certainly the work of some Italian employed by Henry VII. The apartment is also said to have been used as a Council Room for the Duchy of Lancaster, over which Prince Arthur presided during the last year of his short life. At one time it was reported that the authorities at South Kensington had purchased it for the Victoria and Albert Museum. This appears to be an error, and the old room is to be kept intact by its present owners, who have also agreed to restore the façade on Fleet Street to its primitive condition, which, with its long bow window, closely resembled that of Sir Paul Pinder's house, formerly in Bishopsgate Street. The big room above mentioned was used by Prince Rupert as a Council Chamber. Needless to say, neither Henry VIII. nor Wolsey ever lived here, though they may have made use of the house for official purposes.

Edward III., the son of a feeble sire, was none the less the worthy grandson of Edward I. Ceaseless warfare, now with France and now with Scotland, occupied his long reign, and left him but little time to devote to the internal administration of his capital. Yet even in this direction he was not inactive. He raised the Mayoralty of London to a greater position than it had hitherto occupied, bestowing the distinction of Right Honourable and the title of Lord upon Mayor Thomas Legge in 1354, and granting him the right to have "a mace the same as royal, carried before him on all occasions of state and ceremony." So increased was the prestige of our chief citizen, that in 1357 Henry Picard had the singular honour of entertaining four kings at one banquet in the Vintry Hall. The four Majesties were those of England, France and Scotland (prisoners of war), and Cyprus. The Cypriot King, Leo de Lusignan who also claimed the throne of Armenia, had sought refuge in



WESTMINSTER HALL AND VICTORIA TOWER

England from the Venetians, and was lodged at the Queen's Wardrobe or Tower Royal. This regal banquet unfortunately ended in a gambling scandal worthy of Tranby-Croft. It seems his Cypriote Majesty, and the rest of the royal company, together with the Lord Mayor and other guests, played at dice and hazard for large stakes. To his chagrin, Lusignan, who was not rich, lost heavily to the Lord Mayor, and refused to pay up. Whereupon there was a terrible "to do." The Lord Mayor courteously offered to return the money to his guest, but the Black Prince and the French King, probably in a spirit of mischief, refused to permit any such arrangement, saying that no king could possibly refuse to pay a legitimate debt at hazard. The unfortunate Lusignan, therefore, had reluctantly to hand over his shekels to the Lord Mayor, and no doubt retired from the august assembly considerably crestfallen.¹ Whilst the kingly banquet was in progress, the Lady Mayoress, Dame Margaret Picard, entertained Queen Philippa and the great ladies of the Court. The Black Prince, after the battle of Poitiers, had brought the King of France prisoner to England, where the unfortunate monarch was treated with the greatest consideration and royally lodged in the Savoy; hence his presence at the mayoral banquet.

Who that witnessed it can ever have forgotten the pageantry of rejoicing London on the day when, crowned with the laurels of Poitiers, the young Prince of Wales rode through the streets amidst the wild acclamations of a populace which idolised him? It was on a fine April day in 1357 that the "Black Prince," so dear to the men of his time, so proudly remembered by their posterity, passed in triumph over London Bridge through Cheapside to Westminster, hailed by such crowds as the city had never seen before. The Prince, men noted, was more plainly garbed than any noble in his train. He wore his famous dark armour—battlestained. His raised vizor disclosed the well-known

¹ It may be remembered that some twenty years ago, in 1884, an Armenian gentleman named Korean de Lusignan, appeared in London, claiming the throne of Cyprus by right of descent from the last of the royal line of Lusignan. Our Government, however, did not favour his pretensions, and he retired to Pera, where he died a few years ago as an Archbishop of the Gregorian Church. The last Lusignan died in exile in Paris over a hundred years ago.

Plantagenet face, regular of feature, powerful in expression. The flashing eyes, inherited from his beautiful Spanish grandmother, shone with joy and pride. By his side, sumptuously attired, and bestriding a white charger, rode John, the captive King, received by everyone with marked respect. Each house along the line of route from Southwark to Westminster was draped with tapestry, cloth of gold and silver, and wreaths of fresh spring branches. In many places the citizens had introduced all their rich plate into the scheme of decoration, making thereby a glorious display. "In their windows, too, they exposed such quantity of bows, arrows, shields, helmets, breast and back pieces, coats of mail, gauntlets, swords, spears, battleaxes, and harness for horses, that the like had not been seen within the memory of man." The conduits ran red and white wine, huge barrels of beer were broached, acrobats and conjurors were engaged to amuse the people. So great was the concourse that, in one place, the interminable procession halted for over an hour, unable to move either back or forwards. At Westminster, Queen Philippa welcomed her illustrious son and clasped him to her breast, whilst the delighted crowd yelled itself hoarse with uncontrolled delight.

Equally magnificent had been the reception of the King himself in 1346, when, after the siege of Calais, he rode through London with the fair Queen by his side,¹ and witnessed the loving greeting bestowed upon his wife by a people who had noted the womanly tenderness which had sought and obtained mercy for the citizens of Calais. A hearty, buxom, sensible Flemish woman, with florid complexion and lovely fair hair, Philippa of Hainault seems to have possessed every womanly virtue. The patroness of Chaucer and Froissart "loved," as the Chronicler himself tells us, "to aid all knights and ladies and damsels in distress." It was she who introduced into England the lucrative trades of wool and cloth manufacture, while she wisely reopened the coalfields upon her estate of Tynedale, which had been closed since the reign of Edward I. Philippa was always attending to the wants of the poor, and "advising the rich for their good." When she entered London as a bride in 1329, a great tournament was held in her honour in the Cheap. The

¹ Maitland. Holinshed.

ill-constructed scaffold on which she and her ladies were seated suddenly gave way, and precipitated the young Queen and her fair companions to the ground. Fortunately no one was much hurt, but the King was so furious that he there and then ordered the contractor, as we should call him, and his carpenter to be hanged. On both her knees the good Queen fell before him, stubbornly refusing to rise till the men were pardoned; and so, Froissart tells us, "the people learnt to love her as no Queen was ever loved before or since." The "dear lady" had her sorrows like other mortals. The King gave her cause for jealousy, and set London a-gossiping. The institution of the Order of the Garter proves this. The lady alleged to have dropped that intimate article of dress was Catherine de Grasons, Countess of Salisbury, "a very virtuous godly lady," who frankly told the King "his thoughts were villainous." Alas! the story of the origin of the Garter is most probably a myth. It is quite true that the lady of Salisbury did plead with King Edward for her husband, then a captive of David, the Scotch King, but, let us whisper it discreetly, she never dropped her garter. The Order was *revived*, not invented, by Edward III., a blue garter and ribbon having been the badge of the Confederate Knights of Richard I. None the less, Froissart, who was secretary to Queen Philippa, distinctly points to the Countess of Salisbury as the heroine of the revived Order. "Out of his great desire to honour this lady of Salisbury, Edward III. made a great feast in August 1343. He commanded all his knights and lords to bring their wives, and especially the Earl of Salisbury, whose wife was to bring as many young ladies as she chose. Being all assembled they danced and made merry, and afterwards there was a Chapter or Convocation of the new Order held." On St. George's Day, 1344, Queen Philippa, wearing the robes of the said new Order, and the garter as a bracelet on her left arm, assisted the King to hold the first Chapter of the Garter at Windsor Castle. In olden times ladies, as well as their husbands, wore the robes and Order.¹

On the 15th of August 1369, Queen Philippa died in the arms of her husband, of a lingering illness. She had borne him twelve children, of whom eight survived. Two of them, Edward the

¹ See Sir Harris Nicholas's *History of the Order of the Garter*.

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Black Prince and John of Gaunt, have won renown in the annals of their country. This charitable woman and admirable queen rests in peace in the Confessor's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, not, however, as she had wished, by her husband's side, but at his feet. Her noble monument is a worthy specimen of the high artistic achievement of the fourteenth century. The death of the Queen seems to have withdrawn from Edward all the good that was in him. His mighty House was drawing to the close of its prosperity, and a sad and lonely end was in store for this great man !

It was in the reign of Edward III. that we find the first definite mention of that dread institution, the Star Chamber ; we are informed that "the chancellor, treasurer and justices and others sat in the *chambre de estoiles*" at Westminster. The history of this fatal Chamber, which derived its name most probably from its decoration of golden stars on a blue ground, would fill a spacious volume. It became in Tudor times a terrible power in the hands of unscrupulous sovereigns, and eventually assumed most of the dark and mysterious features of the Spanish Inquisition. Hudson tells us that "all offences may be here examined in the Star Chamber if the King will and as he wills." Its procedure was not according to the common law : it had no jury ; could prosecute on mere rumour ; could apply torture, though not capital punishment. The Long Parliament abolished the Star Chamber in 1641, but the ancient hall was for many generations included among the interesting apartments to be visited in old Westminster Palace, until the destruction, by fire, in the first half of the last century, of all that remained of the venerable pile.

The old King—not so old in years as in infirmities and sorrows—survived his queen a little over ten years. The last year of his life brought him the inexpressible grief of watching at the deathbed of his glorious son, the Black Prince, the hero of Crecy and Poitiers, who died June 8, 1376, and was buried with great pomp in Canterbury Cathedral. He left a son, Richard, who succeeded to the throne, and who displays a singular example of atavism, having harked back to his inglorious grandfather Edward II. It was a bitter disappointment for Edward III. to know, as he knew only too well, in his last hours,

that the golden flower of Plantagenet must be borne, when he himself departed, by this foolish youth.

After the death of the Queen, the failing King fell under the influence of a beautiful but avaricious adventuress, a former woman-in-waiting of the queen, one Alice Perrars. The intrigue must have been begun before Philippa's death, for in her will she leaves presents in money and gold to all her women by name, but there is no allusion to this Alice Perrars. Before the Queen had been dead many weeks, Edward, according to the *Fœdera*, made a disgraceful grant—

“Know all, that we give and concede to our beloved Alicia Perrars, late damsel of the chamber to our dearest consort Philippa deceased, and to her heirs and executors, all the jewels, goods and chattels that the said Queen left in the hands of Euphemia, who was wife to Walter de Heselarton, soldier, and the said Euphemia is to deliver them to the said Alicia on receipt of this our Order.”

A year or so before the King's decease we note one last flicker of the splendid pageantry which had marked the early years of his reign. The fair Alice, who, notwithstanding her equivocal position, was very popular, figured at a gorgeous tournament in Smithfield held in her honour. On this occasion she was dignified by the title of “Lady of the Sun.” Clad in cloth-of-gold, and blazing with jewels, she drove impudently from the Tower to Smithfield in a chariot drawn by six white horses. The sport was of an unusually tame description, for the spears and lances we are told were blunted so that they could not hurt. “The Lady of the Sun” was attended by a number of ladies of quality, each riding a white palfrey led by a knight in full armour. The whole Court of England joined in this “glorious procession” to the field, “where many gallant feats were performed by the nobility and gentry.” The pageant lasted for seven successive days, on every one of which Alice appeared in a new garment, eclipsing its predecessor in beauty and richness. This rapacious woman was in the King's bed-chamber when he expired, on the night of June 21, 1377, and is accused of having actually pulled the rings off the dying monarch's fingers.

CHAPTER XI

LONDON IN CHAUCER'S TIME

IN the reign of Edward III., London was already a large and handsome mediæval capital. A travelled man would have recognised French influences in its architectural features, though the houses, unlike those of Paris and of the towns of Northern France, which towered to the skies, were rarely more than two or three storeys in height. The chief beauty of the city was its broken and ever-varying sky-line of gable, pinnacle, tower and steeple. As seen from the Southwark side of the Thames, from the point chosen nearly three hundred years later by Wingærde for his fine sketch, the view of fourteenth-century London, with its irregular masses of buildings, its steeples and towers rising one above the other over the great river, must have been extremely beautiful.

A Florentine banker, Giovanni Frascobaldi, who was in London about the time of Chaucer, declared it to be "*una bella e piacevole citta*," a beautiful and pleasant city full of noble churches, rich monasteries, fine palaces, and pleasant gardens. He greatly admired the Bridge, and called it "*una maraviglia*," a marvel, and finer and larger than the famous Ponte Vecchio at Florence. It must, indeed, have been very picturesque with its quaint houses,—in our third Edward's time they did not as yet form a continuous street,—its towers and gateways, and its bustling crowd of all sorts and conditions of men and women. But it must have been a most inconvenient and dangerous specimen of old-world engineering. Under its low arches the current ran so strong that scarce a month passed without some disaster or other to boats attempting to "shoot" the Bridge, as the feat of passing underneath it was popularly termed.

Let us, in our endeavour to obtain a fair idea of London at this period of its history, imagine ourselves of that famed company of nine-and-twenty pilgrims immortalised by Chaucer, and able, thanks to some occult process, to live back seven hundred years. We have arrived, then, at the "gentil hostelrye, highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle," in Southwark, on a day in that fair season of the year when "Zephirus with his sweet breath" has infused new life into Nature, that hath "byn asleep the winter through." We have come, let us say, from some remote Norfolk manor, a journey which has cost us a full week's hard riding. We have enjoyed a good night's rest in the big chamber shared with six or seven other pilgrims, jolly fellows, who seem to care less for the saying of their Paters and Aves than for the relating of a good story, not so much distinguished by delicacy as by wit: a terrible job we have had to keep them quiet, for whereas we pined for slumber, they yearned to spend the night in gossip, telling tales, mocking my Lady Eglantine, the noble Prioress, her mincing ways and her over-fed canine pets; speaking none too civilly of the Wife of Bath, her red hose and her flopping hat, and jeering at the Knight's fine airs, for all that he "loved chivalrye" and

" In Gernade at the sege eek hadde he be
Of Algezir, and riden in Belmarye,
At Lyeys was he, and at Satlaye,
When they were wonne."

The yeoman who was his serving-man declares, "He hath too stingy a turn of mind." "His hose were good, but he was nat gay." Nought, however, but praise have they for the "Squyer," the Knight's stalwart "sonne," who, though only twenty years of age, has fought in "Flaundres, in Artoys, and in Picardye, and borne him well." He, at least, is always "gay"—"singing he was all the day"—and sporting a garment "embroidered like a mede, all full of freyshe flowers, whyte and rede." Of Master Geoffrey Chaucer, who has undertaken to lead the pious party safely through the leafy lanes of Kent and Surrey to St. Thomas's shrine at Canterbury, with "ful devout corage," the pilgrims have only good words to say.

We rise early, then, and leaving the Tabard, after a breakfast

of bread and meat washed down by a tankard of strong ale or a jug of milk, we sally forth to behold the sights of the capital, of which we have heard so much, and seen so little. To avoid uncongenial and uninvited company, we steal unobserved through the great arch of the famous Inn into Southwark High Street. Fain would we enter Saint Mary Overies Church, to say a Pater or an Ave before we cross the bridge, but we find the iron gate leading to its churchyard closed. My Lord Bishop of Winchester has just arrived at his Manor House, the magnificent park of which runs half-way to Lambeth,—so a clerk in a long black cassock informs us,—and no one can enter the church until his lordship has said his Mass and taken his departure; for this is a Guild day, and only members of the Confraternity of St. Catherine may be at the celebration. As we stand debating with the worthy cleric, the members of the Guild, male and female, begin to muster, and many hundreds of them throng round the gate,—the men dressed from head to feet in crimson cloth, with a long peaked hood hanging behind; a big-beaded rosary made of oak nuts, with a roughly carved crucifix, hung at the waist or slung on the arm. The women wear crimson capes, and head-dresses fashioned of white lawn, neatly folded into a quaintly-shaped coif, such as, hundreds of years hence, the peasant women of Brittany will still wear. No chance appears of our being allowed to join the Guild's company, and, being pious pilgrims, we take good care not to be seen anywhere near the notorious street closest to the shore, where the light-o'-love damsels dwell, but hurry to the entrance of the Bridge, above which some half-dozen heads of recently executed traitors are fixed, some on spikes, others in small iron cages set on long iron poles. Being fourteenth-century men we are not particularly shocked by this gory sight, for what the law decides must be right, surely, let traitor deny it who may!

Fortunately for any squeamish wight among us, if such there be on this fine morn in April 1376, but one quarter of a human body hangs spiked over the centre arch of the bridge, close to the beautiful Chapel of St. Thomas. The Bridge itself is not as yet a continuous street, but already there are a number of shops, mostly tailors, bootmakers, saddlers, jewellers, and dealers in sacred images and rosaries. When the houses now in process of

building are completed, there will be only one or two openings through which a glimpse of the river may be caught.

As we pass St. Thomas' Chapel, we doff our caps, and, the door being wide open, catch a glimpse of the crowded interior, at the extreme end of which we perceive twinkling lights surrounding a lofty catafalque. We can even hear the voices of the priests chanting Requiem for the repose of the souls of the benefactors of the Bridge, a pious duty to be performed three times a week and on every day in Lent, until the twenty-seventh year of the reign of Henry VIII. Although the hour is still very early, the Bridge is thronged with people hurrying citywards. In the centre moves a continuous procession of heavy market-carts and horses, piled with vegetables and other provisions, and led by countrymen in smock-frocks. There are no side-walks, so the apprentices, the smart young men, and the wealthy merchants have considerable ado to avoid being knocked over. Hailing from country parts where the fashions are ever two years behind the time, we are quite amazed, not to say a little shocked, at the tight-fitting garments worn by the younger men and youths, and can scarcely understand how they were ever able to get into them, for so closely do they fit that every sinew and muscle is displayed. The tints of these costumes are as vivid as those of the rainbow, and not a few are parti-coloured, brown and red, blue and white, black and blue, yellow and grey, etc., but although red predominates as a rule, the shades chosen for these extraordinary habiliments are such as are not likely to show dirt or fade in the sunlight. If we chance to fall in with a gentleman of fashion (the hour is rather early for such to be about), we are pretty certain to notice his shoes, a good three inches longer than his feet, and gilt and coloured so as to present a fair imitation of a bird-of-prey's claw. The gay hose might almost be described as painted on the wearer's legs, and the general vanity is such that, to quote a contemporary, "even the bandy-legged and spindle-legged keep in the fashion." The more elegant portions of the dress, however, are the jerkin or jacket, and the short fur-edged cloak. The hair is worn long, thrown back over the ears. The cap is a jaunty toy with a heron's or pheasant's feather stuck at the side. Some young gentlemen—but that will not be until a later hour when the ladies come abroad about

their shopping—stick a rose over the left ear, or else carry it in their teeth dangling by the stalk,—a quaint fashion, introduced, doubtless, by the Italian fops of Lombard Street. In these days of Edward III. a man past thirty is considered elderly, and consequently wears, winter and summer alike, a long cloak fastened round his body with a leathern belt. In cold weather, or when it rains, he puts on a cape and hood, but in summer time he carries these articles over his arm, and wears a furred cap, with perhaps a jewel in it. Should he be piously inclined, and have been on pilgrimage, he pins a little silver or baser metal image of Our Lady of Walsingham, or of Thomas of Canterbury, in his cap; and if ever his legs have carried him so far abroad as Spain, he sports a leaden image of St. James of Compostella, besides his cockle-shell.

Here comes a group of pilgrims (more courageous than we, who have left the outward insignia of our pilgrimage at the Tabard) with brown cloaks, cockle-shells, and sandal shoon, each with a long staff with Canterbury-bells dangling at the top in one hand, and a string of beads in the other. They have certainly come from the Confessor's shrine at Westminster, or from St. Erkenwald's at St. Paul's, and maybe will join our very own band in Southwark, and start with us for Canterbury by sunrise to-morrow. But it would take pages to describe the motley crowd through which we pass, the housewives going a-marketing with their baskets on their arms, and their extraordinary caps of stiffened lawn and buckram; the great ladies gravely proceeding to Mass with their lofty headgear, long trains upheld by a gentlewoman; the merchants, the apprentices, the beggars, the lepers, the monks, the friars, the priests, the sailors, the mountebanks, the men in armour, and on foot and on horseback; the merchants of all nations, each wearing his national costume; and last, but not least, the noisy fishwives.

No sooner are we fairly across the Bridge than, taking a short cut Tower-wards to the right, instead of continuing straight up Fish Street Hill, we find ourselves in the thick of Billingsgate Market. There are many days in the year (Wednesdays and Fridays in ordinary times, and five times a week in Lent and Advent) on which, unless they would incur the severest penalties, good Christians may not eat meat. Thus Billingsgate

is ever busy, fed with shoals of fresh fish continually brought in. Here are salmon from the Thames ; from the sea come haddocks, sprats, herrings, mackerel, soles, and shell-fish galore. The salmon is so cheap and plentiful that, when a merchant takes an apprentice, the contracting parties put in a special clause to the effect that the young gentleman is not to be expected to eat it more than three times a week. In the market we are jostled by sailors from all parts of the world : Italians, rather suspicious-looking customers, with ill-concealed daggers in their waist-bands ; Scandinavians, with an image of St. C  sir on their sleeves, who bring in the stock-fish from the Northern seas ; Flemings, who carry wine and beer, and holy pictures, and stained glass from Antwerp, Bruges, and Rotterdam ; jaunty little Frenchmen, who deal in wines,—but these do not much frequent Billingsgate, affecting rather Vintry, where there are several French taverns and hostelries kept by Normans and Picards, with elaborate sign-boards swaying over their doors, doubtless bearing such legends as “A N  tre Dame de Paris,” “A la Belle Rose,” “A N  tre Dame de Boulogne,” or “A la cit   du Havre.” Billingsgate’s chief attraction is not the sailors, but the ladies—the famous fishwives with their short skirts and big caps, their stout hearts and their strong language which has left a permanent mark on our profane vocabulary.

A street or two brings us to Tower Hill, close to the church of All-Hallows, Barking, and here we gain a splendid view of the Tower with its bastions and towers, its posterns and barbicans, its moats and ditches, its mighty walls and stately gates, in all their feudal glory. And, “by Our Lady,” we are lucky pilgrims ! for lo ! look ! see ! the people are running like mad ! How swiftly does the shouting crowd gather !—The King, ay, and the Queen too !—And over the drawbridge, after the sounding of trumpets, comes the most stately and glittering procession of knights armed cap-  -pie, their sweeping, many-coloured plumes fluttering in the breeze ; prelates in their violet robes ; ambassadors in their richly furred garments ; and venerable barons who can scarce bestride their steeds,—my Lord of Huntingdon, for instance, who is more than fourscore year and ten,—besides gay and gallant gentlemen, like my young Lord of Nevill, whose surcoat is so covered with noble quarterings wrought in gold on vivid

colouring that it would take one learned in heraldry a morning to decipher them. Knight after knight, heralds, standard-bearers, trumpeters, sweep past us,—in flashing armour, in surcoats of velvet, blue and scarlet, like a field full of poppies and corn-flowers,—till comes at last the climax of England's wealth and greatness—the King, the mighty Edward III., arrayed in russet velvet richly furred with ermine. No crown upon his head, only a casque of burnished steel on which a huge carbuncle, red as blood and bright as fire, clasps three sweeping white ostrich feathers. No need for such a man as this to wear a crown, for nature herself has made him every inch a king! Towering above the tallest of his subjects, Edward's features are noble, his long hair is "neither yellow nor red but a fair mixture of silver and gold," his blue eyes bright and piercing as steel. But although his habitual expression is stern, and even cruel, when the acclamations of his subjects touch his heart he can smile as sweetly and pleasantly as any man in England. Beside the King rides the Queen, on a black palfrey; a tall, portly lady with a cheery, kindly face, her magnificent fair hair, said almost to reach the ground, concealed by a helmet-shaped head-dress of the finest lawn, reproducing the King's casque in every detail except the feathers. Her riding-dress is of plain grey cloth, made something like a modern divided skirt so as to enable her to sit her horse man-fashion, side-saddles having yet to be invented. Behind the King and Queen comes a train of lords and ladies, chattering pleasantly as they jog along. The cortège is closed by about five hundred men-at-arms in full armour. As the King and Queen pass, every knee is bent, the commoner people dropping on both and crossing themselves as though the Host were being carried by.

As soon as the royal procession is out of sight we make our way into Eastcheap, where there is a meat market, but we turn aside from the bustle, and presently reach Lombard Street. Here we are in the midst of the Italian quarter, where the rich Lombard, Genoese, Lucchese, and Florentine merchants, not to mention a few Venetians, conduct their banking business. Ever and anon we pause to peep into their cavernous shops, fascinated by their display of foreign goods, piles of Venetian sarcenets, bales of Milanese cloths of gold and silver, Florentine brocades and Genoese velvets, which attract alike the great ladies of Queen

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THE TOWER OF LONDON

Philippa's Court and the rich city dames. And whilst we cast a lingering glance at these heaped-up luxuries, we thank our stars our own good wives have stayed at the Tabard along with the Prioress and her lap-dogs, else would our purses be lighter than we choose to have them! See how, in the hazy light, the Court ladies, looking like ghosts in their trailing garments and their strange head-dresses, wastefully spend their husbands' gold on useless tissues and Venetian gauzes fine as cobwebs, which cost a ransom for a yard, can only serve once or twice, and are then inevitably cast aside! These Lombard merchants, it is reported, surpass the Jews in cunning and usury, and some great ladies are said to be so completely in their clutches, by reason of the great debts they have incurred for finery and suchlike trumpery, that they scarce dare call their lives their own, and are slaves to these foreigners, who act as go-betweens in clandestine negotiations with themselves and their husbands, for the selling of State secrets, the raising of loans, and the pledging of jewels and plate. The common folk hold these merchants to be, not what they pretend—Pope's men—but the old Jews the King has turned out, come back with new names.

In Eastcheap we find a very different scene. In Poultry we stumble over baskets of hens, ducks and geese, and are deafened by the screeching of all the birds that fly beneath the heavens. At the booths in and about the Cheap a man may buy everything that is sold on earth, new clothes and old, crockery and herbs, tinware and laces, cakes and beer, bread and meat; but it is a noisy place, i'faith, where cooks are for ever preparing roasts and stews, and the air reeks with a wholesome scent of crackling. The Cheap is the very beginning and end of the world, and of a bright morning every sort of man and woman that God has created—good, bad, and indifferent, honest and dishonest, saints and sinners—may there be met. Here's a friar mounted on a barrel, preaching the way to Heaven; and yonder, a man in the stocks, put there for selling light measure of bread, at whom the people, roaring with laughter, are pelting all the rotten eggs they can lay their hands on, and doubtless paying off a few old scores. So zealously do they work that the poor wretch is as yellow as saffron already, and howling dismally, being badly cut and much maltreated.

And here, by way of contrast, comes a lengthy procession, this time of monks, bedesmen, guildsmen, and women with tapers in their hands, psalm-singing, preceding an image of Our Lady of Joy, borne under a canopy of flowers by maidens crowned with roses. As the cortège passes, the buyers and the sellers cease their chatter, oaths die on rough lips, and the unseemly jest half-told will not be finished till Our Lady has passed on well out of sight.

But at last we reach Paul's,—the mightiest cathedral in England. We make our way into the vast building by the western door, gazing first at the three stately gates, the centre one of which has massive pillars of brass to which the leaves of the great doors are fastened. When our eyes become accustomed to the rich light falling through the splendid windows, we are lost in wonderment at the exceeding majesty of the longest and finest nave of any church in Christendom. Like all great Norman naves, it is at once very grand and very simple, albeit the sturdy Norman pillars have been lately masked by groups of slender graceful columns. The nave has twelve bays, and measures nearly 300 feet from the entrance to the first of the four huge clustered columns that support the tower. The roof above us is 93 feet in height—the chancel and choir about 10 feet loftier; these too have twelve bays, and, with the Lady Chapel, make an unbroken vista of nearly 700 feet¹ of column and arch, focussed by the world-famous Rose Window in the eastern end, considered the most beautiful and the largest in Europe. Filled with the jewelled glass peculiar to the thirteenth century, it gleams and glows like a huge brooch set with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires. So high is the vault above it, and so lost in shadow, that we cannot exactly guess the material of which it is constructed; most probably it is built of wood. Presently we perceive a large aperture in the roof, which is used at Whitsuntide, as we are

¹ Dugdale says the length of the building was 690 feet, breadth 130 feet, height of roof 102 feet, height of roof of new fabric 88 feet, height of spire from level ground 260 feet, height of wooden spire 274 feet; total 520 feet. Mr. Edmund B. Ferrey, who drew his conclusions from Hollar's plans, considered Dugdale's figures untrustworthy, and fixed the length of the church at 596 feet, breadth 104 feet, height of vault 93 feet, of choir roof 104 feet, height of steeple 285 feet, height of spire 208 feet.

informed by an amiable little cleric in a long white cassock, who has joined us and offered to be our cicerone, to admit a white pigeon, let down by a wire at High Mass to symbolise the Holy Ghost. He points to the Rood loft spanning the chancel arch, and tells us that whilst the dove is fluttering down, a chorister, dressed as an angel with golden wings, appears under the enormous Crucifix of the Rood, swinging a great silver censer and wafting a most pleasing perfume into the church below. In the stupendous nave are many tombs:—tombs of knights who have fought in the Crusades, or in the late French wars; most of them with their helmets, spears, shields, and other panoply of battle, suspended above their recumbent effigies; tombs of the olden bishops, who blessed London in late Saxon and early Norman times; tombs of gallant warriors and stately dames, of rich burghers and merchants, prelates and scholars. Our attention is particularly directed to the ancient tombs of the Saxon kings—Seba and Etheldred—and to the superb monuments of Bishop Eustachius de Frauconbridge and of Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, who reclines cross-legged upon his altar-tomb with his helmet and spear affixed above him.

Presently our friendly cleric opens a door to the right, near the western entrance, and admits us immediately into the parish Church of St. Gregory, which was incorporated in the Cathedral a hundred years before this time. Here stands a rich image of the holy Pope who first sent Augustine to preach the Faith amongst us. Having recited an Ave, Pater, and Credo in his honour, we continue along the nave in company of our guide, till we reach the space below the central tower, when we obtain a fine view of the nave and choir, and of the two rather short transepts, slightly out of proportion to the rest of the church, both with noble entrances from the churchyard. From this point of vantage we can admire the rows of superb windows, filled with magnificent stained glass, that so happily subdues the otherwise garish whiteness of the stone of which the Cathedral is built. Near the door of the south transept we enter the Chapel of St. John the Evangelist, where, upon the altar, stands a solid silver image of the beloved Apostle, before which many silver lamps or "Lights" burn day and night; yet a few paces farther on, a flight of seven steps admits us into the small, but exceedingly

lofty, Chapter House, with eight exquisite windows all filled with stained-glass "pictures" depicting the history of St. Paul and of the Virgin Mary. Round this beautiful apartment stand the elaborately carved seats of the Dean and Chapter, centred by the Bishop's throne.

As we pass out of the Chapter House we bend the knee, and, before making the sign of the Cross, touch, with our right hands, the feet of an immense image of the Crucified Saviour, hanging between the wall and the entrance to the chancel. As yet no heavy stone screen intercepts our full view of the chancel, choir, and Lady Chapel, but only a light and elegant wooden structure, above which, at a dizzy height, is the Rood loft, with its great gilded Crucifix, flanked on either side by figures of Our Lady and of St. John. Twelve silver lamps burn perpetually under these three sacred figures, which are supported by a richly carved parapet, broad enough for two persons to walk abreast. The choir and chancel are indescribably splendid. The Bishop's throne, the stalls of the Canons and Minor Canons and the two hundred ¹ Chantry-Priests, whose duty it is to say daily Masses for the repose of the souls of departed benefactors, are superbly carved and even gilded. The brazen lectern is a marvel of art, and represents a mighty eagle whose widely spread wings bear a gorgeously illuminated Missal. There are two other lecterns, one to the right, for the Gospel, the other, to the left, for the Epistle; these are smaller, and of solid silver.

The High Altar has a reredos of carved wood coated with gold, with five bas-reliefs, painted and gilded, illustrating the chief events in the life of the patron of the church—St. Paul. The tall Crucifix is of pure gold, and on either side of it stand three massive gold candlesticks set with gems. There are two other altars connected with the High Altar, one to the north, dedicated to St. Ethelbert, King and Confessor, and the other on the south to St. Mellitus. These sumptuous altars were originally dedicated, on March 24, 1339, by Richard de Byentworth, Bishop of London. Close by, between two columns, is a beautiful tablet of metal enamelled with twenty-

¹ There were no less than two hundred altars and shrines in various parts of the church.

four pictures of the Passion and framed in carved wood, which in 1309 cost two hundred marks.

Between two columns opposite hangs a large triptych representing, in the middle, St. Paul holding his sword; on the left his Conversion, on the right his Martyrdom. Before this picture three golden lamps burn night and day. To the right of the altar is a richly-carved sideboard covered with fine linen, on which is arranged the sumptuous plate used at High Mass. Curtains or veils of white silk hang on either side of the reredos, they are elaborately embroidered in gold and coloured silks, with the Cathedral monogram and the arms and monograms of King Edward III. and his Queen Philippa. They form part of a set of eight pairs of curtains, all similarly embroidered, but in colours appropriate to the various Feasts of the Church,—red for a martyr, green for Ember Days, cloth-of-gold for the feast of Corpus Christi, white for the feasts of the Holy Ghost and of the Blessed Virgin, violet for Lent, black for the Requiems for the dead. These curtains have been but lately presented to the church by the aforesaid pious King and Queen.

Passing through the Sanctuary, behind the High Altar, we find, to the east, the world-renowned shrine of St. Erkenwald, Bishop of London in 693, whose bones were translated and placed in this precious tomb on 14th November 1148. Who shall describe the rich store of gold and silver that dazzles our eyes when the wooden screen is lifted and we behold the actual shrine, with its countless little golden images of saints and angels arranged in niches, or perched on pinnacles, and seeming to flutter about the golden statue of the saint himself, who, with mitre on head, and hands clasped, lies stretched as upon a bed of rest, having over him a representation of the coronation of the Virgin, with figures of angels who bear between them a celestial diadem that blazes with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, beryls, and other gems. Hung about the interior of the shrine are countless necklaces of pearls and jewels, and, amongst other treasures, some thousand wedding-rings bequeathed to Holy Erkenwald by pious widows who have passed into the regions of eternal bliss untempted by any desire to take unto themselves a second spouse. Now tapers are lighted, and, with other pilgrims who have assembled, we fall upon our knees, and sing

a hymn in honour of the Holy Bishop, after which a priest holds to our lips a relic of him, which we reverently kiss. Close to Saint Erkenwald's are two other much frequented shrines—that of St. Norman, Bishop of London, and that of Roger Niger, also Bishop of London, who died in 1241, and whose Feast is held on 29th September. The pavement round this latter shrine, which is of stone chiselled like lace-work, and full of costly jewels, is literally worn away by countless pilgrims' knees.

A little farther on, we reach the tomb of Ralph de Henegham, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. We see him depicted in his robes on a monumental brass, placed on the marble slab of his altar-tomb. Beyond is the Chapel of St. George, where a silver statue of that saint, spearing the dragon, stands on a column.

Farther yet we come to the magnificent Lady Chapel, with its stately altar dedicated to Our Lady of the Assumption, over which is a life-sized image of the Blessed Virgin, ascending into heaven, surrounded by an almond-shaped halo of fiery tongues. The huge stained-glass window, bearing in its centre the "Rose of Roses," the most wonderful rose window in the world, sheds all the colours of the prism into Our Lady's radiant Chapel. Next we are shown the exquisite altar linen, the edges of which are embroidered in many colours, in the device of Our Lady's favourite flowers, intermingled with her monogram. To the north of this chapel, twenty-six steps lead us down to the crypt of St. Faith, all that remains of the parish church of that name, destroyed to make room for the choir of the Cathedral, which virtually rests on this crypt. Here are several small but perfectly appointed chapels, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, St. Anne, St. Sebastian, and St. Radegund. The life-sized image of St. Sebastian pierced with arrows is an object of great veneration, and there are always a dozen or so of worshippers, rich and poor, kneeling before it. It is in this crypt that the wealthy Guild of Jesus assembles every Friday to hear Mass and discuss the distribution of its alms. On Transfiguration Day this Guild comes through the streets in solemn procession, the members wearing their liveries of blue cloth and silver. Other Guilds belonging to the Cathedral gather in the crypt on certain days of the year. The Guilds of St. Catherine, of the Annuncia-

tion, of all Saints, and the Minstrels' Guild, hold their meetings in the Lady Chapel. That of All Souls assembles at least once a month in the Charnel-House.

Now our friendly guide leads us into the Sacristy, where we inspect the rich treasury, containing almost as many relics of the Passion, of Our Lady, of the Apostles and Saints, as St. Peter's at Rome or St. Sophia's at Constantinople. The greater number of them, truly, were taken from this last-named sanctuary by the Crusaders, at the time of the siege of Constantinople, when Western Europe acquired its most precious relics. Some of them, notably the fragments of the True Cross, found their way not only to St. Paul's, but to distant northern shrines. After devoutly kissing some of these sacred treasures, we are allowed to inspect the gorgeous shrines and monstrances which contain them, and which are so thickly studded with precious stones, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds as almost to conceal their golden framework.

Next we are shown the twenty golden candlesticks, the jewelled ampules, the twenty-four golden censers used at High Mass, the silver and gold basins, the nine jewelled mitres, and a rare jewel lately given to St. Erkenwald's shrine by King John of France. Then the gorgeous vestments worn on high days and holidays are laid before our delighted gaze. We behold nearly a hundred copes of cloth-of-gold richly embroidered, all of a pattern, worn in the great processions by the Canons, Minor Canons, and Chantry-Priests. We are even shown the white mitre embroidered with "little flowers" which the Boy Bishop wears on Holy Innocents' Day, and his episcopal staff of gilded copper adorned with many figures of saints. He and his train of boys sit in the choir at High Mass, and he blesses the congregation; a child's blessing is worth an old man's any day. The Missals "according to the use of St. Paul's Cathedral" are of exceeding beauty, glowing with illuminations within, and their magnificent covers, on which gold and silver work is introduced as freely as if it were common wood, sparkling with gems without. The choir and music-books, too, are marvels of penmanship and costly binding.¹

¹ See for particulars of the treasury, choir-books, vestments, etc., of old St. Paul's, an inventory taken in 1229, and quoted in full in Dugdale's *Monastrium*.

The Treasurer chancing to be in the Sacristy, and seeing we are strangers, volunteers, with great courtesy, to show us a large and precious ring of gold, set with a ruby the size of a pigeon's egg, under which, so we are told, a Drop of the True Blood of Christ lies. So many costly cups and chalices of gold and silver, and such heaps of precious stones does he exhibit to our dazzled vision, that we are deeply convinced that Solomon's Temple could scarce have shown us greater riches. From this gentle Treasurer we learn that in the service of the mighty Cathedral the Bishop of London holds the most honourable place, and that on all the great Feasts, when he officiates, the Dean and Clergy, wearing their silken copes, meet him at the western door, and conduct him, with his secretaries, household, and chaplains, to the High Altar, where he says Mass and Vespers. The Dean replaces the Bishop in his absence, and under him are the Sub-Dean, the Archdeacons, the Treasurer, the Precentor, and the Chancellor. There are thirty Canons and twelve Minor Canons, all bound to keep canonical hours, and to attend daily in their stalls at High Mass, Matins, Nonnes, and Vespers. Each Major Canon has his Vicar, and each Minor Canon his Chaplain. To these are added two hundred Chantry-Priests and an army of choir-boys, minstrels, acolytes, thurifers, —who swing the censers,—lower clerics and sacrists.

The Treasurer now tells us of the special services of the Cathedral: the rites of the Boy Bishop, who comes to St. Paul's on Holy Innocents' Day and St. John's Feast, wearing a white mitre embroidered with little flowers and carrying a rich pastoral staff in his hand. Being welcomed by the clergy, who meet him at the great door, he is conducted in procession to the choir, and installed in the Bishop's throne, where he stays through Mass, after which he goes to the centre of the altar and blesses the kneeling people. Then, after being conducted processionally round the church, with all his team of boys he proceeds to a banquet in the Bishop's house. Good Master Treasurer next describes the Feast of the Roe-Buck. Sir William Baud, now over a hundred years deceased, was, it would seem, a worthy knight, who in the year 1274 granted to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, twenty-two acres of land within the Manor of Westly in Essex, a good doe "seasonable and sweet" in winter, and a

good buck on the day of St. Paul's Conversion, which falls in mid-summer. The doe and the buck were to be brought to the church, and there, according to Sir William's last will and testament, offered "for ever." On the Feast of St. Paul, the buck is led up to the High Altar, at the hour of the procession, and there blessed. Afterwards, the Dean and Chapter, apparelled in copes and vestments, and crowned with roses,—a kind of headgear which is, as you will probably surmise, not becoming to all,—order the buck to be slain outside, the carcass to be sent to the cooks, and the head brought back into the church and set up on a pole. Then, singing psalms and hymns the while, they carry the head in solemn procession all round the sacred building. The vestments worn by the clergy on this occasion are embroidered with representations of the buck's head and horns.

Our gentle entertainer adds to his many favours one last and greater one, by giving us authority to ascend the Cathedral tower, and so behold the marvellous view of London, lying like a gem bedded in a circle of emeralds—the matchless woods and hills and green meadows that enfold the busy city.¹

It is a wonderful prospect indeed on which we gaze from the central tower of the mighty church in this year of grace 1376. There is not a touch to mar our delight, for at this great elevation all that is unsavoury in the ill-drained street is beyond sight and scent. Emerging from the winding staircase that leads to the parapet at the base of the spire, we find ourselves 308 feet above the pavement, the spire rising 204 feet above us again, making the entire height of the Cathedral some 520 feet.² Leaning over, we have an excellent bird's-eye view of the Cathedral precincts, an irregular aggregation of buildings, mostly in the Early English style of architecture, some, however, springing from old Norman foundations, that still retain their rounded arches and archaic decorations. A wall built in 1109, but

¹ In many a mediæval representation of the Temptation, Our Lord is shown standing on a Gothic pinnacle with Satan by His side, surveying just such a mediæval city as was London in Edward the Third's time.

² The present Cathedral, including the ball and cross, rises only 404 feet above the level of the street.

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greatly strengthened at the end of the thirteenth century, guards the churchyard and the rest of the sacred enclosure. This wall has six gates, opened, all the year round, at dawn, and shut at sunset, to prevent disorderly scenes and nocturnal adventures, and even murders. To the right, and a little beyond the wall, are two narrow streets of one-storied houses, Paternoster Row and Ave Maria Lane, where rosaries, religious manuscripts, sacred pictures, reliquaries, and pilgrims' medals are sold; and a little farther afield is Amen Lane, where the spurriers or spur-makers ply their trade. The great cloister is on the north side of the church. It is of Norman architecture, built in Henry the Third's time.¹ The "Pardon" churchyard, which has been the principal burial-place of the victims of the "Black Death," lies just beyond the cloister. In the centre of the said "Pardon" stands Gilbert à Becket's² richly decorated chapel, dedicated to St. Thomas and St. Anne, and nearly as full of fine monuments as the Cathedral itself.³ To the north side, too, is the Charnel-House or Chapel, built in 1282.⁴

Beyond the "Pardon" churchyard is the college of Minor Canons; and yet a little farther on, in an open space, rises the famous outdoor pulpit known as Paul's Cross.⁵ The exact date of the erection of this Cross is not known, but it certainly was a place of popular meeting at a very remote date. It is first mentioned in 1250, but no doubt existed long before that date.⁶ Here sermons are preached, especially in summer-time, proclamations and State announcements are read, and ecclesiastical excommunications launched. Witches and heretics,

¹ Walter de Sherrington had it decorated in the fifteenth century with the famous series of frescoes representing the Dance of Death, which were destroyed in Edward the Sixth's reign, when Protector Somerset carted off the material of the cloister to build his palace in the Strand.

² He was Chief Magistrate of London in the reign of Stephen.

³ Rebuilt by Bishop More in the fifteenth century.

⁴ Rebuilt in Henry the Sixth's reign by Walter de Sherrington, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Pulled down in Edward the Sixth's time, at the Dissolution of the Chantries.

⁵ An inscription let into the pavement of the pretty quiet garden on the east side of the present churchyard records the exact spot, the foundations having been discovered forty years ago.

⁶ None of these buildings, excepting the Chapter House, Cloisters, and Paul's Cross, were in existence at the end of the sixteenth century.

and other notorious sinners, do penance at Paul's Cross, standing by it in white sheets, with tapers in their hands, to the edification of the orthodox and jeering mob. The bell tower at the east end of the churchyard is a sort of detached campanilla, with lead-covered spire and four huge bells.

On certain occasions the Mayor, the Aldermen, and Sheriffs, and even the Sovereign himself, come to the Cross to hear a famous preacher or listen to some theological disputation. Boxes are then built for their accommodation against the Cathedral wall, and wooden benches are provided for the general public on payment of a small fee. Nestling close to the southern transept, and enclosed by a curious little double-storied walled-in cloister, is the small but very lofty Chapter House, famous for the magnificence of its windows and stained glass. North-west is the Bishops' Palace, a vast, irregular pile, not unlike a fortress, centred by a huge square tower, where heretics and persons suspected of heresy are confined. Many a king has been lodged and entertained in the Bishop's Great Hall. To the south lie the deanery, the brewery, and the bake-house, with a long, two-storied building which serves as a dormitory for the choir-boys. The precincts form a sort of sacerdotal citadel, the large population of which is solely occupied in the unceasing services of the Cathedral. And in the precincts and the cloisters we note the countless pigeons that there abide, and are most familiar with the people who often feed them with crusts of bread.¹

Beyond the walls of the enclosure the delighted spectator's gaze wanders over the city, stretched beneath him like a map,—or rather, like a maze, so narrow and crooked are its streets and alleys. Two leading thoroughfares, nearly parallel, run straight across London—one from the Tower through Fleet Street to Charing Cross, the other from Aldgate to Newgate, and thence to the Oxford Road. The first, which takes its rise at Tower Hill, and changes its name three times on its way

¹ Pigeons have haunted St. Paul's Cathedral from time immemorial. Stowe tells us that the Paul's boys were called by the boys of St. Anthony "pigeon boys." The Holy Anthony's urchins were, on the other hand, called "pig boys"; a pig being usually represented in the society of the saintly hermit.

to the Cathedral, becoming Tower Street, Eastcheap, and Watling Street in turn, may be said, when it reaches Paul's, to slip under the length of the church, to reappear at the other end as Ludgate Hill, and finally, after escaping through Temple Bar, to become the Strand. The second artery, broader, and in a sense more important, runs direct from Aldgate under the name of Leadenhall Street. On its right lies the magnificent Priory of Holy Trinity, and beyond this the Nunnery of Great St. Helen's. It changes its name, converting itself into Cornhill, at the corner of Gracechurch Street, where stands the Church of St. Benet, popularly known as Grasse or Grace Church.¹ At the junction of Gracechurch, Cornhill, Leadenhall, and Bishopsgate Streets, there is a large market-cross. Cornhill leads from Leadenhall to the Poultry, and the Poultry leads to West Cheap (Cheapside), thence, by a slight deviation, the road meanders to St. Nicholas Shambles, through Newgate, down Snow Hill, over a bridge spanning the Fleet into Holborn, and so on to Tyburn Road.

From our point of vantage below the spire, we can follow the whole stately range of the city walls, with their turrets and gates, girdling the city on three sides, whilst the Thames protects it on the fourth. The first great building to attract attention—possibly because one instinctively looks for it—is the Tower, which looks, as it were, the formidable chain of walls at their eastern extremity. If St. Paul's, with its environment of priestly pomp and wealth, adequately represents the ecclesiastical magnificence of mediæval London, the Tower illustrates, equally well, its military power and grandeur. The Conqueror's White Tower, rising, round and square, from the midst of its lowlier fellows, seems, with its embattled walls, deep moats, and broad ditches, to defy Time itself.

Below the bridge, the Thames is like a "forest which has lost its leaves in Winter," so thick are the masts of the countless ships loading and unloading beside the interminable line of quays and wharfs. These are not the painted and fantastic boats of Roman and Saxon days, but large vessels, carrying

¹ This church was rebuilt after the Great Fire and was standing as late as 1867, when it was finally swept away to make room for "modern improvements."

their decks high above the water. From our point of vantage we watch the commercial activity of the great river, and note the many white sails passing up and down the placid stream, that winds through the flat, deserted-looking country out to the distant horizon. The few houses, dotted here and there, look like dice dropped by a careless player over a pale green cloth. On the other side of the wall, just beyond Aldgate, we may, if we care to look for it, catch a glimpse of the only extra-mural convent in the east end, the Minories, a Franciscan Nunnery of Poor Clares, with a pretty church and slender steeple. Yet a little farther afield is the village of Whitechapel, with its hermitage. To the left, on the outer side of the wall, a row of gabled almshouses marks the length of Houndsditch, opposite which spread the open fields and pleasure gardens, where, of a summer's afternoon, youths and boys display their prowess in manly sports, watched by crowds of holiday-makers, who bet on the "winner," drink their beer at the end of the field, and very often grow both drunk and disorderly. Drink is one of the vices with which our early Franciscan missionaries have had most to contend.¹ The peaceful hamlet yonder in the midst of a common, a good way beyond Houndsditch, is Spitalfields.

Turning our gaze into the heart of the city, where its pulse beats fastest, and thence down to the Thames, we observe that beyond Broad Street, Three Needles (Threadneedle) Street, and Lothbury, there is plenty of space for house-building, and we note many an old mansion surrounded by pleasant gardens and orchards, over the walls of which in springtime the apple and pear trees peep pink and white with bloom. The atmosphere, uncontaminated by coal smoke, is as clear as in the country, and the frequent fogs and white mists cleanse rather than sully the red bricks of the houses and the foliage of the trees.

In the denser part of the city the houses present a singularly confused aspect. So irregularly are they built, and so closely packed, that they look like part of one immense building, with an interminable red-tiled roof and countless stacks of tall

¹ Very soon after its settlement in London, the Order of Francis possessed a prototype of Father Mathew in the person of Father Anthony, who went about in a cart preaching total abstinence.

chimney-pots, quaint pinnacles, twisted turrets, fantastic gargoyles, and all the other architectural eccentricities peculiar to this age, when everybody is his own untrained architect and designer. Here and there are profound ruts and darksome zig-zags which their inhabitants describe as streets, many of them with names that, even in the twentieth century, will be as familiar as household words,—Cannon Street, Cheapside, Poultry, Jewry, Cornhill, St. Swithin's Lane, Wallbrook, Shore-ditch, Friday Street, Milk Street, Bread Street, Barbican, Knightrider Street, Bishopsgate Street Within and Without, St. Mary Axe, Mincing Lane, Crutched Friars, Candlewick Street, Bucklersbury, and so forth. Every house in these irregular lane-like ways differs from its neighbour in design and height, but there is not one, however humble, that has not some intrinsic interest, for the cross-beams and woodwork are all carved by hand. Even the lowness of the houses has its advantage, adding to the dignity of the fortresses, palaces, and churches, and giving them, by contrast, twice their real height and size. Delightful, again, to the eye, are the gardens and the trees. Every house has its patch of garden, and there are old trees in all the many (too many!) churchyards.

These churches are innumerable, and their countless spires and towers enliven the monotony of the sea of red housetops. We see tall, extinguisher-shaped steeples, like that of St. Mary Woolnoth in the wool markets, or of St. Martin's Pomeroy, so called because it was built in an orchard or "Pommerie" hard by the Mercers' Hall, and the lofty little church of St. Thomas Acon, which, with its quaint hospital, was founded by Gilbert à Becket, father of St. Thomas. Yonder, rises the fine square Tower of St. Michael, Cornhill, with four gargoyles, one at each corner. St. Michael must be a popular saint, for we can count no less than six other churches dedicated to him—St. Michael ad Bladum, St. Michael Basinghall, St. Michael Paternoster, St. Michael Crooked Lane, and St. Michael Wood Street. Yon sturdy tower attached to St. Sythes' Church in Bucklersbury was lately rebuilt in Edward the Second's reign.

In Jewry stands the new church of St. Olave Upwell, and beyond it the square tower of Cole Church. "Over against" the Conduit in Cheapside, and seemingly close upon it—but

parted from it, in reality, by several streets—is the parish church of St. Stephen, which was a synagogue in the first years of the late King Edward the First's reign. Bow Church stands out well, a large handsome building famous for its bells. Its fine tower, very high, rises on four tall arches, whence its name—Bow. Tower upon tower, and steeple after steeple, we see—a forest of them—St. Alphage, St. Andrew Undershaft, St. Anthony in Budge Row, St. Augustine-in-the-wall, St. Leonard, St. James Garlick Hill, St. Clement's Eastcheap, St. Dunstan-in-the-East, St. Nicholas, St. Catherine Cree, St. Catherine Cole, St. Margaret Pattens, St. Mary Woolchurch, St. Mary de Montalto, St. Benet Grasse Church, and so forth, through a good tenth of the saints in the Calendar.¹ Bow steeple has lately been rebuilt. It fell down quite suddenly in 1271, and killed many men and women. But of all the spires in London, none equals the newly-built one of the Priory of Austin Friars, the "tallest, thinnest and shapeliest" of them all, which lifts its elegant height from the midst of what was recently the Jewry.²

Here and there huge piles of stern feudal masonry rise like rocks out of the sea of roofs, and mark the fortified town-mansions of such great nobles as the Nevills, Oxfords, Beauchamps, Talbots, Huntingdons, Percys, Worcesters, and others. Not far from Wallbrook, close to the Vintry towers, stands the formidable fortress known as Tower Royal, once a royal dwelling, in which good King Stephen lived, and lately restored by Queen Philippa as her wardrobe. In Botolph Lane, by Billingsgate Street,—a narrow, nasty, fishy-smelling street near the famous market,—the FitzAlbans, Earls of Arundel, have their great, square town-house. Yonder stunted tower is the "Tun," a prison into which refractory "night-walkers" are taken, for if anybody, male or female, of suspicious appearance, or bearing

¹ Many of these churches disappeared for ever in the Great Fire; others were rebuilt by Wren, but their supporters have, if we may use the old-fashioned term, "flitted" to Kensington, Clapham, Croydon, Peckham, Westbourne, and Upper Tooting. A few of these old city churches, rebuilt after the Fire of 1666, are still suffered to afford spiritual consolation to dwindled congregations; and guard, like veteran watchers, their venerable traditions and the illustrious dead that sleep within their walls and under the old trees in their diminished churchyards.

² Stowe's *Annals*.

arms, be seen loitering about after Curfew, unless he be some great personage, he is immediately arrested—"for the public safety"—to pass the night, with other unfortunates, in the "Tun," until it is ascertained whether they be "honest folk or not."

The view from the parapet overlooking the west front of the church is if anything more beautiful than the prospect we have just enjoyed. The churches are finer, and the new buildings beyond the walls are seen to greater advantage in the midst of their spreading orchards and gardens.

To the left, almost on a line with the façade of the Cathedral, and rising directly from the Thames, is the immense turreted building known as Baynard's Castle, now a royal residence. Here the late king, Edward II., built a lofty tower, which his son bestowed on William, Duke of Hamelake. Another great building a little farther down the Thames, with many clustered turrets at its four angles, is Beaumont House; and beyond it comes Sir Simon Burley's town mansion, with a fine orchard and terrace on the river, near to which is Paul's Wharf and the ferry station. Close to Paul's Wharf is the vast mansion of the very illustrious Lady Margaret, who was daughter to Edward the First's son, Prince Thomas de Brotherton.¹

Immediately opposite the main entrance to the Cathedral is a gate-house, opening on to a space on which the Canons of St. Paul's had lately built a street of houses called Bowier Row, principally inhabited by the makers of bows and arrows, whose Guild Hall is not far off. The street beyond, which descends so abruptly to the Fleet, is Ludgate Hill. It is spanned at Ludgate by a covered bridge, beyond which Fleet Street runs to Temple Bar, with good houses and gardens on either side of the roadway. But the most remarkable building on the Thames side of the Cathedral is the great Friary and Church of St. Anne of the Blackfriars. The city wall had been thrown down and rebuilt, so as to include the magnificent church, cloisters, and hall within its protecting circuit. The gardens and orchards of Blackfriars, terraced down to the margin of the river, are famous for their fruit and flowers. The church is nearly as large and beautiful as Westminster

¹ This house was afterwards inhabited by Edward the Fourth's mother, the Duchess of York.

Abbey, and is already a favourite place of sepulture with the great ones of the earth. Here, in a silver urn, is the heart of the founder—Queen Eleanor of Provence, and likewise the tomb of Queen Margaret of Scotland. This great church has no tower as yet, but a most graceful little spire rises from the centre of the noble Church of the Whitefriars or Carmelites, immediately beyond, on the other side of the Fleet. Then comes the majestic Commandery of the Temple, recently the scene of profuse hospitality dispensed by the Grand Master and his Knights, but now deserted and silent. The round church stands well in sight, backed by the walls of the lately deserted Commandery. Yon immense palace with two towers and many turrets, rising from the Thames beyond the Temple, is the Savoy, so called from its having been built by Peter, Earl of Savoy, uncle to Queen Æleanora of Aquitaine. Here King John of France was lodged, when brought back an honoured captive by the young Black Prince after the Battle of Crecy. It is now the town house of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. The gardens and plaisaunces of the Savoy stretch from the river to the Strand, and are noted for their fine apple and pear trees. From this point to Westminster we gaze down on one great garden, from amidst the trees of which peep the Churches of St. Clement Danes and St. Mary-le-Strand, and the pointed roofs and towers of the fortified palaces of the Bishops of Salisbury, Durham, Bath, Worcester, Exeter, Chester, Norwich, and the Archbishop of York.

If your sight be good enough, you may descry, in the centre of an open space, Charing Cross and its hermitage, backed by an undulating woodland country extending far, far away to the distant villages of Chelsea and Kensington. A roadway winds like a silver snake through the trees of the Archbishop of York's vast park, to the Palace and the Abbey, beyond whose venerated walls the Thames, after passing Lambeth, first broadens like a lake, and then narrows again, to lose itself in delicate shadows, blue and dim fawn, grey and silver, that mingle where, on the horizon, earth and sky meet, and the clearest vision sees no more.

If we turn to the right, the first building of importance that attracts our gaze is the fine collegiate church of St. Martin-le-Grand, crowned by a splendid square tower of purest Norman

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style. St. Martin's Le Grand, with many large houses and good gardens, leads to Aldersgate; outside of which, to the left, is a large mansion with a great orchard behind, yclept Little Britain, the palace built by John, Earl of Richmond and Duke of Brittany, grandson of Henry III., but which now belongs to the Earl of Pembroke, lately married to the Lady Margaret, daughter of King Edward, now happily reigning.¹ So many French folk live hereabouts that there is a lane called in their honour Petty France, or Petit France. That tower belongs to Lovell Court in Paternoster Row, and beyond it runs the long high-pitched roof of the Manor of the Rose, "that is now lived in by the Lord of Suffolk."

Well in sight stands the grand Church and Priory of St. Bartholomew. So large and noble is this church that it might well be a cathedral, and the monastery and hospice are so immense that they seem a very town of halls, chapels, and cloisters, enclosed by a high wall with four gates. Facing this cathedral-like church is that famous open space called Smithfield, where the cattle-market is held.

Yon fair tall steeple belongs to the Church and Commandery of St. John of Jerusalem, whose Knights' wealth and magnificence surpass even those of the lately suppressed Templars. Beyond, and set in the midst of gardens, is the rich nunnery of the Benedictines of St. Mary's Clerkenwell. Nearer to us, and within the boundary of the city walls, is a church only a little smaller than Westminster Abbey—that of the great Friary of the Grey Friars, already rich in royal and princely monuments. Its apple orchards are famed all over London for their excellent fruit, and its gardens for their roses. Yonder is the tall detached tower of the Barbican, or watch-tower on the walls, which has lately been made into a fort with gates and portcullis. Hereabouts New Gate spans the city ditch, and opens to a fair street that leads past St. Saviour's Church into Snow Hill, and glides onwards like a ribbon to the sluggish Borne, which we can see creeping along to meet the rapid Fleet, and be lost together with it in the Thames at Dowgate.

¹ This house eventually fell into the possession of the Nevills, Earls of Abergavenny, from whom it passed to the Stationers' Company, whose Hall still occupies its site.

There are not many houses hereabouts as yet, only a few farms and suburban mansions surrounded by gardens and high walls—those of my Lords of Leicester and Stafford among them—along the road that runs to Bleumundsbury or Bloomsbury Manor and Tottenham Court, and so on into an open country, hemmed in by the heights of Highgate, Hampstead, and Harrow. Between the Old Borne and the Strand is Lincoln's Inn, where Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, lately built a great house with a huge garden, the fruit of which yielded him, I have heard, an income of £200 a year and more. When he died childless in 1312, the house and garden passed to the "Professors of the Law," who bought them of his widow, and with them they still remain. The gardens of Lincoln's Inn border and blend with those owned by the Monks of Westminster, and known as Covent Garden. Then come the open fields of Clerkenwell, and in the distance the village and leper-house of St. Giles-in-the-Fields.

And yonder new building beyond St. Bartholomew the Great?

That's Charterhouse, but lately founded by Sir John de Manny, a foreign knight from Manny in the diocese of Cambrey in France. It is but newly built—begun in 1371; and you may see the little houses round the quadrangle, each for the separate use of a single Carthusian monk, who therein spends his life alone, in silence and in prayer. Hard by Charterhouse is an ill-omened field which the same Sir John de Manny purchased for the burial of the pest-stricken in 1348, when 50,000 were cast into its death-pit. And wherefore did he found the Charterhouse? That the monks might for ever pray for the nameless dead that sleep in that sad field.¹

¹ How many of London's countless visitors ever dream of spending a half hour at the Charterhouse? and yet it is well worth the trouble of going a little out of the ordinary beat to see in the first place some very considerable remains of the monastery, and the beautiful Elizabethan apartment built by the Duke of Norfolk, who for a time owned the property after the Dissolution. The wood carving and the quaint tapestry are exceedingly fine; but possibly the most remarkable object in the whole place is the rich tomb of Sir John Sutton, the founder of the famous school. It is in the church, and is, without contention, the most elaborate Elizabethan tomb in London. The visitor would do well to go first to the superb Church of St. Bartholomew, then to that of St. Giles Cripplegate, and wind up his tour in the Charterhouse—all of which can be done in one morning or afternoon.

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Turning unwillingly, at last, from the entrancing panorama, we descend the staircase, re-enter the church, bid farewell to our kindly cicerone, and take on us again, alas! our twentieth-century identity, leaving our fancied pilgrim to make his way back to the "Tabard," there to rejoin Master Chaucer, the Pardoner, the Somnour, the Wife of Bath, the Knight, the Squire, and the rest of those famed travellers who, with the rising of to-morrow's sun, should set forth on their immortal pilgrimage to Thomas à Becket's shrine at Canterbury.

He has long since departed this earth, that honest pilgrim, but his spirit, perchance, returns now and again from a better world to perch in the gallery below the huge dome of the new St. Paul's, and thence contemplate the stupendous panorama of that greater London which now cloaks a whole province with its roofs and spires, hiding for ever the delightful orchards, the fair woods and fresh fields, the parks and gardens, that, when he lived, encircled monasteries and nunneries, palaces and mansions, towers and spires, now "melted into the air," the thin air, and, like the baseless fabric of a pageant, vanished, "leaving not a rack behind."

CHAPTER XII

THE "BLACK DEATH"

BY far the most important event in the history of London, and indeed of England, in the fourteenth century, was the outbreak of that terrific scourge the Great Plague, popularly known as the "Black Death," which, in a few months of the year 1349, carried off half the population, and eventually produced astonishing metamorphoses in the religious opinions and social system of the nation.

Europe had been often visited by the plague, notably in A.D. 658 and 664, but the epidemic of 1348 surpassed any other recorded in history in horror and intensity. It slew something like 25,000,000 in Europe, and depopulated China and India. According to recent research it appears that, between the years 1340-43, there was a disastrous war in China, and that hecatombs of the slaughtered remained festering on countless battlefields, and in cities, towns, and villages also, where, every inhabitant having perished, no one was left to bury the dead. Modern men of science assure us that under these conditions the plague microbes must have developed prodigiously, and have floated over China and thence into India, where the scourge made millions of victims. The contagion doubtless followed in the track of the numerous caravans which conveyed the luxuries of Asia into Europe, following in the wake of the long line of camels that bore Chinese merchandise across Arabia into Mesopotamia, and thence over the Armenian plateau. In 1343 it desolated Mosul, and shortly afterwards carried off nearly the whole population of Van, Bitlis, and Erzerûm. Journeying onwards, it struck a fatal blow at the prosperity of Trebizond. With giant strides, sowing death along

its path, it soon reached Constantinople. We have an account of the pestilence in the Imperial City from the pen of no less a personage than the Emperor John Kantacuzenos, an eye-witness of that which he records. He assures us the disease was incurable. In some cases, the strong died in a few hours, whereas the weak might linger for days. The most curious of his assertions is that the few people who recovered never experienced a second attack,—this seems to point to the efficacy of the recent experiment of vaccination in cases of bubonic plague. Constantinople, including Galata, lost not less than two-thirds of its inhabitants, and many of the smiling towns and villages along the Bosphorus were deserted. Athens was next attacked, and until quite recent times never recovered its population.

Merchant ships bore the infection from the Crimea and Greece into Italy. Naples was ruined, and very soon Genoa was desolate. The Venetian patricians fled terror-stricken from the Queen of the Adriatic, only to die in their villas at Mestre and on the Brenta. So great was the terror of infection in Venice that one of the outlying islands was set apart for the burial of the plague-stricken. The horrors that darkened Florence are related by Boccaccio in the *Introduction to Decamerone*. The epidemic was brought to Marseilles by a trading vessel, and within a couple of weeks 15,000 persons were dead. The Papal city and territory of Avignon lost upwards of 150,000 persons in seven months, amongst them Petrarch's mistress, Laura de Noves. In Paris, 80,000, including two queens—Joanna of Navarre, daughter of Louis x., and Joanna of Burgundy, wife of King Philip of Valois—perished in six months. In June 1348, the horrible sickness began to spread northward with astounding swiftmess. In July, it was ravaging Rouen and Amiens; in August it was at Calais. Late in the same month, the Bishop of London sent out letters to his clergy ordering prayers and processions to propitiate Heaven, in view of the alarming proximity of the plague. In the last week of August and beginning of September there were cases at Dover and Bristol. The summer had been unusually wet and unhealthy, and in a few weeks the contagion rolled like a wave over the southern counties. But it does

not appear to have reached London until the following year. Although not entirely stayed by the cold, its progress was probably slower during the winter months. In January 1349, it broke out so fiercely in Somersetshire, that the Bishop of Bath and Wells warned his flock that the death of so many priests by the pestilence might cause a dearth of confessors, in which case persons *in extremis* might confess their sins one to another, even to women. According to some authorities, the epidemic did not make its appearance in London until December 1348. It certainly was very virulent in the following March, by which time the alarm was so great, especially in Westminster, that Parliament was prorogued. In May, Abbot Bircheton and twenty-seven monks belonging to the Royal Abbey were carried off in a few hours, and buried in a common grave in the southern walk of the south cloister. From May to August, the epidemic raged with extraordinary virulence, as many as a thousand, or even two thousand, persons dying daily. Families were swept away; convents and monasteries were left without a single inmate; and whole streets depopulated. It is recorded that in a few months the metropolis lost between 50,000 and 60,000 inhabitants. Meanwhile the scourge attacked towns and villages in all parts of the kingdom. Hundreds of villages were left without a single soul to mourn the dead, and in many erstwhile flourishing religious communities only a very old monk or so, whose age seemed to offer no attraction for the fell enemy, or some sturdy lay-brother, survived to tell the tale of desolation. The "Black Death" was not checked even by the rugged passes of the Borderland. It swept onward, to decimate Edinburgh, Perth, Glasgow, and Aberdeen; and passed triumphantly thence to desolate Scandinavia and Denmark. Even the hardy population of the Hebrides was not spared. Ireland, too, suffered, and Dublin lost two-thirds of her population. It was noticed that the native-born mountaineers who escaped the first visitation succumbed to the second.

It is now quite impossible to ascertain the exact numbers of the population of England at that period. The distances were great, the roads rough, and the inhabitants' suspicious objections to inquiry made anything like a census very difficult.

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A fair guess fixes the population in the years immediately preceding the "Black Death," at something between four and five millions. The writer, however, in spite of learned authorities, ventures to think this figure below the mark. Nearly every existing town and village in England dates far before the reign of Edward I., and the parish churches, especially in the eastern counties, are big enough to accommodate much larger congregations than they have at present. In Henry the Fourth's time it was computed that there were 49,000 parishes in England; and, if we give them only fifty inhabitants each, we surely have a far higher total. Be this as it may, between the summers of 1348 and 1350 half the population of England and Wales was carried off, whereby the material interests of the nation were ruined, commerce and trade were at a standstill, and the whole of the working population demoralised. It became absolutely necessary, as soon as the epidemic showed signs of disappearing, to reconstruct the ecclesiastical and social system of the country. The regular clergy, possibly because they lived more in community and were more liable to infection, had suffered greater losses than the secular. To save their abbeys, priories, friaries, and hospitals from desolation, the few survivors had no option but to replace their dead as quickly as possible, and often by men of inferior breeding, education, and even moral standard. Thus the esteem which the regular clergy of past generations had enjoyed was suddenly lowered, and this at a time when, as a natural consequence of the terrible ordeal they had endured, the religious feelings of the people had considerably quickened. Among the secular clergy, too, the same haste to fill the enormous number of vacancies as speedily as possible was inevitable. In the diocese of Norwich, Dr. Jessop asserts that several hundred churches had no priest left to say Mass. In London, twenty-nine parishes had lost nearly their entire clerical staff in less than ten months. These places had, of course, to be filled as fast as possible, and a great number of young clerics were rushed through their ordinations, some of them passing in less than a week from the grade of sub-deacon to the rank of rector. And here, again, the influence of the clergy received a blow. These new priests were not of the same class or character as those who had preceded

them. The fifteenth century saw the advent of the parson so ridiculed by the poets and dramatists of a later day, and thus the plague became one of the chief ultimate causes of the Reformation.

Another remarkable change wrought by this awful visitation was the rise of Trades Unions. The working-man, hitherto a mere serf, now began to realise his value. The supply of workers had fallen far below the demand, and the labourer perceived that, if he insisted long enough, he must get higher wages for shorter working hours. In a word, he had become more or less master of the situation.¹

That the rapid spread of the plague was primarily due to the almost total ignorance of the commonest laws of hygiene, cannot be doubted. Many are inclined to think of the Thames of the Middle Ages as a clear, unpolluted stream. But that it was far from clean, and was even considered dangerous to health, is amply proved by a remarkable letter addressed to the Mayor, by King Edward III.—

"Because by killing of great Beasts, etc., from whose putrified Blood running down the streets and the Bowels cast into the Thames, whence abominable stinks do proceed, Sicknesses and other evils have happened to such as have abode in the City, or have resorted,"

therefore the King orders all animals to be slaughtered at Stratford on one side of London, and "the village of Knightsbridge" on the other, instead of in the city itself; the penalty for contravening this law and slaughtering animals in London being a year's imprisonment. It is a poor compliment to our progress in hygienic matters that in Queen Victoria's reign, and five centuries after King Edward's proclamation, the dangers arising from the pollution of the Thames should have been the subject of a cartoon in the pages of *Punch*.

¹ Readers who wish to obtain a clear idea of the vast effect of the "Black Death" on the religious, political, and social life of England in the fourteenth century, will do well to read *The Black Pestilence*, by the Right Rev. Abbot Francis Aidan Gasquet, D.D., O.S.B. It is one of the most interesting of the many volumes on historical subjects by this distinguished Benedictine historian.

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But for the "Black Death," and its far-reaching consequences, we should perhaps have heard but little of John Wycliff, the first of the long series of English Reformers, who, in the last year of Edward the Third's reign, stood within the walls of the Lady Chapel of St. Paul's to answer grave charges of heresy and spiritual insubordination. Wycliff, "the father of English prose," came from Lutterworth, where he was born about the year 1324. When still quite a young man he was appointed Warden, or Master, of Balliol Hall, in the University of Oxford, where he soon distinguished himself for his learning and his opposition to the mendicant friars, who had settled themselves in Cambridge and were drawing promising students from the colleges into their convents. In 1366 he opposed the Pope's demand for arrears of the tribute money granted by King John. He now began to lecture on what he considered religious abuses, and expressed himself as particularly doubtful of the truth of the dogma of Transubstantiation. Being sent on a mission to Bruges in 1374, in the company of Simon Sudbury, Bishop of London, and John, Duke of Lancaster, he seized the opportunity to establish an intimacy between himself and the royal Duke which eventually became of vast importance to him. Lancaster was the friend of Chaucer, many passages of whose writings contain evidence of his familiarity with Wycliff's works. Chaucer, however, always speaks well of the secular clergy, though he occasionally derides the friars. Returning to London, Wycliff lectured in public, and ventured to speak of the Pope as Anti-Christ,—“the proud, worldly priest of Rome, and the most accursed of clippers and purse-kervers.” His Holiness retorted by excommunicating the unruly scholar. Courtenay, Bishop of London, although he had no particular affection for the political claims of the Papacy, strongly objected to Wycliff's heterodox opinions concerning Transubstantiation, the Incarnation, the Invocation of Saints, and the use of relics. On February 23, 1377, the metropolitan Cathedral became the scene of an exceedingly dramatic gathering. Almost before dawn, prelates and nobles began to assemble in the Lady Chapel, eastward of the High Altar. This illustrious company, which, besides the two Archbishops and many Bishops, included Dukes and Barons, waited impatiently for Wycliff's

coming. A sudden roar outside the Cathedral announced that he was in sight, and at the same time a dense mass of people surged into the great church, thronging into the chancel and overflowing into the Lady Chapel. Wycliff had much difficulty in reaching his appointed place. A fierce altercation ensued. Courtenay, well aware that he had the people with him, spoke sharply to Lancaster and to Percy, the Earl Marshal, who, on seeing Wycliff, had courteously invited him to be seated, saying, "Wycliff, sit down, for you have many things to answer to and will need have to repose in a soft seat." Whereupon the Bishop, springing to his feet, cried out, "It is unreasonable that a man, cited before his Ordinary, should sit down during his answer. He must and shall stand." On this John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," struck his hand violently on the table and exclaimed, "You are grown too proud and arrogant, my Lord Bishop! I would bring down your pride and that of all the priests in England!" "My confidence," answered the Bishop, "rests only in God, by whose assistance I will be bold to speak the truth." "Rather than I would take those words at his hands," cried the exasperated Lancaster, "I would pluck the Bishop by the hair out of the church!" These hot words, though spoken in an undertone, were overheard by the Londoners, who passed them from lip to lip, till presently a mighty clamour rose in the sacred building. The common people, who had been sacking the houses of the wealthy Lombardy merchants, and had been repressed by John of Lancaster's command, were furious with him both on that account and for protecting Wycliff, a professed heretic. Courtenay, rising in his stall, in stentorian tones denounced the royal Duke and the Reformer. Hardly had he ceased ere a tumult broke out. The mob poured into the Chapel, shook their fists in John of Gaunt's face, and would have hurled Wycliff from his seat and maltreated him, but that the Bishop charged them in God's name to remember where they were, and not profane His holy temple. Meanwhile Wycliff and his friends made good their escape, and by nine o'clock—our ancestors were early risers—the church was cleared; the disturbance was not, however, fully quelled. Later in the day, just about dinner-time, the houses of Lancaster and Lord Percy were broken

into by the rioters. The Earl Marshal was dining with John of Ypres, the rich Flemish merchant, and so escaped personal injury, but his house was sacked and his chairs and tables pitched out of window. An unhappy priest who bore a strong resemblance to the Earl met the crowd as it rushed down to the Duke's palace (the Savoy), and, regardless of his protestations, it fell upon him, beating him to death. In the meantime, the Bishop of London, just sitting down to dinner, hearing of the uproar, hastened forth to do his best to quiet it. He was popular, and numbers hearkened to his entreaties; but a vast multitude still thronged down Fleet Street and up the Strand to the Savoy, where John of Gaunt, too, was sitting at table. It must have been a little after noon, and, the day being one of abstinence, the Duke was enjoying "a dish of oysters and a cup of white wine." A faithful retainer, rushing in, announced the presence of a thousand armed men before the gate, all bent on mischief. Seeing resistance to be vain, John of Gaunt rose at once, intending to escape by the river, but in his haste he upset his dish of oysters and hit both his legs a violent blow against a form. Although in considerable pain he managed to reach the Thames by a secret passage, and with Percy, who had sought refuge with him, took boat to Lambeth, whence they proceeded to Kennington Palace. Here the Princess of Wales, a friend of Wycliff's, gave them shelter, until, being greatly beloved by the Londoners, she succeeded after a time in pacifying their rage.

This curious incident is a starting-point in the history of the Reformation; it undoubtedly served Wycliff as a great advertisement, calling attention not to himself only, but to his peculiar tenets, which, although never favourably received by the people, were debated with much interest by the learned, and eventually filtered down to a small minority of the commoners, who, though less opposed than their superiors to the spiritual side of the Papal claims, strongly objected to the heavy tax exacted to support the Pope's temporal power. The Papal throne had been lately transferred from Rome to Avignon, and the successive Pontiffs, who had been driven from the shores of the Tiber to the banks of the Rhone, required immense sums to build that colossal fortress-palace which fortunately has survived the vicissitudes of

time and revolution, and may be admired even in our day. Wycliff's attack on Transubstantiation was certainly not popular with the lower classes. His fine translation of the Bible could not have found many readers at a period when many princes could neither read nor write. But his attacks on the friars met with distinct success; they are reflected in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, and are a proof, if one were needed, that the primitive austerity of the two great Orders of Dominic and Francis was beginning to wane.

Lollardry was the direct offspring of Wycliff's teaching, and it may be as well, whilst we are on this subject, to point out the error of the popular legend concerning the Lollards' Tower and its whereabouts. Every schoolboy has heard of this famous tower, and nearly every schoolboy and girl will tell you it still exists,—that grey, weather-beaten tower that rises a little above the irregular outline of the archiepiscopal residence at Lambeth. Now the real Lollards' Tower was destroyed in the Great Fire of London. It was the Bishop of London's prison at St. Paul's, and stood at the south end of the episcopal palace. It appears to have been a solid building, serving a double purpose; it was both a clock-tower and a prison for heretics. Thomas Stillman, who was imprisoned here in Henry the Eighth's time, recorded that he was able, by tying bell-ropes together, to slip down into Paul's Churchyard and so escape. In Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*, we find two woodcuts purporting to represent the interior of this famous prison. In one of them the gaoler figures, and if we grant him a stature of 6 feet, we may easily determine that the dungeon should be 9 feet wide and 8 feet high. The furniture consists of a bed with a bolster, a stool, and the inevitable stocks, intended, in one picture, for four persons, and in the other for six. These stocks, no doubt, were used in the many attempts to convert heretics by force rather than persuasion. Hun, a prisoner in the Lollards' Tower in 1514, whose story is one of the most interesting related by Foxe in his *Martyrology*, was found hanged in this prison; Dr. Horsey, the Bishop's Chancellor, being charged with the murder of "this excellent merchant." The Lollards' Tower must have been used as a prison at a very early date, not only for heretics, but for others quite innocent of heresy, whom their enemies denounced for

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unorthodox views,—an accusation most difficult to refute, especially for an ignorant person, who was very apt to get confused when interrogated on matters of faith and doctrine by a subtle theologian bent on his destruction. The Lollards' Tower at Lambeth was very likely used, in later days, as a prison for heretics under the immediate jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, but it was certainly not *the* Lollards' Tower so famous in the history of Protestantism in this country.

A curious but little known after-effect of John Wycliff's memorable appearance in St. Paul's occurred at Candlemas in the same year, when 132 citizens rode out to pay their respects to Prince Richard and his mother, the Princess of Wales, then residing at Kennington Palace. The said citizens came from Newgate, and passed through Southwark. They were in masquerade apparel, and accompanied by musical instruments and torches. Some of these masqueraders, we are informed, were dressed as squires, and wore beautiful gold and silver vizards or masks; others impersonated knights; one wore "a very pompous Imperial habit"; and yet another was dressed as a Pope, and accompanied by a train of cardinals and by some mysterious persons dressed in black, described as "Legates from an Infernal Pontiff." Soon after their arrival at the royal palace, "these merry maskers" played dice with the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Lancaster. The dice, it seems, were loaded by the citizens in such a manner that the Princess and the nobility present stood no chance of losing, but "all won valuable gold rings." Then the "Pope and the Cardinals," and the dusky-robed representatives of the lower regions, performed "an antic," after which the whole company joined in a merry dance. At its conclusion they all sat down together to a jovial supper, and "it was long after midnight when the citizens joyfully returned to the city." The presence of a guest dressed as a Pope shows which way the wind blew, even at that early period. England was intensely Catholic in those days, and she is as equally intensely Protestant in these; but who amongst us would dare to go to a fancy-dress ball at Buckingham Palace or Marlborough House, or anywhere else, dressed as a comic Pope, accompanied by a Sacred College of droll cardinals and ambassadors from an "Infernal Pontiff"? Toleration and

good taste have certainly gained ground among us, and the Briton of the twentieth century knows how to appreciate the apostolic virtues of a Roman Pontiff, even though he does not accept his spiritual supremacy.

Among Edward the Third's many enactments for the better control of the city, several exceedingly curious provisions show that, in some respects, matters have changed but little since his day. In Normano-Plantagenet times, wine was as common a drink as beer, and was consequently largely imported into the country. Adulteration was unfortunately frequent. Sometimes the wine was plentifully mixed with water, sometimes spirit was added to make it more potent. An ordinance, dated 1334, severely condemned all attempts to adulterate wine, and the merchant or innkeeper caught in the act was not only to spend a considerable time in the stocks, but his licence was withdrawn for an indefinite number of years.

At one period of this long reign, a form of "hooliganism" raged in London. In 1328, shortly after the King's marriage with Philippa of Hainault, a dangerous insurrection of brewers, vintners, bakers, cooks, millers, fishmongers, poulterers, butchers, corn-chandlers, and others, broke out in the city. The rioters were joined by a "villainous crew, justly denominated malefactors, or evil-doers, whose chief pleasure was in doing mischief." These mediæval "corner boys" wandered about armed with swords and bucklers, "killing some, beating others," and generally misbehaving. In connection with this disturbance, the King addressed a curious letter to the Mayor, from which we gather an idea of what an unpoliced London must have been. Edward begins by asserting that "disturbers of the peace" have "made divers knots, Confederacies, and unlawful Conventicles" in London, "and do wander about and run here and there, beating, wounding the people, and spoiling others of their goods and possessions." He further bears eloquent testimony to the state of law and order of the period, declaring these brigands to be in the habit of "kidnapping and imprisoning worthy merchants and business people" till "they give Fines and Redemptions, and not desisting daily to commit them to the terror of our people." The object of this epistle was, in short, to impress the Sheriffs with the necessity of discovering the names of the "disturbers,"

and so chastising them that "the Lewdnesses and Damages aforesaid might not happen any more, whereby we might take heavily of you." This latter threat evidently produced a salutary effect, for we learn that numbers of these "evil-doers" were caught, tried, and punished by the Mayor. Five years later (in 1333) Edward had to issue another Proclamation to the effect that anyone wearing armour ("coat of plate") or carrying arms in the streets of London, Westminster, or in any of the suburbs, should forfeit all his possessions. The "hooligan," though unaided by "butchers, millers, cooks, etc.," is still with us, and though he no longer imprisons and blackmails business men, his proclivities are as objectionable and dangerous, though perhaps somewhat better checked than in Chaucer's day.

The *Fadera* contains numerous other ordinances tending to prevent abuses of many sorts. Chandlers were wont, it appears, to sell candles of indifferent quality for those "of fine white wax" imported from Paris and called "French lights." Spice merchants mixed their peppers and ground cinnamon with sand; and armourers sold their breastplates and helmets, their back-pieces and their gauntlets, at extortionate prices. They even seem to have polished up old pieces, picked up on battlefields, and sold them as new. The world changes less than we are apt to think! Would it be believed that even Dickens' Fagan had his prototype in Chaucer's time? In those days a notorious scoundrel was arrested and soundly "thrashed for the keeping of a college of thieves" in which the old villain taught the youngsters how to pick pockets with dexterity by practising their skill either on his own person or a dummy suspended by a cord from the roof. The "game" consisted in plundering this effigy without disturbing its equilibrium in the least degree. The boy who stripped it of a kerchief or purse without shaking it was rewarded by his teacher as an encouragement to his companions who were regularly taken to Cheapside, and other crowded places, to pick pockets and carry off purses and parcels from the unwary!

CHAPTER XIII

IN THE DAYS OF RICHARD THE UNLUCKY

ON the death of Edward III., in 1377, his frivolous, ill-fated grandson, Richard II., son of the Black Prince, forthwith ascended the throne in his eleventh year. Young Dickon was at Sheen at the time, and thither a deputation of leading citizens went to announce his accession to him. They were met in the Great Hall by the juvenile monarch, his mother, and his uncle of Lancaster, and so hearty was the greeting between the new King and these liege subjects, that he kissed every single one of them on both cheeks. On the following day, July 3, the youthful monarch, riding a magnificent white charger, and clad in white garments, made his state entry into the metropolis, attended by a numerous suite similarly attired in virgin white. He was attended by the Duke of Lancaster, Lord High Steward of the Kingdom, Lord Percy, the Earl Marshal, and a throng of gorgeously appavelled nobles. The King's horse was led by Nicholas Baud, and the Sword of State was borne by Sir Simon Baily, and these two men walked all the way to London on either side of him. At Temple Bar the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs waited to conduct the King to Cheapside, where there was a magnificent "pageant" representing a tower, with a fountain in front of it, which ran red and white wine all day and night,—for twenty-four hours,—the people being freely allowed to fill their jugs and bottles. Twelve fair damsels offered a cup of each kind of wine to King Richard. They were dressed in cloth-of-silver, and wore wreaths of fresh roses binding their tresses. A bevy of other young ladies, also in white, presented wine and cakes to the nobility in the King's escort. It seems that the lesser personages, during this halt, went round to a

neighbouring tavern to refresh themselves, being no doubt tired, hot, and thirsty after their long ride. As the King departed for the Tower, other white-robed damsels appeared and scattered flowers and gold leaves before him. Meanwhile, Lancaster ordered a quantity of small coin to be thrown for the crowd to scramble for, whereupon "there was much confusion and merriment." And thus began, by what was long remembered as the "White Pageant," this poor King's reign, which promised so well but was fated to end so tragically, and this mainly through the self-same defects of character that had ruined the career of his great-grandfather, Edward II.,—a strange case of atavism !

The time of Richard's accession was a critical moment. England, like the rest of Western Europe, was in the throes of a popular movement, the precursor of the Reformation and of the great social revolutions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. For some fifty years, a subtle influence of intellectual, and even physical, unrest had swayed the upper classes of society, and, filtering down at length to the lower strata, was beginning to work even there. That this democratic movement had been influenced by Wycliff's preaching and writings there can be no doubt. Itinerant lecturers had been going up and down the country, fomenting bitterness against intolerable oppression. Thus the populace had nibbled at the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, and discovered itself to be naked—naked of justice and of creature comforts ; much as is the case, nowadays, in modern Russia. The peasantry of Flanders had risen in revolt, and Philip van Artevalde, son of the Brewer of Ghent, was soon the idol of every Flemish working-man, for he had championed his cause against the oppression of a callously haughty aristocracy. Paris, too, was aflame, stirred by the eloquent words of Pierre Dubois, a prototype of the relentless Danton. The peasantry of England, realising these facts by those subtle inferences which ever attend upon revolutions, took up arms, clamouring for redress of wrongs, for lighter taxes, higher wages, and shorter labouring hours. Three men suddenly sprang into prominence—Wat Tyler, John Ball, and Jack Straw.

Old-fashioned historians have dealt very harshly with these representatives of a down-trodden class, but, their brutal violence and shortcomings notwithstanding, we can only feel sympathy for

their desperate effort to liberate themselves and their fellows from an unendurable serfdom, and recognise them as humble heroes and martyrs. It was in the first year of Richard's reign that John Ball, a priest who had been preaching practical socialism all over the country, made a somewhat sudden appearance in London, where he proclaimed such doctrines as the city had never heard before. Froissart gives us the following extract from one of his socialistic speeches :—

“Ah, ye good people, matters go not well to pass in England, nor shall do, till everything be common, that there be no villeins or gentlemen, but that we shall be all united together, and that the lords be no greater masters than we ! What have we deserved, or why should we be kept thus in bondage ? We all came from one father and mother, Adam and Eve. Whereby can they show that they are greater lords than we be ? saving by that they cause us to win and to labour for that they dispend. They are clothed in velvet and camlet, furred with ermine, and we are vested with poor cloth. They have their wines, spices, and good bread, and we have the drawing out of the chaff and drink water. They dwell in fair houses, and we have the pain and travel, rain and wind in the fields : and by that which cometh of our labours they keep and maintain their estates. We be called their bondmen, and without we do willingly their service we be beaten : and we have no sovereign to whom we can complain, nor that will hear us, or do us right. Let us go to the King—he is young—and show him what bondage we be in, show him how we will have it otherwise, or else we will provide us of some remedy : and if we go together, all manner of people who be now in any bondage will follow us with the intent to be free, and when the King seeth us we shall have some remedy, either by fairness or otherwise.”

Could Tolstoy say more, or Keir Hardie go further ?

These fourteenth-century Socialists were neither disloyal subjects nor blatant atheists. They hated the aristocracy and the middle classes, it is true, but for their King they entertained a sort of rude respect and awe. Could they but come face to face with him, they thought, all would be well. Richard was young ; he would sympathise with them and redress their wrongs. Wat Tyler, their chief leader, had a private as well as a public grievance to avenge, his daughter having been brutally insulted by a tax-collector whose

summons Wat had refused to obey. Revenge had much to do with patriotism in his case, and, no doubt, added fire to his rough eloquence. He was destined, however, never to meet Richard but once, and that interview was to prove fatal to them both. At the time of the boy King's accession, Wat Tyler was returning from Kent where he had been collecting a following of malcontents, which by the time they reached Blackheath, had swelled into a formidable army of 60,000 men. It fell out that the Princess of Wales, Joanna of Kent, was just returning with an escort from a pilgrimage to Canterbury. As she crossed the Heath, she was surrounded by a mob of wild creatures who forced her to dismount, and refused to let her or her maids proceed until they had been kissed all round,—a compliment bitterly resented by her Grace. As soon as the Princess reached London she sought the King, her son, and doubtless her complaints prejudiced him against the rebels, whose grievances, it seems, he had at least been ready to consider. Meanwhile, Wat Tyler and his wild crew hastened on to the capital, to find London Bridge closed to them. So great was their number, however, that the men sent to protect the Bridge were soon brushed aside, and presently swept before the rioters into London, to the terror of the peaceful citizens. The mob of country-men dispersed all over the city, first making for the palace of their enemy, the Duke of Lancaster, in the Savoy, which they burnt. They next proceeded to destroy the headquarters of the Knights Hospitallers in Clerkenwell, and the residence of Sir Robert Hales, Grand Prior and Treasurer of the Kingdom, at Highbury. Thence they marched to Lambeth Palace, smashed the Archbishop's furniture and burnt the archives. They tapped the beer-barrels and wine-vats of both Duke and Archbishop, and got sadly drunk. Blinded with liquor and the excitement of plunder, they blundered on to Newgate, the Fleet, and the Tuns Prison on Cornhill, and liberated all the prisoners. They burnt the Temple and its library. Everyone they met they stopped and asked one question, "With whom holdest thou?" If he failed to answer "With the King and the Commons," they killed him. Holding all strangers to be usurers, who, having robbed the people of their money, returned to spend it in their foreign homes, they

murdered every Italian and Flemish merchant or workman they could find. Hearing some thirty Lombards and Genoese had sought sanctuary in a church, they forced their way into the sacred building and killed every man of them. In the Vintry they murdered five-and-twenty merchants from Bruges and Ypres. The narrow streets and lanes re-echoed with the frenzied shouts of men and women, who clamoured for the heads of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chancellor: nor did they rest till both were severed and stuck upon poles, which they bore in triumph through the city. At last, thanks to the treachery of the guards, who evidently sympathised with them, they broke into the Tower, where they again fell in with the Princess of Wales, and renewed their affectionate but objectionable attentions, till her Grace, overcome with the heat, stench, and fright, fainted, and was carried by her attendants to her apartments.

On the following day, Richard, after hearing Mass in Westminster Abbey, and consulting a hermit who was much renowned as a soothsayer, went out to meet the insurgents at Smithfield, hoping to quell the riot. He was a mere lad of sixteen, and his courage produced an excellent impression,—all the more as he was accompanied by only sixty horsemen. Opposite St. Bartholomew's Priory, the little company came upon a body of no less than 20,000 rebels led by Wat Tyler in person, who at once rode up to the King, "coming so close unto him that their horses touched. 'Sir King,' said he, 'seest thou all yon people?' 'Yea, truly,' quoth the King; 'why dost thou ask?' 'Because they are all my men and have sworn to do all my behests, and will not depart unless thou givest thy letter,'"—meaning a written promise of reform. Richard made a courteous answer, and all seemed to be going well, when suddenly Tyler noticed, close to the King, a man he specially hated, and calling for his dagger cried out that he would not rest until he had his head. Just then Sir William Walworth, Lord Mayor of London, fearing the life of the Sovereign was menaced, hurried up, and without warning plunged his dagger into Tyler's neck. Overcome with loss of blood, the rebel leader fell from his horse, and quickly expired. His followers, thinking they were betrayed, took to their heels and fled in all directions. In a very few

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hours the rebellion was over, and London Bridge was adorned with the heads of Wat Tyler and of several of his followers, a gory, but to the authorities, no doubt, a very satisfactory spectacle. John Ball and Jack Straw were shortly afterwards captured and put to death. It was said that bigger men than these misguided agitators were the true leaders in this preliminary fight for freedom, and that the King's uncle of Gloucester had been noted flitting about on Blackheath in the disguise of a common man.

Never before or since, perhaps, can the scenes in the London streets have been so Rembrandtesque as during these tumultuous days, when the night-fires cast their lurid light on the time-worn façades of the quaint old-timbered houses, on the steeples and towers of the countless churches, on the wild mob, the terrified burghers, and the rough soldiery. Bloody saturnalia, during which a crew of half-savage peasants, clamouring for the liberty they were as yet unfit to use, worked hideous mischief and irreparable wrong. Well might my Lord of Salisbury, falling in with them, cast at them his well-deserved rebuke: "My masters, ye be not in such order or array that the King ought to speak with you." The words were spoken when the maddened throng, yelling like devils, had rushed down to the river-bank, hoping to meet Richard, whose barge was steering past from Rotherhithe. Seeing the frantic crowd, the King ordered his men to row him on to Westminster as fast as they could ply their oars, for, though no coward himself, those about him had declared parley with the rioters to be both useless and dangerous.

In the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II., the Italian Renaissance, which came to us through France and Flanders, began to make its influence felt. The Middle Ages were drawing back into the shadows, and the dawn of a new civilisation was at hand. The pageant at the coronation of the young King, Richard II., affords an instance in point. Some Italian artist assuredly had a hand in the "allegories" presented on this occasion.

The coronation took place on a glorious morning in July 1377. The boy King rode to the Abbey on a white charger under a canopy of blue velvet, carried upon silver poles by eight knights in splendid armour. Sir John Dymoke was Champion, and so interminably long was the banquet in Westminster Hall

that the young King fainted away, and had to be carried to his withdrawing room, an incident taken at once for an evil omen. The pageantry in the streets was marvellous. A lofty castle was built in Cheapside, and from its basement white and red wine ran in ceaseless streams. Four damsels clad in white suddenly appeared upon the battlements, shed a shower of gilded wafers upon the King as his procession passed, and with graceful rhymed compliments offered him a cup of wine. A little farther on, a giant Hercules with his mace, greeted the youthful Sovereign, wishing him the physical strength and health he so greatly needed. But by far the strangest sight was at Temple Bar. Here the authorities had organised a wonderful display of wild beasts, including "the bear, the wolf, the lion, the pard, and all sorts of savage animals," enacted by men wearing masks painted like the heads of the brutes they represented. Seated on a rock in the midst of this concourse of strange creatures was a fair child, dressed—or rather undressed—as the boy John the Baptist, with a tiger-skin across his loins. He pointed to another little fellow who lay sleeping on a closed book with a lamb by his side, and typified the Holiest Child of all. Suddenly, but somewhat inappropriately, the goddess Minerva appeared upon the scene, and having read the King a homily on the repression of injustice, presented him, in the city's name, with a noble gift, a golden tablet bearing a representation of the Crucifixion. When, a little later, the King brought his young wife, Anne of Bohemia, through London, these and numerous other pageants were repeated.

Froissart tells us that "in the year 1390, Richard, having attained his majority, declared himself in Council to be of full age to assume the powers of royalty: which, being readily admitted, he appointed a grand tournament to be held in Smithfield on the Sunday after Michaelmas Day. Proclamation being made for this purpose, a great number of noblemen and gentlemen from France, Germany, and the Low Countries, came over to participate of the sport. The procession from the Tower began on Sunday in the afternoon, by a grand cavalcade of sixty ladies, richly dressed, riding upon white horses, each being led by a chain of silver held by a knight in full armour. In this manner they passed through a vast and delighted

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multitude assembled in Cheapside, to Smithfield, where the jousts were to be held.

"As soon as they arrived at the appointed place, the knights, mounted on their horses, began the tournament by running at each other with their lances, thirty on a side, the King and Queen looking on from scaffolds erected expressly for their accommodation. And the next day the King, richly armed, jousted himself, in the presence of the Queen and the ladies of the Court. The jousts continued for four days, from noon till night, and every evening concluded with a magnificent repast, and entertainment of feasting, music, and dancing, in which the Queen, her ladies, and many of the young nobility were the principal performers."

Anne of Bohemia, the new Queen, one of the several daughters of the Emperor Charles iv. and Elizabeth of Pomerania, had become a mother before her husband was seventeen. She was born at Prague in 1367, and in the archives of that city will be found some curious details as to the straits to which her father was put to provide her, not with a dower,—that was quite out of the question,—but with a wedding-outfit. The Imperial Treasury was empty, and Richard was boldly asked to defray the expenses of the bride's journey, which he promptly did. Anne had two gowns, and two only: the one she travelled in, and a purple garment, lined with sable, for best. At Ghent and Bruges, in obedience to the expressed wish of her generous betrothed, she provided herself with a stock of fine linen and rich stuffs, the bills for which remained unpaid for a considerable time. Almost immediately after the bride-elect landed at Dover, a submarine earthquake wrecked, under her eyes, the vessel freighted with her newly-acquired finery. But the King consoled her generously, and for months to come the London milliners had plenty to do concocting garments for one of the most extravagant young ladies that ever wore a crown. Anne of Bohemia introduced into England the horned head-dress, which stood on end 2 feet in height by 2 in breadth. It consisted of two cardboard horns, decorated with gold and silver lace, blazing with jewels, with which the young Queen was fairly well supplied. All the London ladies went mad over this strange coiffure. It presently became such a nuisance that, according

to Walsingham, the men complained that they could see neither altar nor pulpit at church for the women's horns. The clergy denounced them as the "moony tire" objected to by Ezekiel; but the ladies cared neither for lay nor ecclesiastical censure, and continued not only to wear their "moony tires" but to exaggerate their proportions, puffing them out with additional wings and gauzes till "a woman's head blocked the street, and there was no passing along for her horns and steeples."

Richard's mania for dress knew no bounds. He had a good figure, which he displayed in tight-fitting, skin-like garments, and wore shoes the like of which only reappeared when our American cousins, a few years ago, developed a new form of boot with pointed toes several inches too long for any ordinary human foot. King Richard and his merry men wore foot-gear a good half yard too long. "Their shoes and pattens," says an ancient author quoted by Camden, "are *snouted* and piked up more than a finger's long, which they call Cracowes, resembling the devil's claws, which they fasten to their knees with chains of gold or silver." These preposterous shoes continued in use until the reign of Edward IV. In due time their length became so exaggerated that it was found necessary to link the toe to the knee of the wearer by a chain, so that he might be able to walk with safety. In 1465, in the reign of Edward IV., an Act of Parliament was passed prohibiting the wearing of shoes with toes more than two inches longer than the foot,—the penalty being excommunication and a fine of twenty shillings!

Never was costume in London so gay or so extravagant as during this unhappy reign. The tailors had to employ special "cutters" skilled in the art of cutting the fantastic edges of the coats, short and long, which were in fashion. At one time sleeves were worn long, touching the ground,—Chaucer complains of them,—at another they were so tight that a man could scarcely bend his elbows. The King once paid 30,000 marks for a cloak embroidered in a pattern of ostrich feathers and covered with precious stones. Loose flowing coats and cloaks that swept the earth, blazing with armorial bearings, richly gilt, were also in vogue,—but whereas the gentleman's cloak was adorned with his wife's arms, hers glittered with those of her lord. The women of the people still wore the graceful scarlet wimple, but

the tradesmen's wives imitated the great ladies in their attire, and annexed their "horns." The very apprentices grew extravagant, and robbed their masters to buy them suits of gaudy clothes. The anonymous author of *Eulogium* assures us the whole town was mad on the subject of dress, which must have been good for trade. Sumptuary laws availed not, and indeed Richard and his queen encouraged extravagance of every sort. This king's household was the largest and most magnificent in Europe, though his Exchequer was the lowest. He entertained as many as six hundred paupers every day, and once gave a sumptuous banquet to ten thousand guests.

Fashions in armour underwent a complete change during this reign. It was now nearly all plate, with a neck-piece of chain-work fastened to the bascinet and called the Camall, which, with the indented edge of the chain-apron depending below the jupon or surcoat, was almost all the mail visible. In Edward the First's reign a *jupon*, literally a petticoat of velvet or silk, gorgeously embroidered with armorial bearings, had been invented. This was now fuller, and, being confined to the figure, made a splendid glitter. The armour worn by Bolingbroke when he entered the lists at Coventry was damascened, and came from Milan, a gift from Gian Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of that country. At another tournament in London, the same Bolingbroke's horse was caparisoned with blue and green velvet, embroidered all over with swans and antelopes, his badge and supporters. His visor was a very odd-shaped thing, fashioned like the head of a bird. Such fantastic garments worn by civilians, and such strange accoutrements worn by knights, were to be seen in the streets of London any day during the chequered reign of our second Richard. It must have been a perpetual masquerade—and is, indeed, so described by Hall and Walsingham.

A law was promulgated by Edward III., and enforced by his grandson, which might be revived with distinct advantage in our day. It regulated the charges of tailors for the making of garments. In those remote times, even as now, these useful tradesmen made dresses for both sexes. Says the Ordinance: "Tailors shall henceforth take for a robe garnished with silk 1s. 6d., for a man's robe garnished with thread and buckram 14d. . . . Also a coat and hood 10d. . . . Also for a lady's long

gown garnished with silk, thread and buckram 2s. 6d. . . . Also for a pair of sleeves for changing 4d." If the tailor ventured to ask more for his work, he was to be dealt with as a usurer. The furs employed in the trimming and lining of these "robes" were marten, rabbit, dressed wolfels, Spanish squirrel and graysoevere or gray work. Only women of good character were allowed to wear the above furs; those who led notorious lives had to content themselves with rabbit skins. On the other hand, we have evidence that some of the fair priestesses of Venus, whose obligatory abode was in Southwark, were famed for the magnificence of their attire, the splendour of their jewels, and the rarity of their furs. The King, Queen, and Court folk alone might wear ermine, sable, and fox. Boots and shoes were very expensive, those made of cordwain cost 6d. a pair, equal to 12s. of our money. A pair of low shoes of cow-leather tanned 1s. 6d., considerably over £1, 10s. Ladies could purchase a pair of jean boots for 3s., or *circa* £1, 10s. of our money. Court shoes, the foundations of which were of white kid, richly embroidered in gold and silver and coloured silks, cost anything between £5 and £10 a pair, modern currency. Most of the lower orders cobbled their own boots and shoes, which resembled the sandals worn by Neapolitan peasants to this day. The very poor went barefoot.

London beheld another startling innovation in this reign, when Anne of Bohemia introduced the side-saddle,—a sort of bench with a hanging step upon which both feet were placed, —more comfortable possibly, for ladies, than the old way of riding man-fashion, though a running footman's constant attention was needed to keep the fair equestrian in her place. Pins came into England with this dress-loving princess, who, for all her frivolity, was so well beloved by the people, that long after her premature death they still called her their good Queen Anne. Like many extravagant people, she was exceedingly generous with other people's money. Her influence over the King was boundless. Plain as she was, Richard adored her, and she certainly helped very considerably to maintain his popularity. She died of the plague, at Sheen, and the King's grief knew no control. He did not, as is usually reported, raze Sheen Palace to the ground, but he dismantled the rooms

inhabited by his dead wife, whose funeral was the most extraordinary pageant of the sort yet seen in London. The body was borne in solemn procession from Sheen to St. Paul's Cathedral, where it lay in state till it was conveyed by night to Westminster, and there interred. A fabulous sum was spent on wax candles and torches, imported expressly from Flanders for the occasion, and the roadways of Fleet Street, the Strand, and Charing Cross literally flamed, as the lengthy procession wended its slow way to the great Abbey. All the peers, together with their wives, were commanded to attend the obsequies of the Queen. The ladies, according to their rank, were to wear long-trained black velvet or cloth cloaks, and hoods. The Earl of Arundel came late, and desired, for some reason or other, to withdraw early. He made his excuses to the King, who, being in a dreadful state of nervous irritation, then and there knocked him down, and his head striking the steps of the altar the pavement was covered with blood. The funeral service was interrupted until Richard and the Earl were reconciled and had shaken hands. This done, after certain special reconsecrating ceremonies Mass was brought to a close.

London was to welcome yet another queen, before the close of Richard's long and unhappy reign. In the last years of his life he was betrothed, rather than married, to Isabella of Valois, one of the many daughters of Charles vi., the mad King of France, by his infamous consort Isabeau of Bavaria. The Londoners must have been very anxious to catch a glimpse of the new Queen, who was only eight years old and therefore surnamed the "little." So dense was the crowd on London Bridge that nine people were crushed to death, among them the Prior of Tiptree and a "matron of Cornhill." There is no record of the coronation of this Princess, but a good many other details concerning her have come down to us. We learn that Westminster Palace was her favourite residence, and that one of her rooms there was hung with red satin striped with white moiré, and edged with needlework representing shepherds and shepherdesses—doubtless a French fabric. She had an enormous quantity of jewellery—which eventually passed to her sister, Katherine of Valois, wife of Henry v., and foundress of the Tudor dynasty. One of

Isabella's mantles created a sensation. It was of cherry-coloured velvet embossed with goldsmith's work in a pattern of roses growing on trees, the leaves of which were of emeralds and the stems of seed-pearls. We also know that her husband presented her with a consignment of dolls, which cost £150 of our money. This Baby Queen was often seen about London, and was very popular with the masses. Her adoration for her elderly husband knew no bounds, and, young as she was, she raised such an outcry when it was reported that he had been treacherously murdered, that the French King, her father, was fain to interfere.

The last pageant of Richard's life was the most imposing of all. It took place in that noble hall at Westminster which he himself had lately rebuilt—and it was the only function beneath its grand vault in which he ever figured. The night before his abdication, a threatening figure in full armour rode solitary through the streets and entered the Abbey, stared at by the gaping crowd. Henry Bolingbroke, for it was he, passed into the church and straight to the Sanctuary, where he knelt long in prayer before his father's tomb. "He had not been there since he was laid there to rest." On the following day, September 13, 1399, Parliament assembled and drew up thirty articles against King Richard, "whereby he was counted worthy to be deposed from his throne." A few days later, the miserable King, "much transformed and weakened," was conveyed from the Tower to Westminster Hall. Here he was robed, and the crown put on his head "in mockery." Then the question was loudly asked, "If the peers and people would have him as king?" An ominous silence fell over all, followed by a loud and unanimous "No." In silent and broken-hearted misery, Richard left the Hall. His exit, we are told, evinced more pride and dignity than had his entrance. It is said that as he passed Bolingbroke, the fallen monarch turned and looked at the usurper of his throne "with exceeding sweetness and pity."

Shakespeare, in that magnificent paraphrase of the abdication scene, which closes the fourth Act of his *Richard II.*, has but slightly departed from the facts and utterances reported by the Chronicler. So vividly does he present the pathetic incident,

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that the reader's memory of it is extraordinarily acute, as though he had himself witnessed it in some pre-existent incarnation ! After the humiliated King has passed out, the Bishop of Carlisle and the Abbot of Westminster are left alone. Says the Abbot—

“A woeful pageant have we here beheld.”

“Ay,” replies my Lord of Carlisle,

“The woe's to come ; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.”

And truly, so they felt it,—since from that day dates the beginning of the Wars of the Roses.

Richard went back to the Tower as he came, and shortly disappeared so mysteriously and completely that the French King, in the interests of his daughter Queen Isabella, insisted upon knowing where his son-in-law was concealed. The reply to this very reasonable query was the assurance that Richard had died a natural death at Pontefract Castle. No exact date was vouchsafed, but the event must have taken place in the early part of the year 1400. As soon as the news was known in London, rumours of murder, and even of escape, were put in circulation. To set these at rest, Henry iv. ordered that the body should be brought through London on its way from Pontefract Castle, where the unhappy King lay dead, to Langley Priory, where it was to be privately buried in the cloister.

And now London beheld a weird sight, one without parallel in history, save when the corpse of the murdered Queen of Portugal, Inez de Castro, was exhumed and solemnly crowned. Richard's dead body, dressed in royal robes, with crown on head and sceptre in the cold hand, was laid upon a bier, drawn by four horses in sable trappings. A numerous escort of Knights, Friars, and Guildsmen, bearing lighted torches, attended it all the way up from Pontefract, through wonder-stricken towns and frightened villages, along peaceful country roads and lonely lanes. For a night the dead King lay at the Tower, and next day he was carried in solemn pomp to Cheapside, where, for several hours, the bier stood still, so that some 20,000 persons were able to see with their own eyes that the corpse exposed was indeed the dethroned monarch's. The people seem to have had

no doubt on that score, but the exhibition of the remains did not dispel the general belief that the unhappy man had died by some foul means. It was generally asserted that Sir Piers Exmore had done him to death, cleaving his skull. Richard's body lay at Langley for over fourteen years. Then Henry v. brought it to London, and had it royally interred at Westminster in the monument Richard had himself prepared to be his last resting-place, with his only love, Queen Anne. The writer of this book was told by the late Dean Stanley that when King Richard's coffin was opened in 1871, a careful examination of the skull revealed no trace of any hurt by sword or hammer.

The reign of Richard II. produced many, if not exactly illustrious, at least prominent men, and among them none was more conspicuous or interesting than Aubrey De Vere, Earl of Oxford, who stood so high in the favour of Richard II. that he created him the first English Marquis that ever was, and, not content with this, later bestowed upon him the title of first and only Duke of Dublin. His ambition was further gratified by a royal alliance, his wife being none other than the Lady Philippa, daughter of the Lord de Courcy, and granddaughter of Edward III. She was reputed to be a handsome and excellent lady, in face and character like unto her admirable grandmother, Queen Philippa of Hainault. Oxford, however, evidently found her dull and uninteresting, for he presently fell desperately in love with Lancerona, otherwise called "the Landgravine," a foreign lady in attendance on Anne of Bohemia. That Queen most foolishly sided with her waiting-woman, and, against the advice of the King, petitioned Pope Urban to grant Oxford a divorce from his regal and legitimate consort, and thereby permit him to marry the fair Lancerona. His Holiness, however, refused to sanction any such proceeding; a decision which did not influence Oxford, who abandoned the unhappy Princess Philippa to live openly with his Lancerona, who, to her credit, was faithful to him to the last. When, mainly thanks to her folly, his popularity was gone, and he was exiled into Flanders, she followed him and was present at his death, which came about through wounds he received from a wild boar in the forest of Louvain. King Richard seems to have been greatly affected by the death of his favourite, and three years

afterwards, in 1395, caused his body to be brought to England, and his coffin opened that he might once more gaze on the face he loved so well. He beheld a mass of corruption only, and so, deeply distressed, ordered the coffin to be sealed up at once. He, however, followed the great funeral procession from Westminster to Colne in Essex, where our first Marquis' and our only Duke of Dublin's monument may still be seen.

Richard II. was essentially a builder. During his reign Westminster Abbey was nearly completed. A portrait of the unhappy King will be found in the Sanctuary,—a long-featured man with a melancholy, fore-doomed expression. This King's fine tomb, like that of his queen, is of English design and execution, the joint work of Stephen Lale and Henry de Yeverley, his partner—both of London. Richard's crowning glory, artistically speaking, is Westminster Hall, which he rebuilt almost from its foundations. The works, begun in 1397, were completed two years later, when there was a great house-warming to celebrate the event, the menu of the banquet on this occasion being still extant. It was of prodigious length, for eight hundred persons sat down to the feast, and included an extraordinary number of swans, ducks, geese, fowls, and peacocks. The porch of Westminster Hall was one of the finest in Europe, being designed by Master Henry de Yeverley (may this not be Beverley?), the same who had a hand in Queen Anne of Bohemia's tomb. The roof of Westminster Hall is the most magnificent in England. The stone moulding or "string course" that runs round it preserves the white hart couchant, which was the favourite device of Richard II.

By a strange irony of fate, Richard, as we have already said, literally built up the background for the scene of his own condemnation and abdication.

NOTE.—The "little Queen," Isabella of France, after her husband's death was sent to Sunningdale Palace, and thence to Havering atte Bower. An attempt was made to induce her to marry Prince Hal, afterwards Henry V.,—who eventually wedded her younger sister, Catherine,—but the Queen absolutely refused his hand. She returned to France, and in due time became the wife of Charles, the Poet-Duke of Orleans. She pre-deceased him, which, in a sense, was fortunate, since her death inspired him with some of the most beautiful lines in early French literature. She seems to have been a very lovely and lovable creature. Orleans' verse, at anyrate, is full of passionate praises of her beauty and her youth, her gracious nature and delightful manners.



STAPLES INN, HIGH HOLBORN

CHAPTER XIV

THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

A CERTAIN curious passage in Froissart's *Chronicles* sums up the whole history of England, and consequently of London, during the fifteenth century. "One day," it runs, "being on a visit to the Royal Family at Berkhamstead, whilst Edward III. and Queen Philippa came there to take leave of the Prince and Princess of Wales on their departure for Aquitaine, I sat me down on a bench and overheard an ancient Knight expounding some of the prophecies of Merlin to the Queen's ladies. According to him, neither the Prince of Wales nor the Duke of Clarence, though they were sons to King Edward, would wear the crown, but it would fall to the House of Lancaster." The English history of the fifteenth century unfolds the gradual verification of this prophecy through that great war of succession which bears the romantic name of the Wars of the Roses, and is a subject too well known and too intricate to be dealt with in these pages.

So sturdy is our Anglo-Norman race that neither the ravages of the plague,—which, after the great outburst in the reign of Edward III., recurred at almost regular periods of ten years, till finally rooted out by the Great Fire in Charles the Second's time,—nor the devastations of French and Scottish wars, combined with the horrors of civil combat, arrested the prosperity of the capital. Though a good two-thirds of the population of England had perished during the preceding hundred years, the metropolis, by the end of the fifteenth century, counted between 100,000 and 180,000 inhabitants. To accommodate so considerable an increase of population, the city had perforce to overflow the circuit of the ancient walls; spaces, which in

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Chaucer's time had been blossoming gardens and orchards, were covered over, forty years later, by a net-work of narrow streets and alleys. In Edward the Third's day, there were very few houses between Ludgate and Chancery Lane, or Newgate and Holborn; half a century later this space was all built over, and St. Paul's, which had hitherto marked the extreme west end of the city, appeared, by the time Edward IV. ascended the throne, to rise out of its centre. Many open spaces were still left between Shoe and Fewter (Fetter) Lanes; a straggling row of houses already linked Holborn to Ely Place, with its fine episcopal palace and fair chapel dedicated to St. Etheldreda. The latter is still used as a Roman Catholic Church, being the only one in London which dates back to pre-Reformation times. The gardens of Ely Palace, the town residence of the Bishops of Ely, were famous for their strawberries; Shakespeare mentions them in *Richard III.*—

Duke of Gloucester. My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn, I saw good strawberries in your garden there. I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Bishop of Ely. Marry, and will I, my lord, with all my heart.

At Ely Palace died, in 1599, that famous man, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; and here too, in later times, dwelt the Earls of Sussex and Warwick. In Queen Bess's day, Sir Christopher Hatton held Ely House on a lease from the Bishops of Ely, one of its stipulations being that they might walk in the garden, and "gather three and twenty basketloads of roses and no more." The rose grows no longer in Ely Place, any more than do the saffron and the vine at Saffron Hill, Hatton Garden, or Vine Street,—which were evidently so named from the fact that once the plants bloomed there in great abundance. These streets now produce, instead, diamonds and other precious stones, imported principally from South Africa and retailed thence over the known world.

A large windmill, which was a familiar landmark in this neighbourhood for ages, finally disappeared in the seventeenth century.

A little farther westward in Holborn, Sir William Furnival built himself, in Henry the Fourth's time, a fine mansion, leased by his

heirs to a Society of Lawyers, the site of which is still known as Furnival's Inn. Its magnificent Gothic hall was demolished in the reign of Charles I. A pretentious, but none the less effective, red-brick building now replaces the quaint Caroline-cum-Georgian Furnival's Inn, familiar to so many who even now are barely past their youth. Beyond this immense block of buildings, was the splendid town-house of the Bouchiers, also built in Henry the Fourth's time, and known, after the head of that ancient family was created Earl of Bath by Henry VII., as Bath House.

Down the centre of the now famous thoroughfare of Holborn, flowed the sluggish Old Bourne, to join the Fleet near Newgate. It was a navigable, though rather insignificant, stream, from which the locality obtained its name. Holborn, however, really signifies not the *old bourne*, or brook, but the brook in the "hole" or valley. A hamlet of two or three houses, which stood here in the Conqueror's time, is mentioned in Domesday Book as Holebourne.

Some attempt was made to keep the streets of London clean and tidy, even as early as the year 1389, when a proclamation was issued by order of Parliament ordaining "that no person whatever should presume to lay any dung, guts, garbage, offals, or ordure in any street, ditch, etc., upon the penalty of £20, to be recovered by an Information in Chancery." It was also arranged that carts should call at people's houses, and carry off their refuse in barrels, to be used in the country as manure. Henry V. revived this excellent system, and paid some attention to the vile condition of the pavements. Holborn, however, was in a very miry state, and being unsafe for the passage of carriages, was "paved and amended," when it became, as it has ever since remained, a very popular highway.

There were no houses on the spot where in our day Tottenham Court Road (in which, by the way, stood a ruined house said to have been a palace of King John) joins Oxford Street and Charing Cross Road. Far afield was Tyburn—its name derived from the Ayebourne or T'ayebourne, a rivulet which rose near Hampstead, and made its way, with the waters of several tributary streamlets, by Lower Brook Street and the foot of Hay Hill (Aye Hill) through Half Moon Street, emptied itself into a large pond

in what is now St. James's Park, and, running hence in three branches, was eventually lost in the Thames near Westminster. A road called the Tyburn, that followed much the same straight course as the modern Oxford Street, led to the public gallows, which had been removed from Smithfield in Edward the Third's time (not, as is usually stated, in that of Henry iv.), and most probably stood on the site occupied to-day by Nos. 48 and 49 Connaught Square. Mortimer, Queen Isabella's lover, was, according to contemporary statement, the first man executed on this spot. In 1499, that mysterious being, Perkin Warbeck, "the little cockatrice of the King," as Bacon called him, suffered death at Tyburn. In Holborn, too, exactly where now stands that renowned centre of ritualism, St. Alban's Church, stood, in Shakespeare's time, the town-mansion of the famous Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke—the friend of Sydney, "Our Will," and Ben Jonson. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, some fine houses were built in Chancery Lane—notably two at the corner of Fleet Street, which survived the Great Fire and were only declared unsafe and pulled down in 1809.

Covent Garden was already partly surrounded by buildings, but the land was still used by its owners, the monks of Westminster, not as a market but as a garden to supply fruit and vegetables to the monastery and also to the purchasing public. There was also a small nunnery hereabouts. Local history is mute concerning it, but some dozen years ago, the men digging the foundations of Rule's restaurant in Maiden Lane, unearthed an exceedingly ancient, octagonal baptismal font, which evidently belonged to the chapel of this nunnery. The relic was presented to the Roman Catholic Church of Corpus Christi in the same street. In the centre of Covent Garden was a pond of pure water fed by "certain streams," one of which ran into the Strand, where it was spanned by a bridge, and then flowed into the Thames just above the Savoy. There were scarcely any houses in Red Lion's Fields, and Blemundsbury or Bloomsbury was an open space round a very large and very old manor-house, which at one time had belonged to the de Blemontes or Blemmots. Early in the sixteenth century, it came into the possession of Chancellor Wriothesley, who was created Earl of Southampton by Edward vi.; its existence as

Wriothesley's mansion is still remembered in Southampton Row.¹

To the left of Bloomsbury Manor, was the "village of St. Giles with its parish Church," and a large leper hospital built by Queen Maud. By an ancient custom, criminals on their way to Tyburn were presented, on passing the north-west corner of the hospital, with a cup of ale. South-east of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, was a piece of waste land known as the Cock and Pie Fields, where the lowest order of citizens were wont to assemble for fighting-matches and other rough sports. Between this and Charing Cross, and far beyond, where Soho, Regent Street, Piccadilly, Mayfair, Hanover Square, and the thickly inhabited districts of Cavendish and Portman Squares and Bayswater are now, there was only a sort of woodland, intersected by a few country roads considered extremely dangerous after nightfall. Very late in the fifteenth century, the newly "arrived" family of St. Maur, or Seymour, built itself a country-seat on the site of our Upper and Lower Seymour Streets and Bryanston Square. This little-known fact accounts for the names of the two streets above mentioned. The property passed by marriage from the Seymours to the Portmans early in the eighteenth century.

In Henry the Fourth's reign, Charing Cross was—and remained until late in the seventeenth century—a village, consisting of a sort of triangle of houses round an open space, in the centre of which rose the famous Eleanor Cross. At the left corner of the Strand stood a large country-house, at one time the property of the Bishops of Norwich, and afterwards of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who married Henry the Eighth's sister, Mary Tudor, and was occasionally inhabited by him during the later part of the reign of his brother-in-law. It passed into Suffolk's hands on February 4, 1536, when Suffolk House, Southwark, was "assured to the King." The site eventually became the property of the Percys, Dukes of Northumberland, in whose possession it remained until the famous old mansion, built in the seventeenth century by Bernard Jansen and Gerard Christmas, was pulled down to make room for the Grand Hotel

¹ Bloomsbury, it seems, is a corruption of Blemundsbury, the name of a Picardy family that came into England with Henry II., who granted them this parcel of land.

and Northumberland Avenue,—a change whereby London lost one of its most picturesque landmarks, and the Dukes of Northumberland obtained a very large sum of money for a very inconvenient and antiquated residence.

Holborn Bars—posts symmetrically planted across the road—marked the boundary of the City of London, a little beyond Furnival's Inn, between Gray's Inn and Staples Inn. Gray's Inn, to the right, probably built somewhere in the reign of Edward III., had received considerable additions in that of Richard II. The Manor of Gray's Inn, or Portpool, belonged at one time to Lord Grey de Wilton, who sold it in the year 1505 to Hugh Denny, Esq., who resold it in his turn to the Carthusians of East Sheen. A few years later, at the Dissolution, it fell to the Crown, and was leased by Henry VIII. as a College of Law. In the little Gothic Hall of Gray's Inn, Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* was performed on Holy Innocents' Day, December 28, 1594. George Gascoigne's translation of *Jocasta* was acted in the Refectory of Gray's Inn in 1566. Not so many years ago, an interesting revival, by a troop of aristocratic players, of Ben Jonson's *Masque of Flowers* was presented here in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales (now King and Queen of England).

But still more interesting is Staples Inn, on the opposite side of the street, with its rows of beautiful timbered houses of late fifteenth-century architecture, saved by a merciful Providence from the omnivoracity of the dread "improvements man." Staples Inn was the inn or hostel of the Wool Merchants of the Staple, and is another agreeable oasis in the noisy desert of London, its pretty old-fashioned gardens nestling in the heart of a sturdy growth of towering new buildings—the Birkbeck Institute, for instance, a Brobdingnagian specimen of Doulton china-ware, with its blue-and-white garishness and its highly glazed mythological figures and porcelain allegories overtopping everything in the vicinity. In the days when Doulton porcelain was not, and hardware was exclusively used for domestic purposes, Dr. Johnson dwelt in Staples Inn, and wrote *Rasselas*, *Prince of Abyssinia*, and Boswell was his faithful toady. Hereabouts, too, was the home of Reed, the Shakespearian commentator, who lived and died in Staples Inn; and many another worthy

has rested his weary bones upon the ancient bench that girdles the big plane-tree, whereof so delightful a glimpse may be snatched through the archway of the grand old fifteenth-century houses that save the general aspect of the Holborn of our day from vulgar and commonplace modernity.

Adjoining Staples Inn was a property which at one time belonged to the Wriothesleys, Earls of Southampton, and was, and is still, known as "Old" Southampton Buildings, to distinguish it from New Southampton House, situated where is now Bloomsbury Square. Here Thomas Wriothesley, the Earl of Southampton in Edward the Sixth's reign, built himself a fine house on ground given to him, just before his disgrace, by that King, and on a site that had, in mediæval times, belonged to the Knights Templars before they settled down by the Thames. That Earl of Southampton who was Shakespeare's patron, and to whom he dedicated his *Rape of Lucrece* and *Venus and Adonis*, pulled down the old house, and built himself a palace, wherein, most likely, he was often visited by the king of dramatists. In 1657, this was levelled, the new town residence of the Southamptons having been built higher up in Bloomsbury by the fourth Earl, who bequeathed it to his daughter, and heir, Lady Rachel Wriothesley, the faithful wife of the unfortunate Lord William Russell. In 1675, the Holborn property was consigned in trust to Arthur, Earl of Essex, Sir Philip Warwick, and Thomas Cordoroy, on behalf of Elizabeth, Countess of Northumberland, on her marriage with Ralph, Lord Montagu. It thus passed into the possession of the Dukes of Manchester, and after many changes of hands, became, in 1825, the property of the trustees of the Mechanics' Institute. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* In Southampton House, in the last week of Henry the Eighth's life, Thomas Duke of Norfolk, and the unfortunate Earl of Surrey, were arraigned before, and condemned by, that treacherous personage, Chancellor Wriothesley. In order to spare the old Duke the annoyance of going to the Tower on foot, through a gaping crowd, he was put on board a barge and rowed down the Bourne to the Fleet, and thence to the Thames. Surrey, on the other hand, went on foot to his doom, the mob along the lengthy route manifesting the utmost sympathy for so noble and accomplished a victim.

In this vicinity, also, is Barnard's Inn; a diminutive but delightfully picturesque, old-world place, which Mr. Loftie declares always reminds him of a picture by De Hooze. It has just the quaint little turret on its roof, and the sort of miniature trees surrounding it, which that exquisite artist delighted to paint. It was the late much-regretted Mrs. E. T. Cook, the author of many charming pages on old London subjects, who advised the present writer to make a pilgrimage to Barnard's Inn. He bears her memory gratitude, and takes this opportunity to express the deep regret that he felt, in common with all lovers of our great city, when the gifted pen which wrote that remarkable book *Highways and Byways of London* was laid aside for ever.

Happily the Mercers' Company has purchased this fragment of the Hague, which somehow or other seems to have strayed into the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane, and thus future generations will have the pleasure of admiring its reposeful quaintness.

As early as the reign of Henry VI., in 1495, an almost continuous avenue of garden-girt houses, many of them the country-seats or villas of wealthy merchants, united Southwark to Lambeth, whence an organised system of ferry-boats plied between Westminster¹ and the steps leading to the archiepiscopal palace. Lambeth was already fairly well populated, although many persons objected to it as a place of residence, on account of the marshy nature of its soil. The illustrious House of Howard settled in this neighbourhood in 1490, building several large mansions, in one of which, during the latter part of Henry the Eighth's reign, lived Thomas, third Duke of Norfolk. Lambeth still boasts a Norfolk Row, which marks the site of the ducal residence, a wing of which was standing in the eighteenth century.

Southwark, the chief thoroughfare between London, the southern counties, and the Continent, was, as we have seen, even at an early date, a remarkably thriving place, and celebrated for the number of its large and flourishing inns, of which the "Tabard," immortalised by Chaucer, and the "White Hart" were among the best known. The original "Tabard" was burned down in 1675, but was immediately rebuilt on the old lines. The writer

¹ This ferry was often described as "Westminster Bridge"—no real bridge, however, existed here until the eighteenth century.

was taken to see it in his boyhood, and retains a vivid recollection of its open woodwork galleries, its picturesque oak-lined parlour, and its bustling courtyard. Alas! it was swept away as worthless rubbish as lately as 1876. The "Bear" and the "King's Head," much frequented in the fifteenth century by foreigners, especially by Dutch and Flemish merchants, stood nearer London Bridge. The "White Hart," farther up the High Street, was the headquarters of Jack Cade, during his brief occupancy of the city and borough in 1431. Burnt down in 1675, it was speedily rebuilt, and ultimately immortalised by Charles Dickens, who introduces the inimitable Sam Weller upon the scene of this historic hostelry. This, too, has gone the way of so many other interesting relics of past times. A very few old inns still exist in Southwark, and some twenty years ago the writer recollects putting up for the night in one of them, where he was accommodated with a noble old Gothic bedstead, bearing the date 1494, and an inscription on the tester to the effect that "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John" were to "bless the bed that I lie on"! Where may that bed be now?

The east side of London did not develop as rapidly as the west. The wide space outside Bishopsgate remained open country until far into the seventeenth century. Bishopsgate Street Without boasted a continuous line of houses on both sides of the way, extending from the Hospital of St. Mary de Bethlehem (Bedlam) to the Nunnery of Holywell, but the back windows all looked on to open fields. The same may be said of the double line of houses that joined Aldgate to the village of Whitechapel (so called from a little white chapel dedicated to St. Mary), a place of popular pilgrimage on August 15, the Feast of the Assumption, and September 8, the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

Many changes were made within the city walls during the reigns of Henry iv. and Henry v. Day by day, the feudal system was losing its grasp; the aristocracy was only too eager to dismantle its uncomfortable, fortress-like residences, and convert them into palaces, and thus a large number of barbicans, towers, and frowning battlements were destroyed. Among the notable residences built or rebuilt at this period within the city walls, was Cold Herbergh (Cold Harbour) in Upper Thames

Street, a splendid mansion surrounding an open courtyard. This residence was reconstructed, in the last quarter of the fourteenth century, by the Earl of Huntingdon, half-brother to Richard II. It later became the property of Sir John Poultney, four times Lord Mayor of London. He sold it to Prince Hal, afterwards Henry V., who, no doubt in the days of his "rackety" youth, rioted there with his boon companions Falstaff, Bardolph, Pistol, and Nym. It was close to the "Boar's Head Tavern" in Eastcheap, where, so the Poet tells us, the future hero of Agincourt was wont to misbehave himself exceedingly, in the roystering company of the "stout knight" and his jovial following. We would fain think Mrs. Quickly may have been hostess of this very inn, and that in one of its bedchambers, the dying Falstaff "babbled o' green fields" as his volatile spirit bade farewell for good to his all too solid flesh! But historical truth drives us to locate the rollicking scenes enacted in Mrs. Quickly's house (see *Henry IV.*) not at the "Boar's Head," which tavern was not opened till the sixteenth century, but at the "Swan," a noted hostelry in Basinghall Street much frequented by Prince Hal and his merry comrades. Richard III. granted Cold Harbour to the College of Herald's, and Henry VIII. exchanged it with Tunstal, Bishop of Durham, for Durham Inn, Strand. Every vestige of it has long since disappeared, and a noted brewery now stands upon the site.

The Earls of Northumberland had a roomy mansion in Fenchurch Street, whilst the Earls of Oxford's town residence was not far from London Stone.¹ Frascobaldi, the Florentine merchant whose family did business in London for several generations, built himself a handsome dwelling, probably in the Florentine style, at the east corner of Lombard Street. The Lords of Latimer resided in a new and fashionable square, built, early in the sixteenth century, round the churchyard of Charterhouse.

Near Tower Royal, rose a tall house called Ypres Inn, after its founder, William de Ypres, a rich Flemish linen merchant, the intimate friend of John of Gaunt. In Old Fish Street, the Black Prince had erected a magnificent mansion, which by Henry the Fifth's time had already, like the huge house in the

¹ See the Archivio Fiorentino—papers connected with mediæval commerce in England and elsewhere in Northern Europe.

same neighbourhood called Gerrard's Hall, been converted into a much frequented hostelry and eating-house, or, as we should now call it, restaurant. The Hanseatic merchants owned a very fine Hall, popularly known as Eber or Old Hall, which stood close to the Steel Yard. Before the Conquest, the ground on which it was built belonged to the Hanseatic merchants. In the first half of the fifteenth century, these merchant-princes rebuilt their Hall on a scale of much splendour, its great window, filled with the richest Flemish glass, being considered one of the largest and finest in London. They were deprived of this Hall, however, by Edward VI., on a malicious complaint brought against them by some English merchants, who, evidently, were jealous of their prosperity. In 1411, began the reconstruction of the Guildhall on its present site, close to the one it had previously occupied for some hundred years. The new building was not completed until 1426.

The London merchants of this period, being extremely wealthy and "passing pious," were continually rebuilding, beautifying, or enlarging the 103 churches and chapels included within the circuit of the walls, and adding to the artistic wealth of the numerous monastic churches without them. The prevailing architecture was that elaborate Gothic known as "decorated and flamboyant." Fine triptychs by the great Flemish and Italian masters of the period were imported from Flanders and Italy for the decoration of the altars of the parochial and other churches. Who knows but many a Memling, Rogier of Bruges, Van Eyke, or even Pinturicchio, were either destroyed by the iconoclasts of the Reformation or sold to the Jews, who flocked to London at the Dissolution of the monasteries to pick up bargains for rich continental *virtuosi*.

Among the wealthy merchants who built themselves town residences at this period, was one whose name is a household word with every English child—Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London, and one of the richest men of his age. As late as 1783, a large house in a rickety condition, which still stood at the corner of Hart Street, four doors from Mark Lane, was pointed out as "Whittington's Palace." It was built, as were so many great fifteenth-century houses, round three sides of a stately courtyard. The fourth side consisted of a wall and

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gate communicating with the street. Under the windows of the first storey were carved in bas-relief the arms of the twelve Companies of London. The wings were supported by large figures representing satyrs. According to an article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1796, this ancient dwelling boasted at least one noble room, 15 feet broad, 5 feet long, and 10 feet high. The ceiling was extremely fine, embellished by a number of medallions, in the centre of each being either the head of one of the twelve Cæsars in bas-relief or a coat-of-arms. This old-world house was reproduced in the delightful Old London Street which proved so great an attraction in the series of Exhibitions held at South Kensington from 1883-86. It may be doubted whether it ever really belonged to Whittington, notwithstanding the persistent tradition to that effect. His palace was more probably situated near his place of business, which is known to have been close to Tower Royal and College Hill. Whittington, who was not quite the pauper he is generally supposed to have been when he arrived in London, to be apprenticed to his kinsman the prosperous mercer Fitz-Warren, was destined in the course of time to have the honour of sumptuously entertaining King Henry v.,—whose debt of £1000 (a prodigious amount in those days) he forgave, throwing the bond into the fire in the King's presence,—and to become purveyor of cloth of gold and silver, and of silks, satins, and velvets, to the Court. We learn that he furnished Princess Blanche, daughter of Henry iv., with the materials for her wedding-dress of cloth-of-gold at the then enormous cost of £215, 13s. 4d. A year or so later, he supplied her sister, Princess Philippa, with her wedding-gown, also of "cloth-of-gold, embroidered with pearls." This cost £248, 10s. 6d. Our good old friend, Dick Whittington, furnished nearly the whole aristocracy of the period with the splendid brocades, silks, and satins, cloth of gold and silver, velvets and plushes, required for the extravagant fashions of that time. Whittington is much more likely to have amassed his colossal fortune by the profits over these transactions, than by the exportation of a solitary cat to that distant island whose inhabitants ran the risk of being eaten alive by rats and mice. Yet there seems to be some foundation for the story of the cat.

In an exquisite little book entitled *Sir Richard Whit-*

tington, written by Walter Besant and James Rice, there is mention of a house in Gloucestershire, occupied by the Whittingtons until the year 1460. In the year 1862 this house needed certain repairs, which involved excavations in the cellars, in the course of which a stone, or a portion of a chimæy, bearing a fifteenth-century bas-relief of a boy with a cat in his arms was discovered.¹ This was, certainly, a very remarkable piece of evidence in favour of the contention that, in his own century, at least, Whittington's family believed in the legend of the cat. And all lovers of pantomime must surely honour the time-renowned tradition! Dick Whittington, without his cat, is like a saint without a halo—a mere ordinary mortal, not to be venerated in the least. Very likely our Dick had a good mouser, and sold him to some rat-tormented sailor for a round sum. Or may he not have bred cats, and exported them to lands where their intelligent methods of extirpating vermin were deservedly appreciated? Cat or no cat, Sir Richard was a great man, a great builder, and great benefactor of the city over whose municipality he presided, fulfilling the famous prophecy no less than three times. He built the beautiful hall of Christchurch to contain the library he presented to the Grey Friars. Following the provisions of his will, John Carpenter, his executor, founded the City of London School; and shortly after his death, the Mercers' School, belonging to his own Company, which still exists and does good work, was erected out of funds bequeathed by him for the purpose. He rebuilt the fine church of St. Michael, Paternoster Royal; and his executors, according to his last wishes, enlarged Newgate prison, which had grown ruinous, foul, and fever-stricken. Not content with all these benefactions to the city, he repaved the newly-built Guildhall, and left a sum of money to be employed in the formation of a library in that great Civic Institution. The valuable manuscripts therein enshrined were borrowed, under Edward VI., by that arch-book-thief Protector Edward Somerset, and, it need hardly be added, never returned. The Protector, it will be remembered, played the same dishonest trick with books he borrowed from the Bodleian. Whittington

¹ The bas-relief representing Dick Whittington and his Cat is now in the Guildhall Museum.

further restored and repaired the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, to which he bequeathed another valuable library. His practical care of the poor is even now to be seen in the almshouses still standing at Highgate. He died in London in 1422, after a long and useful life, and was buried in his newly-built church of St. Michael, aforesaid, which was destroyed, and his magnificent tomb with it, in the Great Fire of 1666. But his monument is graven in the hearts of the children, who love his fabled story and raise joyous clamours when he appears before them in all his glory, attended by his comical cat, in the Christmas pantomime.

The London of the fifteenth century was glorious from the artistic point of view, but otherwise it was dirty and unsavoury in the extreme. Our ancestors had no appreciation of sanitation, and do not appear to have realised that the perpetual epidemics which afflicted them were mainly due to their own absolute neglect of the veriest rudiments of hygiene. The streets were unpaved, scavengers were not, and there was no attempt at cleanliness. Householders cast their refuse where they chose, provided they did not empty it on the heads of the passers-by in broad daylight. Once Curfew had tolled and darkness fallen, anything and everything might be thrown out of windows, so long as a certain and peculiar well-known cry warned the belated traveller of the nature of the shower-bath he was likely to receive unless he was agile enough to jump out of its way.

The city walls, two miles and three-quarters in circumference, were girded by a broad moat or ditch, crossed at the various gates by bridges. Into this ditch or moat the citizens, until the first quarter of the fifteenth century, were wont to throw all sorts of refuse; and an evil odour thus marked the outer limit of the town. In 1425, an effort was made to clean and sweeten the moat, but it was a most unsavoury spot till, in Elizabeth's reign, the ditch was filled up and turned into a public garden.

Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate Street, as it now stands, gives a fair idea of the domestic architecture and ornamentation of the period under examination. This noble example of a great town residence of the time of Edward IV. was built in 1466, on land leased from the neighbouring Priory of Great St. Helen's, by Sir John Crosby,—a wealthy mercer, Warden of the Grocers' Com-

pany, Alderman, Member of Parliament, and Mayor of the Staple of Calais,—probably on the site of a Roman villa, for two very fine tessellated pavements were discovered hereabouts in 1783, and, more recently, another, which was probably part of the Atrium of a villa of the time of Constantine (A.D. 275), was unearthed whilst making foundations for the new premises. According to tradition, it was in this house that the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., who purchased the place from Crosby's widow in 1476, planned the murder of the little King Edward V. and his brother the Duke of York. After the defeat and death of Richard, Crosby Place became, for a time, the Mansion House and residence of the Lord Mayors; and here, in 1501, Lord Mayor Bartholomew Reed entertained the Ambassadors of Maximilian of Germany. Next, in 1516, Sir Thomas More purchased and lived in Crosby Place, where he several times entertained Henry VIII. and Katherine of Aragon, and wrote his *Utopia* and *Life of Richard III.* More, in his turn, sold the place in 1525 to his friend Bonvici,¹ who leased it shortly afterwards to Sir Thomas' son-in-law, Mr. Roper, the husband of the heroic Margaret More. Bonvici forfeited it "by illegally departing the kingdom," and Henry VIII. gave it to Lord Darcy of Chule, who, under Mary, was compelled to restore it to its rightful owner. Such is our conservatism that to this day a weekly dole left to the poor of the parish by Lady Darcy is still paid in the Church of St. Helen's. Later on, in the sixteenth century, Crosby Hall fell to the "rich Spencers," after having been tenanted by Alderman Sir George Bond, the famous "merchant adventurer" and traveller, who is buried under a fine monument in St. Helen's. Whilst Sir John Spencer lived in Crosby Hall, a magnificent banquet was given, to which came Queen Elizabeth and her suite, Sir Walter Raleigh, Spenser, Sidney, Grenville, Drake, and Hawkins, with many another famous man. This was six years after the Armada victory and right royally were "Gloriana" and her illustrious retinue entertained. The Hall, which providentially escaped the Great Fire of 1666, was successively tenanted in the seventeenth century by Sir Thomas D'Arcy and William Bond, "merchant

¹ Bonvici really bought it of the King, after the Dissolution of the convent, for £207, 18s. 4d.

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adventurers." Mary, Countess of Pembroke,—“the gentlest shepherdess of her day,”—sister of Philip Sidney, and the Earl of Northampton—who accompanied Charles I. to Madrid, where that unlucky monarch went a-courting the Infanta—were also tenants of this noble old mansion. So splendid and interesting a pile surely deserves to be treasured as a national monument. As a museum of relics of the metropolis it might well become the *Musée Carnavalet* of the City of London. In any other civilised community, a building so rich in historical tradition would be more tenderly cared for. In this sense, however, no blame can be attached to the present proprietors, who have restored it most carefully if a trifle gaudily. Still, as a restaurant, and a most admirable one at that, Crosby Hall runs greater risk of being destroyed by fire than if it were used as a museum or public library. The Hall, which measures 69 feet in length by 27 in width, is in perfect preservation. It still possesses its lofty timbered roof 38 feet above the floor. The throne-room on the first floor is a noble apartment, with a magnificent carved ceiling. Here the restoration is in perfect taste, and extremely well carried out.

The quaint, timbered façade on Bishopsgate Street, though not actually ancient, is a capital reproduction of a façade of the period. On the other hand, the exquisite oriel window overlooking Great St. Helen's,—after the famous one at Oriel College, Oxford, about the most perfect specimen of its kind in England,—is, needless to say, a part of the ancient structure; and so too is the great window in the Hall, a marvel of elegance and harmonious proportion. In the eighteenth century, Crosby Hall—after having been occupied by the East India Company for about twenty-five years—had fallen on very bad days; but in 1833, attention having been drawn to its forlorn condition, it was restored at the public expense, and used as a sort of Hall for charitable entertainments. Here, in 1839, Elizabeth Fry presided over a bazaar organised for the relief of female prisoners and convicts. Later, it became a wine and spirits vault, then a packer's warehouse, and finally a very good eating-house. Two years ago, when the adjacent house to the left was pulled down, a lofty Gothic archway was uncovered, probably the original entrance to the courtyard on which the

great hall opened. Behind Crosby Hall stands the beautiful church of Great St. Helen's, almost entirely rebuilt in the fifteenth century at the expense of Sir John Crosby and his wife. It is one of the few city churches that escaped the Fire of 1666, and consists of two parallel naves each 122 feet in length—one of which is intended for public use, and the other for that of the Benedictine nuns, whose refectory and cloisters were in existence as lately as one hundred years ago. The hagioscopes, through which the Reverend Mother Superioress could watch the High Altar and choir, can still be seen. Great St. Helen's possesses more monuments than any church in London, Westminster Abbey excepted. The most interesting are those of the founder, Sir John Crosby, and his dame (1475). The recumbent statues of the worthy knight and his lady are admirable studies of the costume of the period. Sir John is represented in plate of armour, with his alderman's mantle cast gracefully about him; and his lady is shown with a most elaborate head-dress of buckram and jewels which must have been terribly heavy to wear. The founder of the Royal Exchanges, Sir Thomas Gresham's fine monument has only lately been completed. Then we have the altar-tomb of Sir John Lemanthorpe in full armour (1574); and that of Sir John Pickering and his son, who died in 1547; and lastly, amongst many other delightfully quaint tombs and brasses, the tomb of that bombastic knight of Elizabeth's Court, Sir Julius Cæsar. In the parish register of this church, under the year 1598, occurs the name of one William Shakespeare as a parishioner. In a side chapel to the left of the chancel, hangs a weather-beaten helmet, popularly said to have been worn and lost by Richard III. at the Battle of Bosworth Field. A strange coincidence, truly, that the helmet lost on that fatal day should have found its way to a church so near the spot whereon its unscrupulous wearer had plotted the murder of his nephews!

Gloster. Are you now going to despatch this thing?

First Murderer. We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Gloster. Well thought upon; I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

Richard III. Act 1. Scene 3.

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The fifteenth century witnessed an extraordinary extension of our sphere of commercial activity, not only in Western Europe but even in the Near East. Thus, in the second year of Henry iv., we learn that a British trader ventured as far as Smyrna. A little later, another of our merchantmen was captured in the Greek Archipelago by an armed vessel belonging to the Genoese. On the news of this adventure reaching England, all the Genoese merchants in the city were arrested and committed to the Fleet. They were only released after paying a fine of 6000 marks. In 1412, King Henry iv. complained to King John of Portugal that the ship *St. Thomas*, of London, of 200 tons burthen, had been seized in the port of Lisbon. He demanded her instant release, and threatened to expel the few Portuguese merchants in London unless his request was immediately complied with. The vessel was loaded with wax, oil, and sundry other wares, among them oranges and dried figs, and was valued at 6000 golden crowns. A year later (1413) we have news of the first Englishmen trading with Morocco. A Company, it seems, was formed in London to charter vessels, load them with wool and other merchandise, and despatch them to the northern coast of Africa, "especially to Morocco" (no port, however, is mentioned). Our rivals at sea, the Genoese, attacked several of these ships, seized the goods, and imprisoned the crews. Whereupon, King Henry ordained that the English might seize the ships and merchandise of any Genoese vessels they might find. This state of affairs becoming insupportable, a Genoese Embassy was sent to England to treat the matter directly with the King. Henry v., who by this time had ascended the throne, now granted to Olbert Tonsun, a Genoese merchant living in London, a right to import merchandise to the value of £3000, and to export English goods to the Genoese ports for the same amount. The Embassy returned to Genoa fairly well pleased with this arrangement. According to the *Fadera*, London merchants were, three years later, engaged in a sort of illicit cod-fishery on the coast of Iceland. On a complaint made by the King of Denmark, the Sheriffs of London were enjoined to "make proclamation, that no one, for a year to come, should presume to resort to the coasts of the isles belonging to

Denmark and Norway, more especially to the isle of Iceland, on the account of the fishing, or any other reason, to the prejudice of the King of Denmark, otherwise than has been *anciently* customary." By the latter end of the century, British sails were to be seen on almost every known sea.

Shortly after the accession of Edward iv. we have evidence of a kind of tariff agitation, not unlike the one now occupying the popular mind. The importation into England, and especially into the port of London, of foreign manufactured goods which paid no duty, so greatly obstructed the inland trade that, on the petition of the manufacturers and tradesmen of London, and other parts of England, an Act of Parliament was passed prohibiting

"the importation of woollen caps, woollen cloths, laces, corses, ribbands, fringes of silk and of thread, laces of thread, silk twined, silk in any wise embroidered, laces of gold, and of silk and gold, saddles, stirrups, or any harness pertaining to saddles, spurs, bosses for bridles, and irons, gridirons, locks, hammers, pinsons, fire-tongs, dripping-pans, dice, tennis-balls, points, purses, globes, girdles, harness for girdles, or iron, latten, steel, tin, or of alkemine: any thing wrought of any tawed leather, any tawed furs, buscanes, shoes, galoches, or cokes, knives, daggers, wood-knives, bodkins, shears for taylors, scissors, razors, chessmen, playing cards, combs, pattins, pack-needles, painted ware, forcers, caskets, rings of copper or of latten gilt, chaffing dishes, hanging candle sticks, capping balls, sacring bells, rings for curtains, ladles, scummers, counterfeit basons, ewers, hats, brushes, wool cards, black iron thread, commonly called and named white wire: upon forfeiture of the same one moiety to the King, and the other to the informer. Irish manufactures are, however, excepted, and also such as should be taken at sea, or by wreck. Magistrates of cities and towns, are authorized to search for defective and unlawful wares, which shall be forfeited. Excepting, however, the liberty of the dean of the free chapel of St. Martins-le-Grand, in London and its precinct."

Later on, still more stringent laws were passed against the "alien immigrant," and more particularly the Italian. In the early part of the reign of Richard iii. an Act was passed for the purpose of limiting their sphere of commercial activity, and apparently with the indirect object of driving them from the country. The wording of this Act reads, always allowing for its

"mediævalisms," like an excerpt from a modern newspaper article on "the effects of Free Trade," or even the "unemployed" question: "Neither will they [the Italians] take any of the king's subjects to work with them, but only people born in their own country, whereby the king's subjects fall into idleness, and become thieves, vagabonds, etc." And later on it is said that, "when these foreigners have gained in this realm great substance, they withdraw with the same to foreign parts . . . and there spend that substance among the king's adversaries." As a consequence of these objections, an Act was passed to the effect that no Italian might sell merchandise by retail,—in the event of a non-sale of wholesale goods, the said goods were to be sent abroad again. No raw wool, or even woollen cloths, were to be sold by foreigners, nor could any foreigner become a "master-handicraftsman." But—strangest of all—"aliens may import books, either written or printed, and may reside in this realm for the printing of books, etc."

There is still extant another list of goods prohibited from importation at this period, in an Act passed in compliance with a petition presented by the manufacturers of London, which enacts that

"no merchant-stranger shall import into this realm, for sale, leather laces, pouches, pins, gloves, hangers, andirons, cupboards, tongs, fire-forks, stock-locks, keys, hinges, and garnets, painted glasses, painted papers, painted forciers, painted images, painted cloths, beaten gold and beaten silver wrought in papers for painters, boots, buckler-chains, latten-nails with iron shanks, turners, holy-water stoups, hanging-leavers, wool-cards, roan cards, buckles for shoes, broaches for spits, bells, hawks' bells, tin and leaden spoons, wire of latten and iron, iron-candlesticks, grates and horns for lanthorns, or any other thing made by the petitioners, on pain of forfeiture."

These catalogues of merchandise afford an excellent idea of the variety of manufactures of London, and of the domestic wants of the people, at this period. The result of these stringent measures was curious: a custom-house tariff was placed on a vast number of goods, but those of German manufacture were allowed to enter the port of London free, Edward granting the German merchants of the Steel Yard of London special privi-

leges "on account of the peace and friendship" which had been recently established between the two nations. The other foreign merchants were less leniently dealt with, and by the end of the fifteenth century, there was a feud raging between the native and the foreign merchants, which culminated on "Evil" May Day 1517 by an explosion of popular fury, and produced such an impression at the time that Delaune in his *Anglo Metropolis* tells us "old men used to reckon their age from that date." It arose through a number of foreign merchants, mostly Frenchmen, underselling imported goods at a price that injured native enterprise. The trouble began by a trifling quarrel between an Englishman and a Frenchman. One fine morning a carpenter named Williamson purchased two pigeons in Cheapside, whereupon a Frenchman, who happened to be passing, snatched them out of his hand, saying "they were no meat for a carpenter." This outrage being resented by some apprentices, a terrible riot ensued; the shops of a number of foreign merchants were looted, and not a few of their owners killed. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen, however, eventually put down by force the incipient revolution. Twelve men were hanged, and four hundred more, stripped to their shirts, with their hands tied behind their backs and halters round their necks, were taken to Westminster, where the young King, Henry VIII., pardoned them. Under Henry VIII. our foreign trade was enormously extended, not only in Europe, but in what would then correspond to the Far East of our time, the Levant and beyond, Egypt, and the Coast of Barbary.

CHAPTER XV

LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

TO obtain some understanding of the existence led by the various grades of London's citizens in the fifteenth century, let us take such a householder as John Crosby,¹ who besides being an ambassador and diplomat, was a rich alderman and mercer, and necessarily in contact with both extremes of the social scale. As a diplomat and high city official, he was in frequent touch with the King and Court, as well as with the almighty Lord Mayor; as a mercer, he had many clerks, apprentices, and working-men in his service. Crosby, when Edward IV. knighted him in 1471, must have been a man of forty. His prosperous life at Crosby Hall only lasted a few years, since he died there in 1476, pre-deceasing his wife Anne Crosby. His place of business, rebuilt in 1427, was near the Grocers' Hall, in Conehoope Lane. Sir John and Lady Crosby and their family—he is believed to have had but one daughter—rose as early as their retainers. Naturally their first care was breakfast, which was a light meal, quite in the modern French style, except that coffee and chocolate were unknown for three centuries yet; milk, mead, and light ale being used instead. After this breakfast, the family and the whole household heard Mass, either in the Priory Church of Great St. Helen's, which was hard by, or else in the private oratory, of which, unfortunately, no trace now remains. Fortified by this and other pious

¹ He was sent on a mission by Edward IV. to the Court of the Duke of Burgundy and to that of the Duke of Brittany. Shakespeare introduces Richard III. into Crosby Hall in 1471, several years before the right time,—*i.e.* five years before Sir John's death. We know that during these years he was in residence in his own house.

exercises, notably the saying of his beads, Sir John went down to his office, to examine his correspondence and inspect the samples of goods brought him by the Flemish and Lombard merchants. In other words, he went through the ordinary routine of a merchant's business, which was not, in those days, materially different from what it is now. Being a mercer, he dealt in silks and satins, Genoa velvets, Florentine and French brocades, cloth of gold and silver, Flemish linen, ribbons, laces, and small finery; but all this was a wholesale business, except in the case of the Royal Family and very great personages, who bought their goods by the gross and had them made up by their own people. When Sir John's business letters, as well as his private correspondence, were written on Saints' days, they were dated—"This day being the festival of the most glorious virgin and martyr, Agnes," etc., and the closing paragraph included a pious reference to the bounty of the Deity and of our Blessed Ladye. The owner of the great warehouse had, no doubt, to superintend the packing of goods despatched to the country. There were no regular waggons, carts, or canal-boats, and everything was carried on pack-horses, long trains of these patient and sturdy beasts encumbering the narrow streets, and conveying "packs" of broadcloth, wool, Ypres linen, silks, spices, groceries, wines, and other luxuries even as far as York and Edinburgh. In exchange for these, they brought back raw material, or else their drivers returned with the money in marks, shillings, and pence, in leathern purses tied to their girdles. The pack-horses formed one of the features of those primitive days; and they must indeed have presented a picturesque sight as they filed along the leafy lanes, their drivers cantering beside them, whistling as gaily as any Spanish muleteers, but armed to the teeth, for road, coppice, and heath bristled with highwaymen. The inn-keepers knew the pack-drivers, and welcomed them with such scanty cheer as they could furnish; but each band usually carried its own provisions. Sometimes the robbers were only too successful, and more than one caravan disappeared, never to be heard of again—the drivers murdered, the goods stolen, and the horses spirited away to some safe and distant market-place. Occasionally drivers and goods alike were detained in custody until a ransom was paid for their release.

The working day, which began so early in the fifteenth century in old London, came to a correspondingly early close. By 11 a.m., the fashionable dinner-hour, the rich mercer's business affairs were over, and he was free to attend to his civic and social duties. Even Court functions began at what we should now consider an unearthly hour. Edward iv. held an investiture of the Garter, in 1449, at seven o'clock in the morning. At the close of the fifteenth century, Mary Tudor, the sister of Henry viii., married the elderly King Louis xii. of France. A matter of serious contention, between the young English Princess and her elderly husband, was the dinner-hour. Louis usually dined, according to the French fashion, at 8 in the morning, and supped at 6 p.m. ; an arrangement which did not please the pretty Queen, who insisted upon his changing his hours to suit her habits and convenience. The King thereupon agreed, but very reluctantly, to dine at noon and sup at eight—an alteration in his habits which, he declared, soon brought on his fatal illness.

The Law Courts rose at eleven. After dinner, therefore, Sir John was more or less a free man, and doubtless paid his visits to the Lord Mayor and attended to the affairs of the wealthy Guild of which he was a member. As he was pious, his Guild, that of SS. Fabian and Sebastian, gave him plenty of occupation in the hearing of Masses for the repose of the souls of its deceased members, and in the following of its numerous processions. Seven times a year, all the Guilds accompanied the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen to St. Paul's to hear High Mass. At least once a year, Sir John and Lady Crosby, with all their employés, down to the groom-boys and kitchen-wenchcs, went in solemn procession to St. Paul's to venerate the relics of St. Erkenwald, and to Westminster Abbey to pray before the shrine of the Confessor ; and we may be sure that Sir John and his lady wended their way, at least once in every three years, to Canterbury. Save on Sundays and Holy Days Lady Crosby did not dine with her worthy mate and his household in the great hall. But on these occasions, she was clad in all the marvellous finery then in vogue ; her rich gown was as long before as behind ; her coif, a wonder of elaboration, rose like a huge extinguisher, a good yard, and even more, above her head.

Attended by her daughter, her waiting-women, and maids,



ORIEL WINDOW, CROSBY HALL.

the Lady Crosby made a stately entry, everybody rising to greet her, and no one venturing to seat himself until, after a profound curtesy to her husband, and another, equally formal, to the general company, she finally assumed her station on Sir John's right hand, her daughter and her maids waiting upon her until meat was served, when they too, in due order of precedence, sat down to their dinner. At these prodigious meals forks were rarely, if ever, used. The author finds no proof of the general use of these instruments in England before the seventeenth century. Spoons are certainly of much earlier date, for many museums and private collections possess sets of fifteenth-century Apostle spoons, each bearing a figure of one of the twelve Apostles at the top of the handle; and we possess the original and very graceful coronation spoon of King Edward III. Further, this necessary article is frequently enumerated among legacies in wills of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In his *Dictionnaire de Pameublement*, M. Henri Havard says that, in France, forks with long handles came into fashion in Henry the Fourth's reign, having been invented to prevent people dropping their food on to the wide-spreading ruffs then in vogue. Let us rest assured, then, that good Lady Crosby picked her food with the graceful dexterity ascribed by Chaucer to Prioress Eglentyne—

“At mete wel y-taught was she with-alle:
 She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
 Ne wette hir fingres in hir sauce depe.
 Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe
 That no drope ne fille up-on hir brest.
 In curteisye was set ful muche hir lest.
 Hir over lippe wyped she so clene,
 That in hir coppe was no ferthing sene
 Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte.”

Table-cloths and napkins were only used by the rich on state occasions, and it was the custom to change them once or twice during the banquet—a necessary precaution, for the guests were sadly addicted to dropping their scraps!

Sir John and Lady Crosby may possibly have possessed a clock, or even a watch, but though the case, we may be sure, was ornamental, the works were probably not very useful. King John of France, when a prisoner in the Savoy, had a clock which he

had brought from Paris, and which gave him no end of trouble. It was always gaining or losing, and he was perpetually sending for jewellers to set it right. Queen Joanna of Navarre had two watches, and Lady Crosby may well have owned one; but the homely Clypsydra,¹ or water-clock, was still, no doubt, her favourite and usual time-keeper. There were many kinds of Clypsydras, but the most common was a sort of metal basin, on the sides of which the hours and half hours were engraved. Into this vessel the water dripped drop by drop, and marked as it fell the passing hours with tolerable accuracy. The hour-glass, too, was in general use, and nearly every house-front and garden-alley had its sun-dial. Thus, in every well-to-do household, the flight of time was fairly ascertained.²

In his curious Essays "On Behaviour at Meals," Erasmus reminds his readers that it is "very rude to blow your nose on the table-cloth," or "to wipe your fingers on your neighbour's coat." He and other writers of this period, likewise dwell very strongly on the following points, which might be observed in our day with advantage: "Never praise the results of your cook's labours or press your guests to eat whether they like or not. Never criticise your host's dinner unfavourably even if it be badly cooked. Pass all these things over in silence. Do not give dogs your bones to crack under the table, or feed the cat, or encourage animals to jump on the table. This may offend your host or lead to the soiling of his carpet"; and, above all, "do not lick your plate; it is an act that ill-becomes a cat, let alone a gentleman."

¹ The Clypsydra did not go out of use until the end of the eighteenth century. The writer possesses a Clypsydra of French make, dated 1729, in the shape of a column, on which a spiral scroll indicates the hours and minutes. A Cupid with a wand points to the hours, and as the water recedes he descends, keeping his wand in position, till he reaches the basin, when up he shoots to recommence his peregrination when the vessel is replenished.

² Although, unfortunately, we do not possess any of Lady Crosby's milliner's bills, we are able, thanks to her contemporary Queen Joanna of Navarre, to form an approximate idea of the cost of dressmaking at this period. Queen Joanna's privy expenses inform us that this very stingy lady paid 1s., equivalent to 25s. of our money, for the making of a gown. The gown was of black cloth at 7d. a yard, an enormous sum. Another gown of black satin cost about £10 of our money; one ounce of black thread cost 1s. 6d. Three dozen shoes at 6d. a pair—say 9s. In 1436 the Queen purchased a pot of ginger in syrup and six sticks of cinnamon.

The Lady Crosby lived much apart. She shared, with Sir John, a big, scantily furnished bedroom, whose walls were hung with tapestry, and the doors with heavy curtains or carpets to keep out draughts. It had no fireplace, only a great brazier filled with lighted charcoal, the fumes of which escaped rapidly enough, when the wind was in the right direction, through the small and ill-fitting windows, which may or may not have been glazed. In many houses belonging to well-to-do people, they were only made of horn or greased paper, glass being very dear. A few chairs, an exceedingly luxurious bed supplied with down mattresses and Ypres linen sheets, a tiny altar with a crucifix, an image or picture of the Virgin or some saint, and a table, were all the furniture then considered necessary even for a rich lady's bedroom.¹ There was no regular washing-stand, only a silver basin and ewer set on a stool; and the table was destitute of hair-brushes, although there were combs, and the late King Richard the Second's consort, Anne of Bohemia, had introduced the use of pins. The looking-glass was of polished steel; unless, indeed, it had been imported from Venice. Drinking vessels were made of silver, ivory, or pewter; glass was almost as precious as gold, and principally came from Venice and Nuremburg. The bedroom opened into another chamber, perchance more fully furnished, with even an open fireplace and costly hangings and tapestries, and probably a missal or book of devotions laid on the table. Here, doubtless, Lady Crosby received her cook, scolded her waiting-women and maids, regulated her accounts, and, above all, attended to her devotions. She may even have followed the example of that excellent soul, Margaret Paston, of the Letters, who slapped her daughter and cuffed her maids to the "greater honour and glory of God"! The amount of devotions exacted in those days surpasses belief; domestic life followed the monastic rule as closely as possible, except that between Christmas Day and the first of Lent the "Hall" was the scene of constant gaiety. Lady Crosby and

¹ The bedsteads and bedding at this period were considered very important items, and were generally willed to the nearest kin. They were of two kinds, the fourposter, and the sofa bedstead which had ends like a sofa. Heavy curtains were necessary to keep out the draughts; they generally excluded the air also, and we should consider them very unhealthy. The down quilt, now so universally used in this country, was well known in mediæval England and was also left by will to the near and dear.

her women said their rosaries at least once a day, pausing reverently at each "Mystery."¹ They visited churches and shrines, and gossiped in convent cloisters or priory parlours. They paid very few visits; Society, in the modern sense of the term, was unknown, and such social intercourse as there was, was very prim and ceremonious. Gossip and scandal, however, were by no means non-existent; and "Old Agnes," Duchess of Norfolk, who was in her prime during the closing years of the fifteenth century, was famed for her talent for spreading tales. Our mediæval ancestors loved dancing,—romping we should call it,—and during Christmastide, it was the custom for rich people to entertain their friends and relatives, and even their inferiors, at a constant round of gaieties. By the light of French candles and resin torches, the company "footed measures," danced that sort of country-dance of which Sir Roger de Coverley is perhaps the best survival, and played snap-dragon, forfeits, blindman's buff, puss-in-the-corner, and all sorts of boisterous games, often until an early hour in the morning.

The hearty hospitality offered by old Capulet to his guests in the ballroom scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, gives us a vivid picture of an old-world London "Dance," with its brilliant costumes, so quaint in shape, so rich in colouring. As Sir John was of the Mercers' Company, any feast he gave was no doubt attended by many of his fellow-Guildsmen and their families in their gayest attire. The 'prentices saw and joined in all the fun, and "were merry"; and who knows but the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, the Aldermen, with their wives and daughters, may often have swelled the sprightly company; not to mention many great Court folk, for the age was in a sense a democratic one, in which kings often supped and dined with great merchants and rich tradesmen. We may be certain, anyhow, that the heartiest welcome was extended to all-comers, and we can almost hear

¹ These Mysteries are marked by a larger bead than the Paters and Aves, and record some event in the life and Passion of Our Lord. It is the custom to pause a few minutes to reflect on the Mystery, and doubtless Lady Crosby found an opportunity to preach a little sermon on the subject, before proceeding with the Paters and Aves, and the next Mystery. This method of learning the gospel in an illiterate age was by no means impracticable, and very few, even of the humblest, were in those days ignorant of at least an outline of the life of our Saviour.

good Sir John Crosby's voice in old Capulet's when, receiving his guests in the delightful ballroom scene, he cries—

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen ! ladies, that have their toes
Unplagued with corns, will have a bout with you :—
Ah ha, my mistresses ! which of you all
Will now deny to dance ? she that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear, hath corns ! Am I come near ye now ?
Welcome, gentlemen ! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor : and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please ; 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone :
You are welcome, gentlemen !—Come, musicians, play.
A hall ! a hall ! give room ! and foot it, girls.
[Music plays, and they dance.]
More light, you knaves ! and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

In those days, the hall was the chief reception room in the house. Here the family dined, here they danced and made merry. The seasoned oak-tables were invariably on trestles, and therefore easily removed ; the forms did duty as chairs. Thus when old Capulet cries : "A hall ! a hall !" he means that a space must be cleared for the dancers, and the tables turned against the walls. The chief inconvenience of the hall arose from the rushes with which it was strewn. These were not often changed. The men-servants slept on them at night, and an Italian traveller of the period tells us that much Lilliputian and lively company was sure to make its presence felt on fresh and healthy skins. "The manners of the English," says Saronzo, the Venetian Envoy to Edward VI., "are very dirty. They cover their floors with rushes ;¹ but, instead of removing the old ones, they are constantly piling up heaps of new leaves. The first leaves rot and fill with vermin, and the stench is most unpleasant." This refers to the inns and common people's houses ; the rich prided themselves on the sweetness of their rushes, which they intermingled with lavender and smelling herbs.

Contemporary evidence proves Sir John's business to have

¹ Rushes were not used in Italy, where marble and mosaic pavements were common, and mats and carpets cheap.

been so extensive that he must have employed not less than a couple of dozen clerks and apprentices, who lived, according to custom, above the warehouse, though a few "juniors" may have been obliged to sleep under the counter. The fact that Crosby Hall was built at a distance from the warehouse, marks a distinct change in the manners of the times, for, a little earlier, the master, his family, and employés, would have resided above what we should now call the office. No great dinner or entertainment was ever given by the rich merchant, in that noble Hall in Bishopsgate Street, without his apprentices and clerks being, according to time-honoured custom, included among the guests. They sat below the salt-cellar, whence, however, they could witness and participate in the master's profusion. We may be sure that, into the joys and the sorrows of his domestic life, his underlings entered as fully as did any member of his family—as fully as they would have done under the patriarchal system of biblical times.

"Early to bed and early to rise" was an invariable, and indeed obligatory, rule of life in those days, for artificial light was both inadequate and dear. By the feeble glimmer of a rush-light, our young apprentice friends rose before dawn on a winter's morning, and turned into the courtyard for a bucketing of cold water and a rub with a hard cloth. Then came their light breakfast of bread and hot milk, or porridge washed down with mild home-brewed ale or mead. With the chief clerk or overseer at their head, the whole staff now marched off to Mass at the parish church, after which they worked till ten or eleven, when they sat down in the common hall to dinner, a heavy meal of "roast and boiled." On the vigils of great feasts, and on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays throughout the year, there was no meat, only fish; and in Advent and Lent, and in Holy Week, there was but one meal of salt fish and no supper at all, or else a very light one, on days of fasting and abstinence. Meat could not be sold in any tavern or public place on prohibited days, and this rule held good until the end of Elizabeth's reign. Hours were very long, and work did not usually cease until, when it grew dark, Bow Bells chimed out a merry peal. Hearing this, the young men hied them off to their suppers. Once upon a time the Bow bell-ringer got into the way of

tolling his bell half an hour late, and the apprentices reminded him of the fact by posting up the following lines on the church door—

“Clerk of the Bow Bell with the yellow locks,
For thy late ringing thy head shall have knocks.”

To which doggerel the bell-ringer replied—

“Children of Chepe, hold ye all still,
For you shall have the bell rung at your will.”

Although their life was hard, the clerks and apprentices of bygone days had their full share of holiday enjoyment. Sunday was more rigorously observed, so far as work was concerned, in pre-Reformation times than we are apt to realise. Nothing could be sold, and no trade or profession carried on, however necessary it might be to the comfort and convenience of the community. On the morning of Sundays and feast days, every hale man, woman, and child was compelled by law to go to Mass; but in the afternoons, there were Tournaments, Mysteries, Miracle Plays, Processions,—sacred and profane,—pageants, sports, games, and dancing. In 1450, the Archbishop of Canterbury addressed a letter to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, protesting against the profanity of certain barbers who kept open shop on Sundays, and beseeching their worships for the “love of God” to punish the Sabbath-breaking “shavers” with a fine of 6s. 8d.—a large sum in those days. Occasionally, we read in ancient documents, of fines and punishments inflicted on bakers and butchers, for keeping their shops open after 8 a.m. on Sunday mornings.

Although we took our pleasures *mulct tristement*, we were none the less a gay people in the days of “Merrie England,” as may be seen from the following lines culled from a fifteenth-century MS.—

“At Yule we wonten gambol dance to carol and to sing
To have goos spiced sewe and roast and plum pie for a king:
At Easter-eve pan-puffes: Gangtide Cakes did holy messes bring:
At Pasque began our Morris and ere Pentecost our May,
Though Robin Hood, lyle John, Friar Tuck, and Marian deftly play,
And Lord and Lady gang til kirk with lads and lasses gay:
Fra’ mass and e’nsong so good cheer and glee on every green
As save our walles, twixt Eames and Sibbes, like game was neere seen.

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At Baptist day, with cakes and ale, mid bonfires neighbours stood :
At Martinmas we turned a crab then told of Robin Hood,
Till after long time merk, when blest were windows doors and lights,
And pails were filled and hearths were swept 'gainst fairy elves and sprites
Rock and Plough Monday games shall gang with Saint feasts and kirk
sights."

Our mediæval ancestors stood in little need of theatres to stimulate their sense of art and beauty; the churches, the streets, the market-places, and the great broad bridge that spanned the silent highway of the Thames, were like so many stages, across which swept, almost hourly, some ecclesiastical, royal, or domestic pageant, to add a flood of vivid colour to the already intense picturesqueness of daily life. The Guilds were ever on the pious tramp; the scarlet, the blue, the white, and the contrasting black of their liveries, the blaze of their resin torches, the twinkling of their waxen tapers, and their sonorous voices, were to be seen and heard at all hours of the day or night, as they wound on their never-ending pilgrimages through the tortuous streets and darksome lanes. In olden times funerals usually took place after dark, and as every parish church had its cemetery, the belated, hurrying homewards, must often have witnessed, with a thrill of awe not unmingled with superstitious terror, an ominous-looking group of Guildsmen lowering a coffin into a new-made grave, their smoking torches flaring, and their mournful *Misereres* and *De Profundis* interrupting the silence of the night. Then, again, at certain seasons of the year, especially in spring and autumn, the crooked streets were alive with pilgrims, passing through London from all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, from Holland, Flanders, France, and Germany, and even far-off Scandinavia, on their way to the great shrines of Westminster and of Canterbury,—and to those of Our Lady at Walsingham, Ipswich, and Doncaster; of Cuthbert at Durham; and of Columba at Iona. They filled the air with their unceasing chant, and the old streets with the quaintness of their costumes, their broad-brimmed hats, their sandalled feet, cockle-shells and Canterbury bells.

In Holy Week, came the great parochial processions of the Redeemer, when life-sized images of the dead Christ and of Our Lady of Pity, escorted by a multitude of priests, friars, and guildsmen, were borne on the shoulders of penitents through the

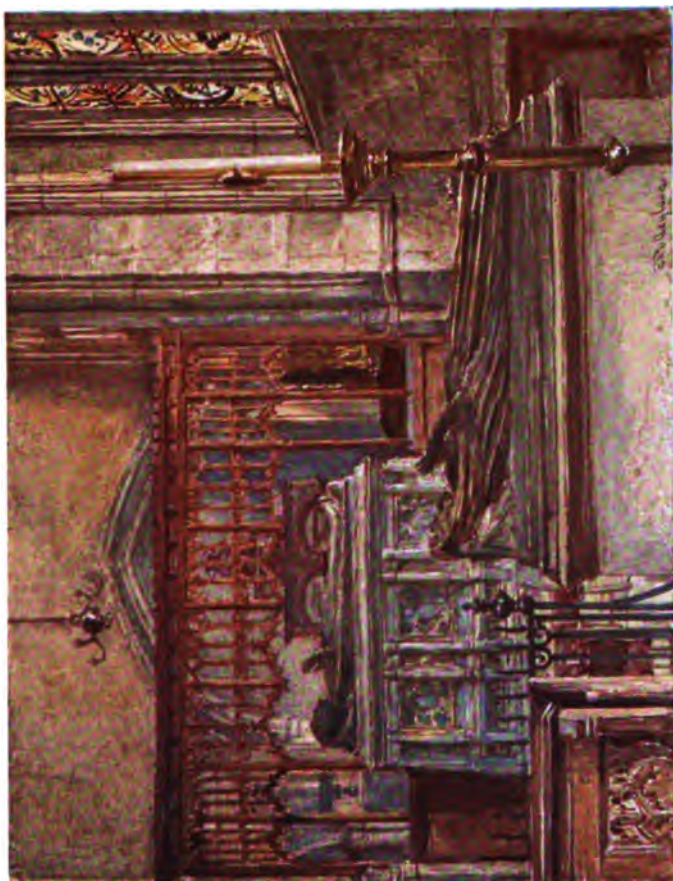
streets of each parish. But the most sumptuous of all these sacred pageants was the stupendous parade of Corpus Christi Day, which took place in the pleasant month of June. Then every house was hung with wreaths of flowers and verdant garlands, whilst showers of fresh rose-leaves and golden genestra or Plantagenet blooms fell thick as snow before the Host, carried, lost in a mist of incense, under a gorgeous canopy of white and gold, by the Bishop of London in full pontificals. The eight golden poles of this splendid screen were upheld by as many noblemen, their armour elaborately damascened in gold and silver. On either side of the Metropolitan, walked their Graces of Canterbury and York; and in advance of them, two by two, all the bishops that chanced to be then in London, their mitres glistening and their pastoral staffs flashing in their gloved, gem-sparkling hands. Each prelate was attended by his chaplains, secretaries, choir-master, and train-bearer, and followed by a crowd of richly-liveried retainers. Next came the mitred Abbots and Priors, each accompanied by his chaplain; then the Canons of St. Paul's and of all the collegiate churches, in their splendid copes; next the monks and friars of every monastery and friary in the city and suburbs; and lastly an interminable file of parish and chantry-priests. The secular part of this mighty procession consisted of a cavalcade, in which figured the Aldermen, Sheriffs, and the other urban officials, the great nobles, officers of State, and the foreign ambassadors. Sometimes this section of the pageant closed the procession, but not unfrequently it divided its purely ecclesiastical half from the formidable train of Guildsmen, sisterhoods, singing children and choir-boys, bedesmen and women from the almshouses, and the chief merchants and tradesmen. Then there were the "floats," or moving platforms, on which were arranged *tableaux vivants* representing scenes from the life of Our Lord, some of which must have been very artistically grouped, probably after pictures by famous masters. The brilliant and beautiful costumes of those days were sufficiently picturesque to be utilised in these moving pictures, and thereby the story of Christ's life was brought into closer touch with the people, who realised the subject presented to them all the more easily since the personages introduced were garbed even as they were themselves.

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On Palm Sunday, thousands flocked to St. Paul's, or to Westminster Abbey, to witness the procession of the Ass, in which a little lad dressed in spotless white, representing the Saviour, was paraded through the streets, and even up the nave of the church itself, to the choir, where he dismounted to occupy a place of honour near the altar, whilst the palms were blessed and Mass sung. On Assumption Day, August 15, a mighty procession started from St. Paul's bearing a flower-crowned statue of Our Lady, which was carried to Grace Church, where an altar was erected in the open air and the image enthroned under a canopy of roses, whilst a multitude of children dressed as angels surrounded it, singing canticles in honour of the Mother of Christ. At Candlemas one would meet scores of little processions, which consisted mainly of women holding thick wax tapers in their hands, and going to have them blessed in their parish church.

If the ecclesiastical processions were stately, scarcely less so were those which we might describe as purely domestic, such as weddings, christenings, churchings, and funerals.

In the days of old, when this isle of ours was still Merrie England, a wedding in what we now call "high life" was indeed a prodigious affair, the whole quarter of the town in which it took place being literally upside down. The house of the bride's parents was bedecked with tapestries and cloth-of-gold, the doorway garlanded with evergreens, while the road from the old home to the church was bestrewn with fresh sand. The procession usually opened with a party of morris-dancers, then came the liveried retainers and servants of the house preceding the bridal party, which consisted of her relatives and friends in their most gorgeous holiday attire. The noble ladies wore their steeples of gauze and lace towering high, while their sweeping trains of Florentine brocade and Genoa velvet were borne by the gaily uniformed pages. Each lady was accompanied either by her husband or a near male relation, whose elaborately designed garments would puzzle the most astute modern costumier to reproduce exactly in every detail. Preceding the bride, came her maidens; these were not dressed in white, like modern bridesmaids, but in silks and satins of every rainbow hue, their hair braided and threaded with gold, and



CROSBY MONUMENTS IN THE CHURCH OF GREAT ST. HELEN'S

stuck full of rosemary twigs; in their hands they carried branches of the same odorous shrub, which in bygone times held the position at wedding pageants now given to the orange and myrtle bloom. The bride walked between her father and mother, each holding her by a hand. It was not then, however, the fashion for the bride to be dressed in white, since, in the fifteenth century, we read of brides of high degree wearing robes of crimson, blue, and green velvet, or sarcenet, looped up over petticoats of cloth of gold and silver damask. Her locks, like her maids', were braided with gold thread, and bedecked with grey-green rosemary. If the bride was of very lofty rank, a white silk canopy, fringed with gold, was carried over her; but if she was merely an ordinary citizen's daughter, this token of high degree was omitted. Whilst the bride's procession was wending its way to the church, the bridegroom's was approaching from an opposite direction. That gallant gentleman, attired from head to foot in spotless white, also walked between his father and mother. His young gentlemen friends mustered strong, and in their very brightest attire, accompanied him to the church, carrying in their hands long white wands, bedecked with parti-coloured ribbons, little bells, and sprigs of rosemary.

Imagine, if you can, the lusty hospitality that followed the hymeneal service in the church! It was no uncommon thing, in those good old days, for a wedding repast to last as many as three and four hours, after which the company, if it was in a fit state to do so, joined in one of those intricate, but jovial, country-dances, of which, as we have noted, "Sir Roger" is a survival. At midnight the bride was escorted to her chamber by her mother and the ladies, who undressed and put her to bed,—the gentlemen performing the same office by the bridegroom. Needless to say, these quaint ceremonies gave rise to much merriment and cracking of jokes.

A christening was also a mighty function, but it took place so soon after birth that the festivities not infrequently ended in the mother's death from sheer over-excitement and fatigue,—as was the case when Queen Jane Seymour gave life to Prince Edward. As soon as the great ceremony in the Chapel Royal, Hampton Court, was over, all the illustrious and chattering

company thronged into the Queen's bedroom. Her Majesty sat propped up in bed, her shoulders being covered with a crimson velvet cloak edged with ermine. As might be expected, considering that the baby had only been born a few hours, the effort to entertain such a host of people proved too much for the fragile mother, who fell into a syncope and died a few days afterwards.¹

Another curious, and to our senses disgusting, sight was, during many centuries, eagerly watched for by country cousins on a visit to London. For ages it was the fashion for the Sovereign to include among his attendants a weird collection of dwarf "monstrosities," and even idiots, besides the official Court fool and his subordinates. Occasionally, this uncanny assortment of human "freaks" was, to the intense delight of the populace, taken for an airing in the streets. Queen Joanna of Navarre had a bearded female dwarf, and Queen Mary boasted that no fool in Europe could equal, in point of folly, "her Jane the Fool," so often mentioned in her Household Expenses. Henry the Eighth's fool, Will Somers, was his most intimate friend. He had a fine voice, and Henry who, in the last years of his life, could no longer sing himself, used to accompany him on the lute. Henrietta Maria's dwarf, Hudson, was once served up in a pie. Even austere Elizabeth of York relaxed into uproarious laughter over the antics of her dwarf. Katherine of Aragon does not seem to have possessed either dwarfs or fools, but she was extremely fond of monkeys and parrots. Lady Katherine Grey's monkeys — "monks" she called them — shared her imprisonment in the Tower, where they made such havoc with the furniture that frequent remonstrances were made to Cecil of their evil-doings and the destruction they wrought. Poor Lady Katherine got into great trouble over them, but it is pleasant to record that the "monks" were not killed. The piteous state of the furniture, after the departure of the poor prisoner and her pets, is minutely described by the Constable of the Tower in a letter to Cecil, in which he laments the damage done, and asks if he may be allowed to keep the injured chairs, tables, and bedstead, clothes and carpets, as some compensation

¹The author has omitted in this *resumé* the funeral ceremonies, because they will be found mentioned frequently enough throughout these volumes.

for the extra trouble and expense he has been put to by Lady Katherine Grey and her "pests."

Nuns were less frequently to be met with in the streets of old London than now, five hundred years after the Dissolution of their time-honoured convents. If they ventured abroad it was invariably on horse or mule back; or maybe, in case of sickness or age, in thickly curtained litters or waggons. In the mild seasons of the year, trains of these closely-veiled vestals might be seen filing through the streets, on their way to some suburban shrine or distant nunnery. These demure ladies added not a little to the ever-varying quaintness of a street life that presented at each turn and hour some surpassingly picturesque change. Every trade had then its peculiar uniform, each profession and nationality its distinctive costume. At a glance you could tell a baker from a pastry-cook, a butcher from a fishmonger, a mercer from a draper, and a cobbler from a shoemaker. A Jew's gabardine was 4 inches longer than any other man's; and a Lombardy merchant's coat was not cut, fur-lined, or coloured like that of a Genoese. Our coxcombs copied something or other from the gay costumes of the sons of the rich French and Venice merchants¹—a jaunty cap, a parti-coloured surcoat, or a pointed shoe. The old were not dressed like the young, and the horns of the city dames were lower by an inch or so than the mighty towers and pyramids of lace and gauze with which the great ladies burdened themselves. In vain were sumptuary laws passed to lessen universal extravagance; for a week, perhaps, the mercer or sheriff's wife put aside her velvets and brocades—but not for longer! On the earliest opportunity out came all the proscribed finery, and the law fell once more into abeyance. We grumble at the reckless extravagance of our times, in the matter of dress, but the revelations of the wardrobe inventories which have come down to us from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries prove that our ancestors surpassed us in this, as in many other matters. A great nobleman—such a man as the Earl of Surrey, for instance—would

¹ Though foreigners, especially the French, created the fashions for the women, we Englishmen, then as now, were the great tailors of the world, and there were English tailors established in Venice, Genoa, and Rome as early as the reign of Richard II.

think nothing of having a hundred suits of clothes at a time! The Duke of Northumberland, John Dudley,¹ left eighty pairs of boots, shoes, and slippers behind him. Those were times in which extreme simplicity blended with supreme magnificence. People lived plainly enough, but they adored display—especially in public! As to the women, their garments were not only far more costly than at present, but—judging by the inventories of the belongings of the Duchesses of Somerset, Richmond, and Norfolk, taken at the time they were sent to the Tower, not to omit that of Lady Jane Grey,² preserved at Hatfield—the prodigal quantity of robes, nightgowns (evening gowns), “petacots,” hats, slippers, etc., etc., they possessed, must have been—as Dominie Sampson would surely have remarked—“prodeegious.”

Love of sport, one of the distinguishing characteristics of the English race, was as strong in those bygone times as in our own. Londoners were not behind the country-folk in this matter; and the crowds that swarm on Epsom Downs on Derby Day, or flock in thousands to the “Cup Tie” at Sydenham, are only following in the steps of their ancestors, who were every whit as eager to watch a “running at the Quintain,” a tournament, or a mediæval football match, and even to bet on the winner.

Cricket, unless indeed it went by another name, was as yet unknown. This supposition is not improbable, for several mediæval pastimes might easily, by a process of evolution, have become that noble national game. For instance, there was a game called club-ball, the real object of which is not known, but the similarity of which to cricket lies in the fact that, not only did the player use a bat (with which, however, he “served” the

¹ After his attainder, Dudley's wardrobe was confiscated and an inventory taken of it, which is preserved in the great library at Cambridge. The list of his gorgeous coats, cloaks, and breeches is quite marvellous. It appears that now and again he would present a cast-off coat or vest, doublet or cloak, to his sons, Guildford and Robert—

“Item, my second best night gown (evening dress) of white satin and velvet cut—to my son, Guildford.”

And so forth.

² Lady Jane Grey, according to the Hatfield inventory of her belongings delivered to her in the Tower, possessed, in the last few months of her lifetime, twenty “bonnets” and “caps”—trimmed with gold and silver lace, fur, feathers, and jewels.

ball, as in tennis, without touching the ground), but there were also fielders. This game was apparently played by both sexes. Another distant relative of cricket was "stool-ball." The game consisted in one player throwing a ball with the intention of striking a stool, while it was his opponent's business to stop it. This surely savours of a sort of primitive cricket. In any case, it would be very remarkable if the game were a modern invention, seeing all other games with bat and ball are of such ancient origin. It was not till the eighteenth century, however, that cricket received its present designation, and perhaps the earliest mention of it, as such, is made by D'Urfey, who wrote—

" Her was the prettiest fellow,
At football or at cricket ;
At hunting chase or nimble race,
How featly her could prick it."

Our other national game, football, was so popular in the fourteenth century that Edward III. actually forbade it, fearing it would supersede the useful exercise of archery. The latter sport had been laid aside, and in 1347 the King addressed a letter to the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, ordaining that "football and other idle games" should be considered unlawful. This command was repeated by Richard II. and by Edward IV., the latter monarch enacting that every Englishman and Irishman dwelling in England was to have a long bow of his own height, and that in every township butts were to be made, at which the inhabitants were to shoot in the afternoons of all feast days, under a penalty of one halfpenny.¹

The football matches were as great events as they are to-day. The principal place of meeting was St. Giles-in-the-Fields, where matches between the London and Westminster apprentices were sometimes played in the presence of a vast crowd. Football had a rival in a pastime called camp-ball, of the rules of which no details are now extant, but which undoubtedly bore a certain resemblance to the more popular game.

Wrestling matches were also a great source of enjoyment, and took place in the pleasant meadows beyond the city walls.

¹ A large open space at Brentford, Middlesex, now surrounded by houses and leading to the river Brent, is still called The Butts.

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There were professional wrestlers, mostly Cornish and Devonshire lads, who used to come to London in the early spring months to display their skill. St James's Day was celebrated by a great wrestling match between the London and suburban professionals, held in the fields near Queen Maud's Hospital, at St. Giles, in the presence of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs. In 1433, under Henry vi., the Lord Mayor offended the Westminster lads by some petulant remark, and was driven off the field by an excited mob. Stowe speaks of the wrestling matches of the old days, saying, "In the month of August, about the Feast of St. Bartholomew, there were divers days spent in wrestling; the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs, being present in a large tent pitched for that purpose near Clerkenwell; upon this occasion the officers of the city, namely, the sheriffs, sergeants, and yeomen, the porters of the king's beam or weighing house, and others of the city, gave a general challenge to . . . the inhabitants of the suburbs . . . but of late years the wrestling is only practised on the afternoon of St. Bartholomew's Day." The sports on one of these latter occasions are described by Hentzner, a German visitor to England in Elizabeth's day and an eyewitness. He says: "When the Mayor goes out of the precincts of the city, a sceptre, a sword, and a cap are borne before him, and he is followed by the principal aldermen in scarlet gowns with golden chains; himself and they are on horseback. Upon their arrival at a place appointed for that purpose, where a tent is pitched for their reception, the mob begin two at a time to wrestle before them. After this is over, a parcel of live rabbits are turned loose among the crowd, which are pursued by a number of boys who endeavour to catch them with all the noise they can make."

We have reason to believe that the winter season in those days was much more severe than now, for skating was a favourite and frequent pastime. Crowds used to assemble for this purpose outside Moor Gate,—where there was a shallow marsh,—at the big ponds in Covent Garden, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, and even on the Thames itself. The earliest skates, as we have already seen, were made of bone, and the skater used a pole, with the aid of which he propelled himself along, FitzStephen tells us, as "fast as any bird." Steel skates were first imported into England from the Low Countries in the fifteenth century.

When summer came round, the Thames was bright with pleasure-boats, crowding about the racers who plied their oars for prizes between London Bridge and Westminster. Then there were land and water games connected with the "Quintain," a word said to be derived from the name of its inventor, Quintanus, a Roman—in Italian, Quintana. The Quintains were of many kinds, the most popular being the image of a Saracen, armed cap-à-pie, stuck upon a pole. In the old game, a horseman rode at the figure, holding his lance so as to hit it between the eyes. If the rider struck it wide of the correct mark, the figure, by an ingenious contrivance, turned on a pivot and gave a blow with its outstretched arm which knocked him off his horse, to the intense amusement of the onlookers and his own discomfiture. To-day the only vestige of the Quintain is the military sport known as "cutting the Turk's head," the said Turk being merely a substitute for the Saracen of our ancestors. A variation of the same amusement was the Water Quintain, thus described by FitzStephen: "A pole or mast is fixed in the midst of the Thames with a shield strongly attached to it: and a boat being placed at a distance is driven swiftly towards it by the force of oars and the violence of the tide, having a young man standing in the prow with a lance in his hand with which he is to strike the shield: and if he be dexterous enough to break the lance against it and retain his place, his most sanguine wishes are satisfied: on the contrary, if the lance be not broken, he is certain to be thrown into the water, and the vessel goes away without him; but at the same time two other boats are stationed near to the shield and furnished with many young persons who are in readiness to rescue the champion from danger." This pastime was very popular, and attended by large crowds who "come to see the sports and make themselves merry."

Our young friends the apprentices, unable to afford horses, would probably be content with running at the Quintain on foot, though sometimes, at least, the competitor, seated on a wooden horse, was drawn along by his fellows. That some even of the 'prentices, however, were good riders, is evidenced by the following extract from Matthew Paris: "In the thirty-eighth year of the reign of Henry III. (A.D. 1254) such young Londoners as were expert horsemen assembled together to run at the quintain

and set up a peacock as a reward for the best performer. The King was then holding his court at Westminster, and thus some of his domestics came into the city to see the pastime, where they behaved in a very disorderly manner, and treated the Londoners with much insolence calling them cowardly knaves and rascally clowns, which the London prentices resented by beating them soundly; the King was incensed at the indignity put upon his servants, and not taking into consideration the provocation on their parts, fined the city one thousand marks."

But all these, and scores of other sports and pastimes which no doubt delighted Sir John Crosby's apprentices, were as nothing compared with the splendour of the tournaments, grander even than a Spanish bull-fight, which, as the writer can assure those who have never witnessed one at Madrid or Seville, is, if a dreadful, yet a most magnificent spectacle.

Tournaments were usually held in summer, and were the inevitable accompaniment of all State functions, marriages, and coronations. The word tournament, or *tournayment*, is derived from the French word *tourney*, to turn or wheel about. Some writers, however, have considered it to be derived from the knights taking turns in running at the Quintain (*par tour*), and after a time, "to make it more respectable," running at each other instead of at the Saracen's effigy. But this does not seem very probable, for the Quintain was contemporary with and distinct from the tournament. If the origin of the name is obscure, so also is that of the contest. At all times, probably, and with all races, mock fights were common among soldiers; but the exact date at which the tournament first became an organised display, and in what country, is not recorded. France's claim for priority would appear the strongest, though a tournament is said to have been held in 842, in Germany, and in Italy even earlier.

In England the early career of the "tourney" was exceedingly chequered. It was not till sixty years after the Conquest that it was permitted at all. But Henry II. suppressed it altogether, though his son Geoffrey was so devoted to the display of arm-prowess that he journeyed to France every third year solely to attend the tournament there. Richard I. does not seem—*pace* Sir Walter Scott—to have been overfond of this sort of martial display, for, though he allowed the lists, he forced all

competitors to pay fines for the privilege of entering them. An Earl paid twenty marks; a Baron ten; a Knight with estates, four; a Knight without estates, two; while foreigners were totally excluded. Under Cœur de Lion there were five lists in England: between Salisbury and Wilton; between Warwick and Kenilworth; between Stamford and Wallingford; between Blakely and Mixeburg; and between Blie and Tykehill.¹ From that time onwards, the lists, encouraged by royalty, exercised a powerful, and, considering the militarism of the period, a very salutary effect on the social life of the people. They continued to flourish all through the Middle Ages, but by the end of the fifteenth century their attraction was beginning to wane. The growth of a utilitarian spirit, destructive to the romance of the "listes," and other causes, brought brilliant displays of military skill and horsemanship to a close. That the mediæval spirit of romance was dying out among the masses is proved by the popularity of *The Turnament of Tottenham*, a biting satire on the Age of Chivalry, written in the latter part of the fifteenth century. There were, of course, later displays, such as the Field of the Cloth-of-Gold, but much of the glamour and the truly martial spirit had departed, and the tourney-yard, so long the starting-place of the ambitions of young knights, and the necessary concomitant of all public ceremonials, was, with other vestiges of mediæval pomp, gradually blotted out by the oncoming tide of progress and higher civilisation. At its zenith the tournament was often more than a mere display of arms, and frequently became the means of settling personal differences by deadly combat. In an early encounter, Robert, son of St. Louis, Count of Claremont and head of the House of Bourbon, was so severely injured by his antagonist's blows that "he was never well afterwards." Chaucer makes a significant remark in the *Canterbury Tales*, where he says of the Knight—

" At many a noble aryve hadde he be,
At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftene,
And foughten for our feith at Tramissene,
At listes thryes, and ay slain his fo."

¹ For more minute details see that immortal book, Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, without which no young man's library can possibly be considered complete.

High honour, however, was always accorded to the knightly competitors. After the tournament it was their custom to proceed to the palace, where the ladies who had witnessed the gallants' prowess presented them with favours, after which there was a banquet, "dancing, singing, and making merry." But woe to the knight who transgressed the rules of the field or slighted the lady spectators; he was not only excluded from the lists, but received a sound thrashing from the other knights into the bargain.

Jousts, so constantly confused with *tournaments*, were really considered inferior to them; the name was derived from *jocare*, because they were "a kind of sportive combat," which the tournament certainly was not. In the jousts, distinguished from the tournament, the combatants used blunt lances, and rode on opposite sides of a barrier, which prevented their horses from touching.

The chief attraction of the tournament was undoubtedly its pageantic side. It was essentially a Court function. Near Bow Church, in the Cheap, there stood in the fifteenth century a permanent stone-built erection—"stand" we should call it—of great architectural merit, exclusively reserved for the King, the Queen, the Royal Family, and the great officers of State, who always attended the tournament in the utmost pomp. Wooden boxes, gaily decorated, and stretching along both sides of the lists, were rented to the rich burghers and merchants and their wives; the common people standing, many deep. The lists were adorned with cloth of gold and silver, carpets and rich stuffs, even with garlands of evergreen and flowers. The splendour of the heralds' costumes, the quaint garments of the minstrels, the glittering and damascened armour of the royal and noble knights and champions, whose steeds were hidden beneath their sumptuous trappings; the military music, the gorgeous dresses of the ladies, who on these occasions wore their latest "fashions from Paris," their lace tower and steeple-shaped head-dresses blazing with jewels, the velvets and furs of the great noblemen; the presence of the King and Queen, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Sheriffs, with their dames; the "blazon of arms," the stately ceremonial, the formal etiquette of the combat, nay, the very sense of danger, combined to make of a great tournament

one of the most interesting and picturesque spectacles ever devised by human ingenuity. So great was the popularity of both tournaments and jousts, that the very children were taught to love them from their infancy, and a few quaint toys of this period representing knights preparing for, or engaged in, the tilt, are still to be found. The writer was once the proud possessor of several such treasures, among them a group representing a boat-tilt, in which two very quaint knights tilted at each other from queer-shaped boats on wheels.

Though, in the fifteenth century the theatre was still in its infancy, it was none the less popular. The performances were, however, almost entirely of a religious character, and usually took place in the courtyards of inns, or in booths like those still used for the same purpose in country fairs. Lent was, if we may so call it, the "theatrical season" of old London, and Clerkenwell the favourite place for performances. In 1391, there was a Mystery enacted at Smithfield on a very great scale. An enormous booth was erected for the purpose, and some hundred actors appeared in a sacred drama which lasted eight days, and represented the story of man's Creation, Fall, and Redemption. King Richard II. and his very juvenile queen, Isabella of Valois, attended this performance. Passion Plays do not seem to have been popular in England, but sacred subjects and Moralities—in which "Vice" supplied the comic element—gave great pleasure, and, moreover, cost immense sums for "mounting."

In the year 1409, the company of parish clerks of London acted, for eight days successively, a play concerning the Creation of the World, at Skinner's Well, near Clerkenwell, with uproarious applause.

From the play, the company retired to Smithfield, where a tournament was held between the Marshal and gentlemen of Hainault, and the Earl of Somerset and several other English gentlemen; in which victory declared so much in favour of the English, that they all but one came off conquerors.

During Lent, sacred dramas were played in nearly every parish church, a custom which still survives in parts of Italy, Catholic Germany, Austria and Hungary, and in Spain, where, in the great cathedral at Seville, on Ascension Day, boys dance in front of the High Altar. On certain festive occasions, such as a

marriage, a baptism, or a wedding, the great nobles were in the habit of giving gratuitous entertainments of minstrels, jugglers, tumblers, dancers, jesters, comic singers, buffoons, dancing dogs, and tricksome monkeys—in short, a free variety show. Dwarfs, fat men, young people with two heads, and “freaks” in general, were extremely popular; and in 1452, all London flocked to Smithfield to see a spotted lady, and a giant who stood 8 feet without his shoes!

On winter nights—usually by the light of the fire that blazed in the centre of the apartment under its *louvre* or funnel-like chimney—folk forgathered to chatter, listen to a song, or play a game of cards. Cards were introduced from France into England most probably in Edward the First's time,¹ but it was long before they passed into common use. However, in 1463, the cardmakers of London were sufficiently numerous to petition King Edward against the importation of foreign-made cards, “as they could paint them as well as any.” Among the household accounts of our kings and queens, we find evidences that enormous sums were lost and won at cards both by monarchs and courtiers. At a later date, Anne Boleyn was an inveterate gambler and a skilful player, for Henry VIII. frequently lost large sums of money when playing with her. Henry VII. was a great card-player, having lost as much, in one night's play, as 1000*s*. His daughter, Margaret, queen of James IV. of Scotland, evidently inherited her father's love for gambling, for we learn from the State papers that she played cards when she was ten years of age. Katherine of Aragon's accomplishments included “tick-tack, or gleeke, with cards and dyce.” Gleeke was a sort of whist, and was played by four persons; the modern game was not introduced until 1707. The same queen probably imported into England “Mount Saint”—Cientos or hundreds, the number of points. Other ancient card games were—“Gresco,” “New Cut,” “Knave-out-of-Doors,” “Lansquenet,”—which was especially popular in France,—and “Trump,” a species of round game like “Old Maid.”

The good Lady Crosby, who no doubt often took a hand at cards, was, we learn, a very charitable dame, who, probably

¹ This fact disposes of the usually accepted story that cards were invented to please the mad King Charles VI. of France.

according to the custom of the time, visited the poor in their own houses and even in the prisons. In those days, no beggar was ever turned empty from the rich man's door. Extreme poverty was unknown, nobody needed to die of starvation. The population was not abnormally large, and the wealthy had little difficulty in caring for the poor who lived in their parish. The monasteries not only gave employment to paupers, but doled out cheese, bread, and beer every day at noon. From the economic point of view, therefore, the proletariat was happier than it has ever been since. The poor man's treasury of faith in God and Christ and a future life was intact, and thus the despair of religious doubt was unknown to him. His wants were few, and his ambition strove rather to secure a good place in heaven than an earthly position above his means and station. He had besides his Guild and its feast days. At the Mysteries in Clerkenwell and in the churches in Lent time, the paupers had their seats allotted free, and thus they knew the story of Christ's Passion by heart.

The great pageants were for the poor as well as for the rich. The Lord Mayor's show, a wonderful sight, of which the present dreary performance is but an indifferent parody, was essentially the people's pageant. Theirs, too, was the bright May festivity, when Cornhill looked like a forest, so thickly was it decorated with fresh green boughs and flowers, and Maid Marian, "lyle" John, Friar Tuck, and Robin Hood, in all their bravery, scampered gaily round the Maypole. The paupers had their front seats at the "Glutton Masses" five times a year, when, in honour of Our Lady, the congregation brought meat and ale into the church, ate and drank their fill, and gave the poor the rest. It was considered "bad form"—to use our modern expression—to speak roughly to the very poor. Who could tell but the beggar might be Christ or Our Lady come on earth to try faith and test hearts? Best not be rude to them!

It was in times of war and famine that the people felt their miseries most keenly. Misfortune made folk selfish, the "open palm became the clenched fist," and the poor had to go to the wall; though the monks, to their great credit, never forsook the humble. It is a remarkable fact, too, that, from the humanitarian standpoint, the century which preceded the Reformation was

infinitely more advanced than the three which succeeded it. Offences punished by death even as lately as 1825—such as theft, sheep-stealing, bigamy, etc.—were usually dismissed in earlier times with the short sentence of an hour in the stocks. There seems to have been no fixed scale of punishment, each case being tried and condemned according to the wit and wisdom of the judge. Torture was not as yet a recognised part of our legal system, but the lash was occasionally used for minor offences. Murder was punished by hanging; parricide—a very rare crime—by amputation of the right hand as well as death, sometimes even by burning. Burglary was counted an unpardonable offence and very severely dealt with, even as worthy of capital punishment. There was good reason for this at a time when every man was his own banker and kept his cash and valuables locked up in his house. Otherwise English justice was far more merciful under Edward iv. than under any of the Tudors—nay, even than under the first three Georges, for the appalling torment of pressing between two weighted boards, common enough three hundred years later, had yet to be invented.

The wounded soldier, home from Agincourt, “tired of wars’ alarms,” who besought a patriotic public to pity his woes, was a well-known figure in London streets even in Henry the Fifth’s time, and quite as great an impostor as any one of the many damaged warriors who, having never left these shores, swear they have been severely wounded in South Africa and brutally neglected by an ungrateful country. Nay, even the confidence trick was played as artfully in Edward the Fourth’s time as ever it has been in Edward the Seventh’s, upon unsuspecting Scotsmen and country cousins in Cheapside. The actors of these and other like impostures were only made to stand in the pillory for three or four hours daily, with their misdeeds described in huge characters on a board hung round their necks. When, in Henry the Fourth’s time, one William Northampton confessed that he had attempted to blackmail Alice Trigs, who had lost a kerchief and had accused Alice Byntham of stealing it, he was only sentenced to three hours pillory. In Edward the Fourth’s time, Robert Thwaites stole a bow and arrows from John Davy, and was sentenced to three hours in the pillory. In the good

old days of George iv., of glorious memory, he would have been hanged; and so, too, would John Meldham, who under Henry iv. filched a purse from John Mann in Cheapside. The pillory was very unpleasant, no doubt, especially when surrounded by a howling, rotten-egg-throwing mob, but it was better than death, or even than many months in a narrow dirty cell.

Witchcraft began to be much talked of and punished at this period, possibly as a result of the more general, but not very discriminating, reading of the Scriptures, in which witches are denounced with harshness. The fact that Joanna of Navarre, Henry the Fourth's second wife, was generally supposed to deal in the dark arts—she was the daughter of that dread sorcerer, Charles *le mauvais* of Navarre, who was accused of practising the black arts in the unhallowed precincts of his palace—may have affected her popularity. After his death, the Queen, who was detested by her step-son Henry the Fifth, and hated by the people for her stinginess, was, to general satisfaction, charged with seeking to encompass the King's death by witchcraft, and was imprisoned in Pevensey Castle on July 13, 1422. After a captivity of four years, during which time, judging from the royal injunction to the Bishops and Council, she had been deprived of her wardrobe and even of her bedding, Henry set her free. Joanna of Navarre was the first and only Queen of England ever tried and imprisoned for this offence. The next illustrious victim of this superstition was Eleanora Cobham (1431), formerly the mistress, and afterwards the wife, of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester. This lady, aware that her husband was next in succession to the young and weak Henry vi., was tempted to try her skill in occultism. A wax image was found in her possession, which she was said to expose to the fire in the hope that, as it melted, the King's mortal frame would diminish in strength and size. She was condemned to walk the streets barefoot, with a heavy wax candle in her hand. It was in November, and the snow fell fast on the wretched, half-starved lady, who was nearly frozen, no one daring to give her relief. She landed each day of her sentence either at Queenhithe, the Temple, or the Swan Stairs, where the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs waited to escort her, with numbers of the different livery Companies, on her wretched pilgrimage through the streets. No one,

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not even her husband, attempted either to molest or rescue her. Her great rank alone saved her from sharing the fate of her accomplice Margery Houndmain, "the witch," who was actually burnt. Jaqueline of Luxemburg, the mother of Queen Elizabeth Woodville, also had an uncanny reputation for dabbling in the dark arts; and Jane Shore's story is well known. She too performed penance in the white sheet; but, in spite of the legend, she did not die in Shoreditch, but lived on to a great age, though in deep poverty, as we learn from Sir Thomas More who was acquainted with her.

CHAPTER XVI

UNDER HENRY IV. AND HENRY V.

THE advent of Henry iv. to the throne was hailed by the majority of Londoners with enthusiasm, and his coronation on October 6, 1399, was a splendid function, into which a curious innovation was introduced. In his desire to impress the people, the usurper caused the consecrating oil to be carried in a stone vessel with a cover of gold set with diamonds, which, it was averred, the Virgin Mary had brought from heaven and delivered to St. Thomas à Becket, with the assurance that "the kings anointed with that oil would be great princes." In the evening of this coronation occurred what was probably the first display of fireworks ever witnessed in London. They evidently included sky-rockets that "wiggled like serpents in the air." The light cast by the fireworks perhaps suggested the propriety of a more regular and general illumination of the city, for soon afterwards (1403) it was decreed that the streets should be lighted, after dark and through the night, with lanthorns placed at proper intervals. Further, the thoroughfares were regularly patrolled by the watch, and generally rendered safer than they had hitherto been. To conciliate his subjects yet more, Henry iv. at his coronation caused seven conduits to flow with red and white wine for three consecutive days. His faithful subjects, it seems, seized the opportunity, not only to enjoy their king's liberality too freely, but also to bottle their supply of wine for the rest of the year.

More than anything else the indelible stain of persecution for conscience' sake darkens the early years of Henry the Fourth's reign. It must be remembered, however, that Lollardry, soon after the death of Wycliff in 1304, ceased almost entirely to be a

religious, and became a political, manifestation—an early form of Socialism, containing much that was reasonable, combined, even as in our times, with a good deal that was the reverse. The vast majority of the population was deeply attached to their ancient faith, with its picturesque rites and ceremonies, and amongst those who were suspected and even condemned for Lollardry were many who were as orthodox as the Pope himself. Whittington, for instance, was accused of belonging to the sect, but his will and testament from the first line to the last is a denial of the impeachment. No doubt there were many sincere followers of Wycliff in the country, men who were solely pre-occupied by the spiritual side of the questions he had put forward, but the majority were malcontents, who thought more of avoiding or reducing taxation than of theology. On the other hand, it was extremely easy for a malicious person to charge a neighbour, who was probably quite innocent, with Lollardry, and thus, doubtless, many guiltless people were malignantly denounced and executed.

In the first quarter of the fifteenth century the Lollards became very active and troublesome, and Henry v., who was extremely Catholic, possibly from conviction, certainly from interest, issued a search-warrant for the arrest of all persons found "sowing the deadly seed of Lollardry"—(*semen pestiferum Lollardrie*). Sir John Oldcastle (*alias* Cobham) was then the leader of the sect, and was, moreover, a bold and difficult man to deal with, who had many friends and followers willing to hide his whereabouts, notwithstanding the tempting bribe "of being declared free of taxes for ever" should they help the Government to lay hands on "the arch-traitor." Consequently, in 1401, the statute of heresy was passed, which enabled the ecclesiastical Courts to try and condemn all heretics and burn them alive. Yet another law was added to this, whereby the ecclesiastical Courts were empowered to hand over to the Civil Authority any man or woman suspected of heresy or of having lapsed into heresy, "so that they might be publicly burnt before the people." The King, who at one time had been very friendly to Cobham, now invited him to discuss religious and social matters with him in his closet at Windsor. The result of this interview was not satisfactory. Cobham did not convert the

King, and the King was unable to subdue the spirit of the Lollard chief. They parted in anger; and presently Henry issued an order against all itinerant preachers, many of whom were captured in London and summarily dealt with. Cobham now published a Confession of Faith, with which no Catholic could possibly find fault, since he heads it with a firm adherence to all "the dogmas, doctrines, and forms of Rome." It contained, however, one fatal clause—granting to the State the right of compelling men to "believe in a better religion than the existing, if the State so thought fit." This doctrine of compulsion descended as a sort of legacy to the Reformed Church, and in due time produced bitter fruits of intolerance and persecution. Henry v., however, was not in the humour to accept even so orthodox a Confession of Faith as Cobham's, who was presently summoned before Bishop Arundel and committed to the Tower, whence he soon managed to escape, and placing himself at the head of a following of over 5000 men, assembled them in St. Giles-in-the-Fields. Henry was well prepared to meet them, and they were speedily routed, leaving forty of their number wounded in the streets. Cobham, as usual, effected an escape, and hid himself in Wales, where he was captured two years later and brought to London, to be hung in chains and burnt alive in St. Giles-in-the-Fields in 1417. He was certainly eccentric. He had favoured the Thrumington Plot, which spread abroad the belief that Richard II. had escaped from Pontefract and was still alive, and encouraged the conspirators' intention of re-seating him upon the throne. Before his awful death, he formally asserted his belief that his ashes would gather together, and that "in the flesh would he be raised from the dead"! People in all ages love the mysterious—even the impossible—and thousands believed this story, which helped to keep alive the spirit of Lollardry for some years to come.

The list of English martyrs for conscience' sake in the first quarter of the fifteenth century, begins to lengthen apace. In 1400, William Sawtree, parish priest of St. Osyth, was accused of heresy and burnt alive in Smithfield. Ten years later, John Bradbury, or Bradby, was burnt in the same place. He had been a tailor, and an earnest Wycliffite. Convicted of heresy before the Archbishop of Canterbury, he was sentenced to be burnt in Smithfield. The unhappy man was rolled to the place

of execution packed up in an empty beer-cask. Henry, Prince of Wales, being present, offered him a free pardon on condition of his recanting before the fire was kindled. This offer Bradbury rejected; on which he was tied to a stake with his body up to the waist in the cask; the fire being lighted, the flames soon reached him, giving him such agonising pain that he cried out "piteously for God to help him to bear it."

Prince Hal was, it seems, so affected by this circumstance that he ordered the poor fellow to be taken out of the flames, and then renewed the offer of a pardon on the same conditions as above. He even promised to grant the wretched man a pension of threepence a day, in consideration of the hurt he had sustained from the flames; but even this was rejected by the half-roasted martyr,—whereupon he was again cast into the flames, which soon put an end to him.

In 1415, John Claydon, a carrier, suffered for the same offence, and at intervals throughout the course of the century, and especially during the Lollard commotion under Henry v., the Lollards' Tower was filled with prisoners, and the "fires" in Smithfield and elsewhere were kept alight. By the end of the century Lollardry seems to have died a natural death. On the other hand, thoughtful men were beginning to be dissatisfied, not so much with the dogmas and doctrines of the ancient Faith in which they had been brought up, as with the slovenly manner in which many of the priests and monks celebrated its rites and ceremonies. Erasmus' sarcastic account of the pilgrimage to Walsingham and Canterbury, although it contains nothing very derogatory to the practice of pilgrimages or to the veneration of relics, should have proved unpleasant reading to the class of ecclesiastics who exhibited their shrines in much the same spirit as that in which showmen display their freaks. Over-familiarity with sacred things at last bred the proverbial contempt, with the far-reaching consequences that, in the sixteenth century, severed England from Rome.

Henry iv. is generally supposed to have died in the Jerusalem Chamber in Westminster Abbey, in fulfilment of the prophecy that he should die "in Jerusalem." But contemporary evidence proves that he actually expired in a fit at the foot of the Confessor's shrine within the Sacrum of the Abbey, and

was dead before he was carried into the Jerusalem Chamber, thus dissipating the legend so skilfully utilised by Shakespeare in the second part of his *Henry IV.*, wherein Prince Hal, thinking his father asleep, tries on his crown. In the midst of his exhibition of royal impatience, the old King wakes and delivers the—for a dying man—somewhat lengthy philosophic lecture beginning with the oft-quoted line—

“Thy wish was father to thy thought.”

When Henry v. was crowned, on April 24, 1413, London witnessed a unique and very picturesque sight. The young King and his peers, with the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, a stately cavalcade, passed through snowy streets; and the silken canopy carried over the King had to be shaken several times to rid it of its burden of newly-fallen flakes. But the pageant of all the pageants of the fifteenth century was this gallant King's triumphal entry into his metropolis after Agincourt. For many weeks before the decisive battle London had been full of anxiety. Rumours of defeat, and even massacre, had been rife, when of a sudden the joyful tidings of victory floated on the air, and hearts rejoiced that had long been weary with anxiety and dark with despair. Hearing the glad news, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen went in state, but on foot, to the Abbey, where a solemn *Te Deum* was sung. When the exhilarating truth was generally known the people fairly lost their heads. So soon as the King's ship reached Dover strand, on the morning of November 16, 1415, the throng that awaited it plunged into the sea and carried their idol to shore, shoulder high. From Dover to London was one great procession. The villagers were not less enthusiastic than the townsfolk. Canterbury was as vociferous as Rochester. On Saturday, November 23, the Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, Nobles, and the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, with a countless multitude of citizens, went out to Blackheath to meet the King, his merry men, and his prisoners too. The return to London was a scene of absolute delirium. A male and a female giant stood at the entrance to London Bridge, the male holding an axe in his right hand, whilst at his girdle hung the keys of the city. The lady giant had a “posy” of flowers in her hand, which she offered to the King, whilst, with a smile upon her broad

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countenance, she welcomed him home. Her head, like her partner's, was made of painted leather, and her face was a highly-coloured mask. London Bridge was dangerously crowded, and in the streets from Billingsgate to Westminster, fair ladies, from bedecked balconies and be-garlanded windows, cast down on the conqueror showers of gold-paper leaves (for the broom, or *plante à genti* was not in flower), and groups of little children, stationed at intervals along the line of the triumphal march, sang shrill hymns to honour him whose name the greatest of poets has immortalised.

In no other age had king or general more richly deserved the homage paid. Henry looked a very hero. He was tall and graceful beyond the average. His regular features were lighted up by clear grey eyes that glittered between their long black lashes, and contrasted superbly with the swarthy complexion¹ and long raven locks of the handsomest and bravest leader of his time. On the Sunday morning, a deputation from the city waited on the King and presented him with the then enormous sum of £1000, and two golden bowls worth half that amount. He had fought like a lion, but his manly qualities were equalled by his humanity, since he would have none of the acts of cruelty so common in that age,—no sacking of towns, no burning of villages and homesteads. In this grand procession passed many French prisoners belonging to illustrious houses, including the poet-Duke of Orleans, the widower of Richard's surviving consort, Isabella of Valois. He remained over twenty years in the Tower, honourably treated, it is true, but nevertheless closely guarded. A portion of the record of his household expenses are extant, and prove that he lived sumptuously enough, spending much of his time practising on musical instruments.

Two years later, by an irony of fate, Henry married Katherine of Valois, Queen Isabella's youngest sister, and Orleans' first love. This alliance was intended to set the seal on the treaty of peace between England and France, and the new queen was received in London with great cordiality. The marriage had already taken place in the Cathedral of Sens.

¹ It is a curious fact that Henry v. is usually represented in modern pictures and on the stage as fair-haired and light-complexioned, whereas in reality he was exceedingly dark.

After the ceremony in that city, the Archbishop solemnly blessed the nuptial couch, which stood in a chamber of the Archbishopal Palace, and when the bride and bridegroom had retired, a solemn procession of prelates, nobles, lords and ladies, accompanied by bands of musicians, entered the bridal chamber and served the royal couple with wine and hot broth. After the singing of a popular nuptial hymn, and merrymaking, the company broke up, leaving King Hal and his fair Kate alone till the morning, when a little before dawn there was a *réveil*, with trumpeters.

Queen Katherine of Valois' coronation in Westminster Abbey, taking place in Lent, the banquet in Westminster Hall was strictly meagre, though the cooks displayed considerable skill in the composition of what, to judge from the minute account of it which worthy old Fabyan has handed down to us, we should now consider a very weird menu indeed. After a first course, consisting of such dishes as "brawne and mustard, eeles in burneur (*beurre noir*, or burnt butter), frument with balten, pike with herbage, lamprie powdered, martine fried and leech lumbard flourished," it must have been refreshing to partake of such workaday food as fried plaice, "trowt," codling and crabs, though after such a course, a twentieth-century gourmet would hardly relish "tartes"! Then they had a "devise" in sugar, painted and gilded, described as "a pellican sitting on hir nest with hir birds, and an image of St. Katherine holding a booke and disputing with doctors." The saintly figure also held in its hand some highly complimentary couplets addressed to Madame le Royné, "the pellican answering" thus, as the historian gravely remarks—

"C'e est la signe et du roy,
Pour tenir joy,
Et a tout sa gent,
Elle mette sa contente."

(This sign to the King,
Great joy shall bring,
And all his people,
She [the Queen] will content.)

The second course was as strange as the first: "Gellie (jelly) coloured with columbine flowers, white potage or creame of

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almonds, breame of the sea, coonger, soles, cheuen, barbill and roch, fresh salmon, halibut, gurnet, rochet boiled, smelts fried, and creius [*écrivisses*, prawns] and lobster."

The feast terminated with the appearance on the board of a "devise of a tiger looking into a mirror," with an equestrian figure holding in his arms a tiger's whelp and bearing a "poesie," with the words—

"Per force sans raison, je prise cette beste."

(By force and without persuasion, I have captured this beast.)

A figure of a Moor was also "with his own hand making a countenance of throwing of mirrors at the tiger," which latter beast had a scroll as well. This said—

"Gil che mirour,
Ma fasta distour."

(The sight of this mirror,
Tames wild beasts by terror.)

No doubt the small tiger and the motto were intended, as Miss Strickland surmises in her admirable *Life of Katherine of Valois*, as hidden slights to the Queen's brother, the Dauphin.

This elaborate entertainment was brought to an end by the breaking up of the "devise" of the tiger, the mirror, and the Moor, which, being made of sugar, were distributed among the company, after which the Queen and her ladies retired. Her Grace had, however, at an earlier stage of the banquet, interceded, and successfully, for the liberation of James I. of Scotland, who, although a prisoner of the King of England, sat near her at the banquet. The Queen rose, and going to Henry boldly asked for her neighbour's release, which was accorded amid great cheering. Katherine remained at Westminster, probably recovering her digestion, until Palm Sunday, when she joined the King at Windsor and spent Easter with him there.

Music made considerable strides in England under Henry v., who was himself a skilful musician, often playing the harp and singing songs of his own composition. The lovely Queen—"the Fair One with the Golden Locks"—was also a musician; and the household expenses of this reign contain numerous items con-

nected with the musical tastes of the King and his consort. At Eastertide the Queen had a dulcimer, a lute, and *harpette* (small harp) sent to her from Paris, for which she paid £25.

Henry v. was in France when the Queen was brought to bed of the boy destined to reign as the unhappy Henry vi. Shortly after the birth of this son, Queen Katherine, leaving her infant in London, betook herself to Paris, where she was received with great favour. All the nobility flocked to her Court, whilst that of her mad father Charles vi., and her vile mother, was deserted. Meanwhile King Henry, whose constitution had been sorely taxed by his lengthy campaign, fell ill at Senlis of a mortal malady against which even his vigorous constitution and resolute spirit struggled in vain. He died at Valenciennes on August 22, 1422, with his adored wife's name on his lips—a compliment she little merited, for she was but a frivolous creature.

The news of the heroic King's death threw London into consternation. There was a wonderful manifestation of national mourning when the royal corpse was brought back for burial. The long procession had wended its way northward through France, passing by Abbeville and Montreuil-sur-Mer¹ to Calais. On the coffin lay an effigy of the dead King made of boiled leather,—a curious substitute for wax,—the face “most wonderfully like unto life,” arrayed in a purple robe edged with ermine, the crown on its head, the orb in its hand. A canopy of purple velvet, richly embroidered in gold, and of “marvellous value,” was carried over it. The widowed Queen and her train followed the mournful cortège at a distance of two miles. As the procession entered London, every citizen, rich or poor, stood on his doorstep with a lighted taper. The first Requiem was sung at St. Paul's by the Bishop of London; but the most magnificent ceremony was that in the Abbey, at which the late King's three

¹ The author possesses a copy of a curious MS. account of the passage of the body of Henry v. through Montreuil. It was taken to the parish church and blessed by the Abbot. At the corner of the Grande Rue, where now stands that excellent hostelry the Hotel de France, there was a panic in the crowd, the bier was set down, and the bearers rushed into an inn. There was, however, no need for this stampede, which was due to the fall of a chimney. Queen Katherine and her train entered Montreuil exactly as the corpse of her husband left the town for Calais.

chargers, draped with black velvet blazoned with the arms of England and France, were led by mailed knights up the nave into the choir, and there stood, motionless as statues, throughout the service. The hero-King was laid to rest in the most sacred part of the Abbey—the Confessor's Chapel, at the end of which Katherine erected a chantry chapel of extreme beauty, built in the shape of an H. High above the altar was placed the King's effigy in plated silver, the head and helmet being solid silver gilt. Henry himself had left minute directions as to the manner in which this chantry chapel was to be built—"so lighted that the people might see the priest officiating." It was intended to contain a chapel dedicated to the Annunciation; and to this day the wooden cupboards, with their curious old bolts, to protect the King's collection of relics and the vessels used at Mass, are to be seen. The steps near by are indented by the pilgrims who dragged themselves up them on their knees—a penitential exercise which they believed would help the restless spirit of their adored King. This wonderfully beautiful chantry is built of Caen stone, brought over from France at great expense for the purpose. It was completed in 1431, in which year Roger Johnson of London was paid 30s. for the exquisite iron-work that once surrounded it, but of which only a fragment now remains. On the top of the tomb is an old wooden hulk, formerly covered by the plated figure already mentioned, which was stolen, not improbably by order, and for the use of Henry VIII., by "burglars" in the "night season" in 1546. The figures introduced into the architectural decorations of the chantry are among the best preserved in the Abbey, and include those of the Confessor and of Henry III., founders of the glorious fane, and of Henry's own patron saints—St. George for England and St. Denis for France. There is also a fine bas-relief of a coronation—probably that of Henry V., as in one compartment he is shown on horseback. The battered shield, helmet, and saddle affixed to the crossbeam above this interesting tomb are not, as usually stated by that most misleading individual the Abbey Guide, "those used by the King at Agincourt"; they were carried into the Abbey at his funeral, and were once emblazoned with gold fleur-de-lys and the saddle covered with blue velvet.

The pathetic spectacle of the investiture of a child of eight

years of age with the weighty diadem of our ancient kings was witnessed in Westminster Abbey on November 6, 1427, when the Archbishop of Canterbury placed the Confessor's Crown on the head of the youthful and foredoomed Henry vi. Lord Mayor Etfield, who received the customary cup and ewer, evidently considered them as his personal property, for he bequeathed them to his grandson and heir.

The state entry of Henry vi. into London, which took place on February 1, 1431, was one of the most magnificent and tasteful pageants ever witnessed in this kingdom. The very youthful monarch had been crowned in Paris in the previous December, and came direct from France to England, being met on Blackheath by the Mayor, Corporation, and principal citizens, who escorted him to his capital, mounted on gaily caparisoned horses. The Mayor was arrayed in a crimson velvet furred gown, a girdle of gold about his middle, and a great baldric of gold hanging down behind him to the ground. The Aldermen were gowned in scarlet spangled with silver stars, and the Guildsmen in white with the cognisances of their crafts embroidered on their sleeves in colours, enhanced with black and gold cord. The livery colours of the House of York were white and blue; of Lancaster, murray,¹ or mulberry, and blue. At the entrance to London Bridge the cortège was met by a man built up with buckram to represent "a mighty giant with a drawn sword," who paid the King some high-flown compliments. He bore an inscription by his side beginning thus—"All those that be enemies to the King, I shall clothe them with confusion." The drawbridge was bedecked with a pageant representing a "Gothic tower" hung with gold and silver brocade, out of which stepped three ladies in silk robes of many colours, and wearing wreaths of gold and silver foliage. The first announced herself as the Lady Nature, the second as the Lady Grace, and the third as the Lady Good Fortune. Each dame was attended by a bevy of maidens dressed in white silk robes and crowned with roses. These damsels presented the King with the gifts of the Holy Ghost,—*i.e.* Wisdom, Understanding, Good Counsel, Fortitude,

¹ "Murray" was a corruption of *Mora*. The mulberry or Mora colour was introduced into fashion by Ludivico il Mora in the last half of the fourteenth century.

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Knowledge, Piety, and the Fear of God. Seven other ladies, attired in red silk gowns, handed him the gifts of Grace—A Crown of Glory, a Sceptre of Might and Mercy, the Mantle of Prudence, the Shield of Faith, the Helmet of Health, and the Girdle of Love and Perfect Peace. This was precisely the sort of pageant Florence or Rome would have organised on a like occasion. The influence of the Italian Renaissance, conveyed to this country through Flanders, had now become very evident and remarkable in all these State processions.

At the Tower two giants with clubs in their hands welcomed his Grace, whereas in Cornhill a round tower was erected, on the summit whereof was a beautiful child dressed in every point like the King, upon whose right hand sat the Lady Mercy and on his left the Lady Truth. Leaning over the back of the royal throne appeared Clemency, who spoke words of kindly greeting and then introduced to the royal notice her sister Virtues. The child King must have been greatly entertained by the next pageant, at the Cheap, for here had been erected a number of wells, each presided over by a lady representing respectively the Wells of Mercy, Grace, and Pity. These fair dames, who were sumptuously attired, offered cups of clear crystal water to the King and his train, which, to everybody's amazement, as soon as touched, turned to cups of sparkling wine. Near by St. Paul's, a formidable tower had been erected as an abode for two anchorites, who displayed the genealogies of St. Edward and St. Louis, the King's saintly ancestors. The approach to the Cathedral was lined on either side by several hundred youths in flowing white garments, holding oak branches in their hands. The Archbishop of Canterbury and six Bishops led the King, with infinite ceremony, from the porch to the High Altar of the metropolitan church, and after much chanting conveyed him thence to St. Erkenwald's shrine, where his Grace offered the usual gifts. After refreshment in the Bishops' Palace, the King, his courtiers, and an immense retinue, rode to Westminster Abbey, where the same ceremony was repeated, and the young King offered alms at St. Edward's shrine.

The giants so frequently mentioned from the fourteenth to the beginning of the eighteenth century in the pageantry of London were common to other English cities, notably Coventry

and Norwich. The London giants, however, whose revered effigies still occupy prominent positions in Guildhall, and who are erroneously called Gog and Magog,—whereas their real names are Gogmagog and Corineus,—have a distinct and very interesting origin. Their legendary history is exceedingly remote, but their materialisation is, most probably, due to our frequent intercourse with Flanders in the fourteenth century, at a time when Brussels, Antwerp, Tournay, and Douai had long since had their own particular giants, London's monsters becoming prominent in the days of Edward III. Throughout the fifteenth century their popularity increased rapidly, and they formed an integral part of the pageants of London, until, in the first years of the eighteenth century, they were relegated to those stationary, but dignified, positions in Guildhall, which they have never since abdicated to make a common show in the streets.

The legends concerning them are very numerous and contradictory, and it is difficult to determine which of them gives us the most likely clue to the mystery surrounding their origin. Their popular names are evidently derived from the Scriptures. Magog is mentioned as one of the sons of Japheth in the tenth Book of Genesis, and again in the First Book of Chronicles. Gog makes his first appearance in the Bible in the time of Ezekiel, during the Babylonish Captivity. Gog and Magog appear together in Revelations, though not as individuals but as distinct nationalities. We know, on learned authority, that the Arabs preserved the tradition of the biblical giants, under the appellations of Yadjooj and Madjooj, down to the tenth century, when, together with many other legendary folk, these two giants became known to the ballad-mongers of Northern Europe, in search of plots and names for the weird stories they were wont to relate to enthralled listeners in the halls of princes, or by the fireside, of a winter's evening, in a wayside inn or tavern. The original Arabian legends seem either to have been abandoned altogether, or else to have been embroidered with local colouring and tradition so as to be scarcely recognisable,—the names of the giants, however, remaining but slightly altered. In that quaintest of chronicles, *The History of Fulke Fitz Warine, an Outlaw Baron in the Reign of King John*, we learn that at the time of the Roman Conquest, great Cæsar, accompanied by

Brutus, went into Wales, and asked an old man the history of a certain burnt and ruined city. This venerable ancient informed him that "none inhabited in those parts except very foul people, great giants whose king was called Gogmagog." Brutus—who, by the way, as we have already seen, was supposed to be the son of Venus and Æneas, and the founder of Trojanovum, or London—had, it appears, a younger brother, a giant rejoicing in the name of Corineus, who one fine day despatched Gogmagog and pitched him over a precipice at a place near Plymouth called to this day "Goemagot's Leap." Such, in brief, is the earliest legend we possess concerning the careers of the two giants whose bulky presentments in the Guildhall so greatly interested the reigning Sultan of Turkey when, as Prince Abdul Hamid, he visited England in company with his father, the unfortunate Sultan Abdul Aziz. He asked Fuad Pasha all about them, who, being unable to answer him correctly, assured the boy they represented "the strength and power of the British Constitution"!

Geoffrey of Monmouth, in his *Chronicles*, tells a delightful and very elaborate story in which the giants figure to great advantage; but the quaintest tale is related by Caxton in his *Chronicles of England*, wherefrom we glean that Diocletian, Emperor of Rome, had a family of no less than three-and-thirty recalcitrant daughters, whose conduct was such that, in order to obtain a little peace in his household, he was at last obliged to marry them off to thirty-three noblemen. Unhappily the young ladies, soon after their wholesale wedding, began to behave outrageously, and one fine night cut the throats of their respective husbands. The wretched Emperor, driven distracted by the evil conduct of his refractory family, now embarked the thirty-three self-constituted widows on board a vessel, which, in due time, brought them to an island to which, in honour of their eldest sister, they gave the name Albion—that, it seems, being her name. The Evil One, true to his instincts, now played the ladies a damnable trick by providing them with "visionary" husbands, with the result that in course of time they peopled the island with giants. The Lady Albion's son was none other than that Gogmagog who was slain by Brutus' brother, Corineus. This story is curiously suggestive of the

legend of Ursula and her 11,000 maidens, blended with the biblical story of the intermarriage between the sons of God and the daughters of men, and also of the giants of the Odyssey.¹

The effigies of the giants were lodged at a very early period in the Guildhall, though not in their present conspicuous positions in the Great Hall, but at the entrance to the Council Chamber, whence they were trotted out on every possible occasion to grace a London holiday,—now to the head of the Bridge or the entrance to the Tower, and even as far west as Temple Bar, where they greeted Queen Elizabeth on her triumphal march through the city to Westminster. The mediæval figures disappeared during the Fire of 1666, and were not replaced until 1707, when, Hone tells us, they were set up where they now stand, after having been refashioned by Captain Richard Saunders, “an eminent carver in wood who dwelt in King Street, Cheapside.” That gentleman was paid £70 for repairing the Hall and renovating the giants, who were misnamed Gog and Magog. As we have seen, they should be distinguished—the elder figure as Gogmagog and the younger as Corineus.

There was yet another giant whose stalwart form of wood and buckram was familiar to the eyes of bygone Londoners—St. Christopher, that gigantic early Christian who bore the Infant Saviour on his shoulder across the Jordan, only to learn that he was the strongest man that ever lived, since he was privileged to carry the World—*i.e.* the Son of God—upon his back. He generally figured in the Corpus Christi processions, from which the pagan monsters were excluded.

To the giants should be added the preposterous dragons—20 and even 30 feet long, which snorted fire,—hobby-horses, and a host of other wood and pasteboard freaks, whose prancing and grunting delighted our simple-minded ancestors, whose degenerate descendants have relegated these monsters to the Christmas pantomime and toy-shop.

Although he was certainly not aware of the fact, soon after

¹ For further particulars concerning the giants, the reader should consult a curious, but very rare, work entitled *Gog and Magog*, by Fairholt, 1829: and the *Chronicles of Fife Warine*, MS. in the British Museum, edited by T. Wright, Esq., for the Warton Club, 1856: and Caxton's Chronicle.

his coronation young Henry was blessed, or cursed, with the strangest of step-fathers. His flighty mother, Katherine of Valois, true to the instincts inherited from her foul parent, Isabeau of Bavaria, had, within a year of her heroic husband's death, fallen in love with a common soldier—Owen Tudor—and had married him clandestinely. Tudor was of giant stature and as handsome as Mars, but all the skill and research of his grandson, Henry VII., failed to establish his claim to any gentle breeding. From this marriage, kept a profound secret for several years, during which three children were born to the ill-assorted couple, sprang the mighty House of Tudor. When the Duke of Gloucester, Regent of the Realm during the King's minority, discovered the truth, he flew into a fury and, according to Sir Edward Coke, enacted a statute, which was never printed, threatening the severest penalties on "anyone who should dare to marry a Queen-Dowager, or any lady holding lands of the Crown, without the consent of the King and Council." Owen was forthwith sent to Newgate, whence he escaped three times; and the Queen was relegated to the royal lodgings at the Priory in Bermondsey. Her low-born consort was ultimately forgiven by his step-son, and earned his pardon; and his good service to the young King's father, Henry V., at Agincourt having won him a captain's command, he upheld the Lancastrian cause till, falling into the hands of Edward IV., his head was struck off in Hereford market-place. Little did Edward dream that his own daughter, Elizabeth, was one day to be poor Owen's grandson's wife, and thus to become Queen of England.

Queen Katherine lived on in great retirement at Bermondsey,¹ and there died after a long illness on January 3, 1437. Katherine of Valois was buried in Westminster Abbey, but her monument was removed by Henry VII. when he was rebuilding his splendid chapel, and was never restored. Her coffin lid was accidentally raised, and one of the attractions of the Abbey for many generations was to see and touch the parched corpse of

¹ It appears that when this abbey, remains of which survived to our time, was erected, its charter contained a clause to the effect that certain apartments should be exclusively reserved for the use of the members of the Royal Family, who probably went there in times of illness, the Fathers being famed for their skill in medicine.

the erstwhile beautiful queen. Pepys, vulgar little wretch that he was, not only boasted that he had handled the royal skeleton, but actually paraded the fact that he had kissed its lips!¹ The remains of the wife of one of our greatest kings, and the foundress of the sturdiest of our dynasties, were respectfully buried in 1776, but in another part of the vault, near the coffin of Anne of Cleves. With the consent of Queen Victoria, Dean Stanley removed Queen Katherine's coffin to its proper place in her husband's chantry, her remains occupying the site of the altar—the slab of which now covers the dust of the fair and frail lady with the golden locks.

Margaret of Anjou on her marriage with King Henry VI., was received with every mark of favour. According to her contemporaries, her beauty was extraordinary, and there can be no two opinions as to her accomplishments and her virile courage. Stowe quotes a curious description of her bridal progress, from Fabyan—

“On the 28th May, 1445, Queen Margaret was met at Blackheath by an equestrian procession, consisting of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs of the city of London, in scarlet, and the guilds of the same, all riding on horseback in blue gowns, with embroidered sleeves and red hoods, who conveyed her with her train through Southwark, and so on to the city of London, which was then beautified with divers histories and pageants of welcome, marvellous costly and sumptuous, of which I can only name a few. At the bridge-foot towards Southwark was a pageant of Peace and Plenty; and at every street-corner, in allusion to the text of the parliamentary sermon, two puppets in a moving pageant called Justice and Peace were made to kiss each other. Noah's ship (the ark) upon the bridge, with verses in English. At Leadenhall, Madam Grace, the chancellor of God. At the Inn in Cornhill, St. Margaret. At the great conduit in Cheapside, the five Wise and Foolish Virgins. At the cross in the Cheap, the Heavenly Jerusalem, with verses. At Paul's gate the General Resurrection and Judgment, with verses accordingly, all made by John Lydgate.”

¹ “On Shrove Tuesday, 1669, I to the Abbey went, and by favour did see the body of Queen Katherine of Valois, and had the upper part of the body in my hands, and I did kiss her mouth, reflecting upon it that I did kiss a Queen: and this my birthday and I thirty-six years old and I did kiss a Queen.”—*Pepys' Diary*.

The pity of it is, no detailed record has reached us of these wonderful pageants, which would tax the ingenuity and resourcefulness of one of our most experienced stage-managers. Imagine the dilemma of a Tree or an Irving if called upon to represent "the Heavenly Jerusalem, with verses," or "the Day of Judgment," withal!

During three consecutive days tournaments were held within the Sanctuary, on Sanctuary Green before the Abbey.

It is curious to note in the contemporary records and chronicles of this period the manner in which Joan of Arc, who now looms prominently in contemporary history, is described, by early English historians, as the "French sorceress," the "damnable witch," and so forth. The fact that the greater part of our French dominions were wrenched from us by a woman no doubt added considerably to the unpopularity of Henry the Sixth's restless consort. But even to England the Maid of Orleans brought blessings disguised. The English claim to the French throne was of no practical benefit to this country,—it merely kept up a war which exhausted our finances and destroyed our political reputation. Joan of Arc may well be said to have saved England as well as France.

CHAPTER XVII

IN TROUBLED TIMES

FOR the next fifty years, England was the scene of that long series of tragedies to whose fateful horror the genius of Shakespeare has done consummate justice. The "Wars of the Roses" ended in the numerous and dreadful State murders which have invested the Tower with much of its dramatic interest. Across the stage of London's history, as in a Greek tragedy, fancy now sees flit the wraiths of many ill-fated men and women—each bearing a rose, white for York and red for Lancaster—whose names fire the imagination: the meek and saintly Henry VI., the heroic and beautiful Margaret of Anjou, the towering Edward IV., and his "shallow, painted" consort,¹ Queen Elizabeth Woodville, the sinister Gloucester (Richard III.), the fragile Anne of Warwick, the doomed children young Edward V. and his brother of York, the gallant Hastings, my Lord of Rivers, "false fleeting Clarence," sturdy Buckingham, and stalwart Richmond. Into the details of this series of sinister dramas of ambition, treachery, and jealousy, space forbids us to enter; yet, before closing this account of London in the fifteenth century, we will pause to glance at some few of the more striking scenes of an epoch which, beginning in great disorder, closed with the prosperous reign of Henry VII., and with the invention of the printing press and the discovery of America—momentous events that changed the face of the civilised world.

¹ The word "painted" could scarcely be applied with truth to Elizabeth Woodville, whose complexion was naturally magnificent, but it shows the influence of contemporary fashions on our Bard's imagination. In Queen Elizabeth's time every woman, from the highest to the lowest, wore borrowed roses on her cheeks.

Edward iv. was considered the handsomest man of his age. A giant in stature, his dark beauty was so striking that in a measure it actually atoned in the popular mind for his many vices. He was crowned in 1461, soon after the decisive battles of Mortimer Cross and St. Albans, being solemnly elected king in lieu of Henry vi. in St. John's Field, Clerkenwell, on March 2. After this ceremony King Edward rode in state to St. Paul's, where his title was confirmed in a sermon by the Bishop of Exeter. Thence he was led to Westminster, in stately procession, to venerate the shrine of the Confessor, and afterwards to banquet in Westminster Hall. The feast over, he returned with the same pomp to St. Paul's and slept at the Bishop's house. On June 26, the Mayor and Aldermen fetched him to the Tower, whence he made his state progress through the city and was crowned with great solemnity at Westminster Abbey. On the day following his coronation, he returned to St. Paul's, and was "incensed" by an angel with golden wings, that flew down from the roof "by means of a rope and alighted at his feet" to do him homage. The crowd in the church was so great as to exceed anything "ever seene in anye dayes."

King Edward the Fourth's secret marriage with Elizabeth Woodville, the widow of Sir John Grey, took place on May 1, 1464, at Grafton, near Stoney Stratford, "in the presence of the bride's mother, Jaqueline of Luxemburg, Duchess of Bedford, two gentlewomen and a young man who served Mass." It was from Reading Palace, and not before Michaelmas, that the wedding was first made public by the King presenting Elizabeth, with the utmost ceremony, to the assembled Court as his wife. The new Queen wore on this occasion a lofty crown of golden filigree studded with gems, her flaxen hair streaming down her back almost to her feet. According to a miniature in the finely illuminated MS. (*Chronique d'Angleterre*) in the British Museum, Elizabeth must have been almost an albino, her hair is so fair and her lashes apparently quite white. Her dress is of gold brocade, striped after a fashion called *baudaken*, only worn by the ladies of the Royal Family. Her bodice is lined with ermine, and her train, of crimson velvet, is of extraordinary length.

On May 26, 1465, the coronation of the new queen took

place in Westminster Abbey. She proceeded from the Tower escorted by the usual train of bishops, nobles, and guards. Her Grace rode in a sort of sedan-chair, slung between poles, and drawn by six white ponies, the poles of the chair being carried by eight noblemen, four on either side. The people did not display much enthusiasm. They were strongly prejudiced against the Queen's mother, the Duchess Jaqueline, who was not only exceedingly avaricious but reputed to be a witch. Elizabeth herself was known to be an intriguing woman—the very “*painted Queen*” of Shakespeare's tragedy, who managed to marry her sisters into the highest families surprisingly soon after her own marriage, and this notwithstanding that they were without dowers and no longer very young.

A great tournament was held, soon after this coronation, at Sheen. The two chief champions were, the Queen's brother,—the gigantic Anthony Woodville, Lord Scales,—and the “*County de la Roche*,” the famous squire and friend of Philip of Burgundy. The following letter, addressed from Sheen, the day before the lists were opened, by the Lord of Scales to his opponent, might have been written by Shakespeare himself, it is so sentient of the age of chivalry, of whose spirit it is a latent flicker—

“Truth it is, that the Wednesday next before the solemn and devout Resurrection of our Blessed Saviour and Redeemer, for certain causes I drew me near toward the Queen of England and of France, my Sovereign lady, to whom I am right humble servant, subject, and brother. And as I spoke to her Highness on my knees, according to my duty, I know not how it happened, but all the ladies of her Court environed me about, and anon I took heed that they had tied above my left knee a band of gold, garnished with precious stones which formed a letter (it was a collar of SS, meaning ‘*Souvenance*,’ or remembrance) which, when I perceived, truth to say, it came nigher to my heart than to my knee: and to this collar was hanging a noble flower of *Souvenance*, enamelled, and in manner of emprise. And then one of the ladies said to me, full sweetly, that I ought to take a step fitting for the time; and then each of them withdrew demurely to their places. And I, all abashed at this adventure, rose up to go and thank them for their rich and honourable present; but when I took up my cap, I found in it a letter written on vellum, and only closed and bound with a silver thread. Now I thought this letter contained the will of the

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ladies expressed in writing, and that I should know the adventure which the flower of Souvenance was given me to undertake."

The knight took the letter to the King, who was sitting in his pavilion in "mighty state," the fair Queen beside him, and, dropping on his knee, begged the Sovereign to read it. Edward broke the silver thread, read out the articles of the tourney, and gave his sanction for the jousts. Woodville now offered the enamelled forget-me-not given him by the ladies, to his doughty opponent, to touch with his "knightly hand" and thereby accept the challenge. The trumpets sounded, and the knights set to and broke many a lance. La Roche won the first combat, but Woodville was the favoured champion in the end.

At "sun-go-down," when the narrow streets, and the country lanes round Richmond, were flushed with crimson glow, the Court rode back in glittering procession to the Palace, where a banquet was held. The night, we are told, was passed in dancing and revelry "till cock crow."

We have a lively picture of Edward iv. and Elizabeth Woodville and their Court, in the pages of the curious Journal of Louis of Bruges, Lord of Grauthuse and Governor of Holland, who visited England in 1472, and was handsomely entertained by Edward iv. in return for the hospitality he had received from him when an exile in Flanders. Grauthuse tells us how the royal apartments were lined with cloth-of-gold, and how he found the Queen engaged with her ladies in a game of closheys. After it was finished the company began to dance, the King with his eldest daughter, the Lady Elizabeth. Edward, in the course of the evening, gave his guest a marvellous gold cup edged with pearls and mounted with a "unicorn's horn, seven inches in diameter." The Court attended Mass every morning, when the "music was most melodious." The King gave Grauthuse his own horse to ride, and afterwards made him a present of it. He also showed him his "vineyard of pleasure." One evening the Queen entertained him at an interminable banquet, when the King was present, the Marchioness of Exeter, the Lady Rivers, Lord Grantham, the Countess of Oxford, and the Lady Grey. At the Duke of Buckingham's table sat his wife, the Duchess and many other lords and ladies. Down the left side of the hall was

another table at which was a grand "view" of ladies, unaccompanied by gentlemen; and on the right, at again another, were the Queen's gentlewomen. After dinner the Court danced, and at nine o'clock the King and Queen conducted Grauthuse to his bedchamber, which was hung with white silk and linen cloth, and all the floor covered with carpets. The bed was furnished with sheets made at Rennes, in those days considered the manufactory of the finest linen in Europe. The mattress was filled with down, and the counterpane was of cloth-of-gold furred with ermine. "The tester and ceiler were of shining cloth-of-gold"; the curtains of white sarcenet, and the "pillows and bolsters were of the Queen's own ordering." In the next room was another state bed curtained with white silk, fashioned "like a tent"; and in yet a third room stood two baths covered with "tents of white cloth." Everything in this beautiful apartment was white and gold. Having wished their guest good-night and God-bless-you, their Graces retired, and he was left with his own attendants and the Lord Hastings,—the very gentleman who was afterwards murdered by Richard III.,—who helped him to undress and actually enjoyed a bath with him. When the baths, which were hot, were over, a repast was served, by order of the Queen, on silver trays, consisting of green ginger, syrup, comfits, and biscuits, to be washed down with hot ipocras. To crown all, Grauthuse was created Earl of Winchester, and there was a tremendous function in Westminster Abbey in honour of the occasion, which the King and Queen "crowned," and the little Prince Edward, now eighteen months old, attended in full state. Since "Master Garter" stuttered, Norroy proclaimed the largesse of the new Earl in his stead, which was perhaps as well, Grauthuse and Winchester being distinctly awkward words for a stutterer to struggle with. Thus ended a most enjoyable and typical visit to the Court of England in the last half of the fifteenth century.¹

In the meanwhile Londoners, as well as all other Englishmen, had enough to do, besides looking at pageants, in watching the tremendous events and horrors which were fast treading on each

¹ See *Narrative of Louis de Bruges, Lord Grauthuse*. Edited by Sir F. Madden. *Archologia*, 1836. Also same with addition in French edition, 1890. Brussels.

other's heels, bringing fortune and misfortune to the contending princes and potentates, whose personal ambition filled England with the blood and fury of civil war. And yet, notwithstanding the turbulence of the times, our commerce, especially with Flanders, flourished exceedingly under Edward iv., and the very age that saw so many castles burnt witnessed the restoration and embellishment of hundreds of churches. Our country, ever rich in resources, grew wealthy even under the piteous circumstances which divided every family in the land between the Yorkists and the Lancastrians. Fortune favoured the House of York, and the years 1470-71 saw the Lancastrians defeated in the Battle of Barnet; saw Warwick, the King-maker, doomed; Edward iv. back again in London, triumphant; Margaret of Anjou driven into exile; and Henry a helpless prisoner in the Tower.

On Ascension Eve, May 22, 1471, a few days after the fatal Battle of Tewkesbury, two great events happened in the Tower. Margaret was brought thither a prisoner, with her daughter-in-law, the Princess of Wales, who afterwards married Richard III. And on the very night the Queen entered the Tower, her consort, Henry vi.,¹ was put to death, according to tradition in that room where the Regalia is now exhibited. The pious King was reading a book of prayers, when he was suddenly despatched by order of, if not actually by, Richard of Glouc^{ter}.²

The "joyless Queen," as Shakespeare calls her, seems for some time to have been spared the piteous knowledge that her husband had been murdered in a room not far removed from the one in which she passed her restless nights. When, however, it was revealed to her that the husband for whom she had dared and suffered so much had been murdered by the brother of him that spilt the blood of her only child, her grief was less awful than her wrath. Then did the long and dismal corridors of her prison

¹ The *Federa* gives the expense of maintaining King Henry in the Tower of London, with the daily allowance of ten persons waiting on him, for fourteen days, amounting in all to only £4, 5s., which is not quite 8s. a day for him and his ten men; and in the same record the King's own diet for two days cost but 3s. 10d.

² The dagger with which this "foul black" deed was done fell, in Henry the Eighth's time, into the hands of that monarch's well-known agent in monastic spoliation, the Warden of Caversham, who used to exhibit "this prettie (l) relic of the dagger that slew King Henry vi."

resound to her heart-rending outcries as she cursed the "foul, bloated spider" that had wrought so much evil in her house. Tradition has it that Margaret, in her bitterness, rejoiced when she heard that her rival Elizabeth Woodville's children had been slain.

Margaret's imprisonment in the Tower, and subsequently at Windsor, was rigorous; but after a time she was allowed more freedom, and spent some years in comparative peace with Alice Chaucer, Duchess of Suffolk, the poet's great-granddaughter, as we learn from a Paston Letter dated July 8, 1471: "And as for Queen Margaret, I understand that she is removed to Wallingford, nigh unto Evelyn, my 'Lady of Suffolk's place in Oxfordshire"; and we also know that Edward iv. allowed the Duchess 4 marks a week for his royal prisoner's maintenance. Five years later her aged father, the minstrel King René of Provence, ruined himself to pay her ransom, and thus the last two years of her wretched life were spent with him peacefully enough at Reculée. She had formally renounced all she "could pretend to in England, as well as the conditions of her marriage settlement." Villeneuve, who saw her at this period, tells us that "the once peerless Margaret had become a horror to look upon. Grief had turned the whole volume of her blood to water; her once superb eyes were swollen and red with weeping, and her skin covered with blotches like leprosy." King René died first, in 1480, "very old and *mult triste*." After her father's death Margaret went to Dempierre, near Anjou, where she died in that superb château that has resisted to our day the wear and tear of age and of revolutions. "The Lancastrian lioness, Anjou's proud matron," was in her fifty-first year when she was laid to rest in the tomb of her father and mother in the fine old cathedral of Angers. When the sun passes behind the great stained-glass window at the back of the choir, a transparent portrait of Queen Margaret reveals itself—a noble head, a handsome face, full dark eyes, and long black locks hanging to the waist.

There was a Requiem sung at St. Paul's for the repose of Queen Margaret, and no doubt the scant gathering of her faithful friends had many stories to whisper to each other concerning the late Queen as they passed out of the Cathedral. Some of them could remember her as the handsomest, most accomplished,

and bravest princess of her time ; and then as the most miserable, bearing the burden of anarchy, poverty, civil war, and malediction.

The funeral of Henry VI. must have been an uncanny function. The persistent rumours of assassination had to be silenced, and so, on the day after Ascension (1471), the corpse, "surrounded by more glaives and bills than torches," was borne bare-faced—"that every man might see it"—on its bier to St. Paul's, and there Mass was sung. In the middle of the service the wounds began to bleed, which filled all present with horror. Thence the body was taken to Blackfriars. Here again it bled profusely, even upon the pavement, "a dread token of the manner of his death." At midnight the bloodstained hearse was conveyed on the still, dark waters of the Thames, followed by many boats and barges lighted with torches, all filled with monks singing dirges, to Chertsey Abbey, where it was interred, and where miracles presently began to be wrought at the tomb of the assassinated monarch. These facts suggest a rearrangement of the famous scene in Shakespeare's *Richard III*. Glo'ster ought to meet the body of his victim, and with it the Lady Anne, as they land from the river and not on the highroad. Shakespeare was evidently unaware that the royal corpse was conveyed by water and not by land to Chertsey, and also that the Lady Anne, Princess of Wales, was at this time a close prisoner in the Tower.

When Edward IV. died at Westminster (April 9, 1483) the sinister rumours of foul play, that had filled the city when Henry VI. was despatched, buzzed again. To disprove these reports the body, after being disembowelled and embalmed, was exposed, nude to the waist, for ten days, on a bier under a canopy of black cloth fringed with gold, placed in the centre of the Royal Chapel of Westminster Palace, and not in Westminster Hall, as is generally stated. During this singular lying-in-state, Low Masses were said continuously at a temporary altar erected at the foot of the bier. Meanwhile, for three days, an interminable procession of nobles and ecclesiastics, and of the general public, passed in front of the corpse to assure themselves that the monarch was really dead. This ceremony over, the corpse was enclosed in a leaden coffin, and then in a casket of oak, covered by a pall of black velvet, with a great cross in cloth-of-gold down its centre.

The usual effigy of the King, in "habet royall crowned with a crowne upon his hed and septer in his one hand and ball in the other," was set up. Sir William Stonor stood at the right corner of this catafalque, holding the banner of Holy Trinity; opposite to him stood Sir Henry Ferris with the banner of Our Lady; Sir James Radcliffe held the banner of St. George, and Sir George Browne that of St. Edward. In the great procession that swept to the Abbey marched the Archbishop of York, and the Bishops of London, Ely, Norwich, Durham, Lincoln, and Rochester, all in black *pontificalibus*; with them were the Abbots of Avendon and Bermondsey. After a High Mass of Requiem, a grand cavalcade of nobles and gentlemen escorted the body of the deceased Sovereign through London to Windsor. The bier rested at Charing Cross, where the Abbot of Westminster, the Archbishop and the Bishops, censed it, and after taking a solemn leave, returned, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, to the Abbey in time for dinner. The procession passed on to Sheen, where it rested the night in the chapel of the Carthusians, and only reached Windsor the following afternoon. The next morning a Mass of Requiem was sung in St. George's Chapel, and then the body of Edward IV. was consigned to the vault where his gigantic skeleton still lies, not far from the remains of his consort Elizabeth Woodville, and of Henry VIII., Jane Seymour, and Charles I.—a weird royal company!

On the night of May 3 of the same year, London heard with stupefaction that "the bird of ill-omen, Dickon of Glos'ter," abetted by Buckingham, had intercepted young King Edward the Fifth's progress to London and had carried him off captive.

That Richard of Glos'ter was preparing to usurp his brother's throne during his last illness is proved by the following significant anecdote related by Sir Thomas More, who must have known intimately many men who had lived through the scenes he describes so graphically in his *History of Richard III.* "On the night King Edward IV. died, one Mistlebrook came," says he, "long before daybreak, to the house of a Mr. Pottyer in Redcross Street, without Cripplegate, and rapped on his door: but it was opened by Pottyer in person. Mistlebrook now announced that King Edward had departed. 'By my troth, man,' quoth Mr. Pottyer, 'then will my master, the Duke of

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Glos'ter, be King.' " More, who received the story direct from the lips of his own father, shrewdly asks, "What cause had Pottyer to say this unless he had some inkling of his master's schemes?"

The terror and confusion into which London was thrown during the five months of little King Edward the Fifth's reign baffles description. Our honest citizens were now daily startled by some appalling tragedy that filled England, nay all Europe, with consternation. None the less, as in Paris during the worst period of the Revolution, so now in the metropolis the current of everyday life was not checked by this reign of terror,—the buying and selling, the marrying, the christening and the burying, the laughing and the weeping, the cheating and the lying, all went on as usual. There were no papers, but news travelled quickly enough, and the effort made to suppress details added, rather than otherwise, to the eagerness with which it was sought after and retailed. Trembling for her own safety as well as for that of her youngest boy and daughters, Queen Elizabeth Woodville immediately sought sanctuary with them at Westminster.¹

Here then was a queen of England, "alone and forlorn, desolate and dismayed," sitting on rushes, her weeping children clinging round her! The room may be seen to this day, with the remains of the *louvre* in the roof through which the smoke from the fire escaped. It was the Abbot's Chamber, and is still used by an Abbey dignitary, remaining one of the most interesting relics of old London.

The Guildhall, which in the course of its eventful history has witnessed many an extraordinary scene, never beheld one more extraordinary than that which occurred on the morning of June 24, 1483, when the Duke of Buckingham, appearing before the Mayor and Aldermen and the more prominent citizens, strove to persuade them that the late King Edward IV. had married one of his mistresses, and that his marriage with Elizabeth Woodville was therefore illegal, and her children

¹ The children with the distracted Queen were—Anne, aged eight, afterwards Lady Thomas Howard; Katherine, afterwards married to the Earl of Devonshire, four; Bridget, only three, who died a nun at Dartford; Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of Henry VII., aged seven years; Cicely, afterwards Viscountess Welles,—not Villiers, as usually stated,—aged six; and Richard, Duke of York, aged eleven.

bastards. The assembled citizens were, however, no more convinced than they had been on the previous Sunday, when Dr. Shaw, or Shore, a relative of the notorious Jane of that ilk, had made the same statement at Paul's Cross. The Hall was, however, so thickly packed by the Duke of Gloucester's partisans, that on an offer being made to the citizens to accept Richard as their King, the voices of the more loyal were drowned by their clamour. The next day—exactly two days after the execution of Hastings and the arrest of Jane Shore—a deputation proceeded to Baynard's Castle, where Gloucester was then residing (he had left Crosby Hall), and offered him the crown. On the following morning he hurried off, almost unattended, to Westminster Abbey, where he seated himself in the Confessor's Chair and proclaimed himself King both by inheritance and election.¹ His first thought after this audacious act was to devise a way of getting rid of Elizabeth Woodville and her children.

The Queen's folly in delivering up her younger son to his kind uncle's care (probably she could not help herself) forms one of the most pathetic incidents in this woeful tragedy. "And therewithal," says Sir Thomas More, "she cried, 'Farewell, my sweete sonne. Let me kiss you ere you go—for God knows if we shall ever kiss again,' and so fell to kissing him and to weeping sore; and the child, poor innocent, wept as fast as herself." The rest of the dire tale is soon told. Mother and sons never met again. Richard of York shared the fate of his beautiful elder brother—"the fairest child that ever lived,"—and who does not know what that fate was!

The frantic grief of Elizabeth Woodville is most tragically described by More in his *Life of Richard III.*—

"She swooned and fell to the ground, and there lay in great agony, yet like a dead corpse. When she came to her memory

¹ These facts are very rarely noticed by historians. Mr. A. Sharpe, however, gives them full value in his remarkable book *London and the Kingdom*. The complete list of the personages who attended the coronation of Richard III. is preserved in the city archives, and in a curious pamphlet entitled *Report on the Coronations*, printed in 1831. There are included also the names of all persons who in the same capacity attended the coronations of each of our kings down to George IV., with the sole exception of that of Charles II.

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again, she wept and sobbed and filled the whole place with her pitiful sorrow. She beat her breast, and tore her fair hair, calling on her sweet babes by name. Then kneeling down, she cried on God to avenge her: and Englishmen, when they heard that Richard's only son had been taken, declared the imprecations of that mother had been heard."

How native to Elizabeth's shallow character was all this hysterical display—so terribly earnest for a time, and yet so quickly assuaged!

For all his murders and evil repute, "Hunchback Dick," who was really but very slightly deformed, was right royally crowned, on July 6, 1483, together with his wretched wife, Anne of Warwick, the widowed Princess of Wales. Richard, who was by no means an ill-looking man, dark-eyed and sallow, was most gorgeously dressed in blue velvet, thickly embroidered with gold. There exists evidence that the rightful king, Edward v., was pressed by his unnatural uncle into playing some part in this usurped coronation. Among the charges at this function is one for

"a short gown of crimson velvet, or three quarter yard of crimson cloth-of-gold, for the apparel of the Duke of York, son of the late King, Edward iv."¹

Grafton gives a graphic account of the coronation ceremony in the Abbey, which followed precedent in every detail. The

¹ These gay garments *may* not have been worn by the young Duke at his uncle's coronation, but at his own wedding, or rather, betrothal, which took place in the fourth year of his age, on Thursday, January 15, 1478. The bride was the Lady Anne Mowbray, baroness in her own right, and direct heiress of Prince Thomas de Brotherton's daughter, Margaret Plantagenet. She was an infant aged six years, and died a few weeks after the marriage; whereupon, no doubt, there was plenty of gossip and to spare on the seizure of her estates by the youthful Prince, who was created Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Nottingham and Warren. After the boy's assassination in the Tower, Richard III. confiscated these mighty possessions, but, possibly to soothe his stricken conscience, he restored the whole property to the tiny little bride's grandaunts, who were considerably over eighty. In this manner these great landed estates eventually passed into the hands of the heirs of these venerable ladies, the Howards, the Mowbrays, and the Petres. There exists among the MSS. of the College of Arms a most curious account of the infantile marriage of the baby Duke of York with the baby Princess Anne Mowbray.

Queen's train, of purple damask on gold, was, it seems, only made two days before the event, at a cost of £50, an enormous sum at that time. The banquet in Westminster Hall is thus described: "At four o'clock the King and Queen came to the high dais holding each other by the hand. On the Queen's right hand stood the Lady Surrey and on her left the Lady Nottingham, holding a canopy of state over her head. The King sat at the middle of the table, with the Queen on his left hand, and standing on each side of her a Countess holding a cup of plesaunce, when it listed her to drink. After dinner the Champion of England rode into the Hall and made his challenge, which no one gainsayed. The Lord Mayor served the King and Queen with ipocras, wafers and sweet wine, and by that time it was dark: and anon came certain men carrying great wax-torches and *torchettes*. When the lights were come the lords and ladies approached the throne and did obeisance to the King and Queen and then went their ways as it liked them best. The King and Queen, when all were gone, rose up and also departed to their chambers."

The welcome news of Richard's death on the field of Bosworth set the good people of the metropolis in a great state of excitement. They endeavoured to give his parsimonious successor a hearty welcome on August 28, 1485. The Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Hill, and the Aldermen in their scarlet robes, followed by a multitude of citizens on horseback, in violet cloth gowns, went out as far as Hornsey, whence they brought the victorious Henry of Richmond to Shoreditch, and thence on to St. Paul's, where he offered three standards, painted with presentments of St. George, of a red fiery dragon, and of a dun cow! After *Te Deum* was over, the King banqueted at the Bishop of London's palace in St. Paul's Churchyard. The prolonged civil war having exhausted the Treasury, Henry's coronation, late in 1485, is one of the simplest recorded. Everything was done as economically as possible. Trade was depressed as it had never been before, and consequently the King determined that the utmost economy should be observed. It was otherwise in 1487, when, for political reasons, the Queen, Elizabeth of York, was crowned with exceptional splendour and rejoicing.

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A very interesting contemporary account of this coronation will be found in Leland's *Collectanea*.¹ It appears that on Friday, November 23, 1487, the young Queen left Greenwich Palace by water for the Tower, being accompanied on her journey by the Countess of Richmond, her mother-in-law, and an interminable train of great personages of both sexes. Her barge was followed by the Bachelors' barge, which carried a red dragon, the ensign of the House of Tudor, that "spouted fire into the Thames." The King met her Grace at the foot of the water-steps of the Palace, where she dined, apparelled in a kirtle of white cloth-of-gold damask, and a mantle of the same material furred with ermine. Her head-dress blazed with jewels, and her long yellow hair hung far below her waist. Her train was carried by her sister, the Lady Cecily, afterwards Viscountess Welles.

Elizabeth of York performed her progress through the city seated in a litter drawn by eight white horses. She was followed by a galaxy of great ladies on horseback, and in Cheapside was greeted by a crowd of children dressed as angels and saints. On the following morning she left Westminster Palace for the Abbey, her coronation train being of violet velvet. The Queen, after entering the Abbey, was supported on the one hand by the Bishop of Ely, and on the other by the Bishop of Winchester. The King witnessed the coronation ceremony from a lattice-balcony in the choir, erected on purpose. It is said that an anthem bearing so strong a resemblance, both in words and music, to the one now in use, that many authorities believe it to be the original of "God save the King," was sung for the first time at this coronation—

"God save King Henerie whereso'er he be,
And for Queene Elizabeth now pray wee,
And for all her noble progenye ;
God save the Church of Christ from any follie ;
And for Queene Elizabeth now pray wee."

According to Agnes Strickland, the music and words of this composition, which, judging from the above excerpt, was, in point of poetic beauty, quite the equal of the one in actual use, were found some sixty years ago in a chest at Gayton in

¹ *Collectanea*, vol. iv. p. 107.

Northamptonshire. It is dated 1486, the year of the marriage of Elizabeth of York and Henry VII. This MS. is quoted by Clark in his *History of the Origin of "God Save the King."* That learned authority on this vexed point, Canon Harford, is, however, of opinion that our National Anthem, as it now stands, dates from Caroline times only.

In the early days of Henry the Seventh's reign, Londoners, being at heart much the same as they are now,—“great scandal-mongers and lovers of news,”—must have been much excited over the gradual development of the adventures of those two ill-starred impersonators of Yorkist royalty—Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck. Although Simnel's story was the least elaborate, he was, by reason of his superior age and experience, the more formidable of the two impostors. He made his political *début* in Ireland, where a discontented populace spontaneously accepted his story that he was George, Earl of Warwick, son of that unfortunate Duke of Clarence who was popularly reported to have been drowned in a butt of Malmsey, the report being probably based on a polite way of saying that he died of drink, over abundantly supplied to him by his kind brother Richard. The good people of Dublin were, or pretended to be, so convinced of the genuineness of Simnel's claim to the throne that they actually had him solemnly crowned in Christchurch Cathedral, the Bishop of Meath performing the ceremony with a crown lifted from a miracle-working image of Our Lady. Meanwhile Warwick, who was still a prisoner in the Tower, to refute Simnel's claim was with much ado paraded through the principal streets of London. After many adventures, as dangerous to himself as ever they were to the safety of King Henry's crown, Simnel was captured and brought to the city in chains. The King did not, however, hang his captive; he did a cleverer thing by relegating the unfortunate man to the royal kitchens, where, degraded to the post of scullion, he spent the rest of his days, which were not many, in turning the spits and basting the royal roasts. Many a Londoner who had friends at Court, must have used their influence to catch a glimpse of the erstwhile “Earl of Warwick” in his menial capacity, trussing capons or shelling peas.

Perkin Warbeck, who came upon the scene in 1492, professed

to be Richard Duke of York, the second son of Edward iv., who, he declared, had escaped from the dungeons of the Tower. For over five years he successfully menaced Henry's throne, his cause being espoused by James iv. of Scotland, who married him to his near relative Lady Catherine Gordon. This lady, who is known in story as the "White Rose of Scotland," was so infatuated with Warbeck that she followed his adventures through the Borderland, and when he was in extreme danger rode on to London to plead his cause with the incensed King. Henry received her with extreme kindness, and placed her about the person of his Queen, with whom she remained. After Warbeck's death, the "White Rose of Scotland" did not waste her time, for, instead of "blooming alone," she married successively two other husbands. As to Perkin, anybody who chanced to be in London during the summer of 1498, might have seen him "most uncomfortably" seated in the stocks before Westminster Hall, dolefully and reluctantly relating the "true story of his life" to a considerable gathering of those odds and ends of humanity that are ever wont to gather round pillories, stocks, and scaffolds. "First be it known," said he, "that I was born in the town of Tournai in Flanders, and that my father's name was Osbecke and my mother's Katherine de Faro." So far he spoke the truth. Osbecke was a renegade Jew of Antwerp, and some said that his handsome wife, Katherine de Faro, had been the mistress of Edward iv. when that monarch was in Flanders, and that Perkin was his son. If this were the truth it explains why Perkin, whilst in the stocks, gave such an elaborate account of his forebears, even referring to his great-grandparents. It seems that after having been apprenticed to various merchants in Antwerp, Barrowsmart, and Middelborough, he entered the service of Lady Brampton, the widow of a Yorkist leader, who, after the decisive victory of the Lancastrians, finding England too hot to hold her, sailed for Portugal, taking Perkin with her as her personal attendant, perhaps her secretary. Perkin did not remain very long in her service, but maybe it was at her suggestion that he conceived the bold scheme of impersonating the young Duke of York, whom his mistress must have known had been murdered. In Lisbon, Perkin became intimate with a Breton merchant named Purget Melo, who took him into

Ireland. As he was a fine handsome lad, and was dressed out in silks and satins, some Cork folk declared they recognised a likeness in him to Edward iv. ; whereupon a multitude insisted that he was none other than that monarch's youngest son, and, as Warbeck himself complained, made him a king, *malgré lui*,—"So against my will they made me learn English, and taught me what I should say and do." Next he was hotly taken up by the French King, ostensibly on his own account, but really in order to force Henry vii. to conclude a treaty of peace. Perkin, after this was effected, was sent to the Court of the late King Edward's sister, "his aunt," Margaret of Burgundy, Governess of the Netherlands. This wily lady—who was generally known at King Henry's Court as "that old serpent," and would willingly have skinned herself to spite a Lancastrian—at first pretended not to believe in him,—she had, she said, been taken in by Simnel,—but after a scene of admirable high comedy, as well acted by the Duchess as by Warbeck, her Highness embraced her "new-found nephew," and proclaimed to the whole of Europe that she was sure of his identity. Perkin, who was somewhat of a coward, but apparently an admirable actor, now found himself at the head of a formidable party which pushed him northward into the arms of James iv. of Scotland, with results too well known to need recapitulation. In 1497, Perkin gave himself up, and was brought before the Privy Council. What transpired is not exactly known, but he continued to live free at the Court as a gentleman, though under surveillance. This sort of existence apparently bored him to extinction, and on June 8, 1498, he escaped to Sheen, where he claimed sanctuary of the Prior, who, however, delivered him up to the King, on the promise that his life would be spared, a promise Henry vii. never intended to keep. He was set in the stocks at Westminster on June 14, and on the following day he underwent the same ordeal in Cheapside; after which purgatory, he was sent to the Tower, where immediately after his arrival an attempt was made to liberate that very Earl of Warwick, Simnel had so successfully impersonated. This plot failed, the conspirators not knowing the exact dungeon in which Warwick was confined. After his trial at Westminster, November 16, Warbeck was hanged at Tyburn on the twenty-third of the same month. The unfortunate

Warwick was tried at Westminster Hall on the following November 21, on the charge of having entertained a conspiracy to dethrone the King. Since his father's reputed death in the wine butt, Warwick had not enjoyed a single day of liberty, and he seemed eager to plead guilty so that a speedy end might be put to a wretched existence. In consideration of his royal rank he was not hanged, like Warbeck, as a felon, "but beheaded, like a gentleman," on Tower Hill on November 24. Thus perished the last legitimate descendant of the Plantagenets. No act of our first Tudor king was so unpopular as this. When the crowd round the scaffold beheld the head of young Warwick held up by the executioner, instead of cheering they gave way to an ominous growl of execration, which so alarmed King Henry that he straightway began to shift the odium of his crime on to other shoulders. Henry was at this critical time beginning the negotiations for the marriage of his son, Prince Arthur, with the Infanta of Spain, Katherine of Aragon, whose father, King Ferdinand, stipulated that if there were any living claimants to his future son-in-law's throne he would refuse, lest one fine day he might have his daughter thrown back on his hands a crownless queen,—facts which were, doubtless, fatal to Warbeck and Simnel.

Among the Cottonian MSS. is a curious document containing a contemporary description of a notable pageant that closed the fifteenth century. It was on the occasion of Prince Henry's creation as Duke of York, and his subsequent investiture with the order of Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath. King Henry, having arranged the brilliant marriage for his son Arthur, had evidently made up his mind to bring his youngest son forward. Accordingly the Court, then in residence at Sheen, removed to Westminster towards the end of October, 1499, the King having in the meantime summoned Prince Henry, a handsome lad of fifteen, from Eltham Palace, where he was residing with his tutors. A train of noblemen rode out to that now ruined royal residence and escorted the young Prince to the capital, where he was met at the entrance to London Bridge by the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, who went with him through the city to Westminster. At the foot of the royal staircase he was received by the King and Queen, and by his brother Prince Arthur, with a great display of paternal and

fraternal affection, the King and the young Prince kissing Henry on both cheeks, whilst the Queen, taking him in her arms, kissed him many times over. After this pleasant greeting, the Royal Family supped in private, the two Princes, the Earls of Harrington and Pembroke, and several other noblemen waiting upon the King and Queen, and not sitting down to their own meal until after their departure. As soon as he was refreshed—and it seems he was very hungry—Prince Henry was robed and conducted with much ceremony to the Throne Room, where his new titles of Duke of York, Earl Marshal of England, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Commander of Estate of the Knights of the Bath were proclaimed. It was also given out that twenty gentlemen belonging to the highest nobility would be invested with the insignia of the Bath at the same time as the Prince.

On the following evening the King, attended by a number of the highest officers of State, ascended to the Prince's bed-chamber, where they discovered him seated in a bath, which was lined with costly linen and filled with warm water! It was placed by the side of a sumptuously upholstered bed. The King now took a handful of water and made the Sign of the Cross on his son's shoulders, at the same time pronouncing the formula that created him a Knight of the Bath. After that the King departed, and the young Prince was dried by his attendants and put to bed. King Henry now descended to the Council Chamber, which had been converted into a sort of dormitory, with twenty baths, arranged like that of the Prince, each containing a nude candidate for the honour of knighthood. The King stopped in front of each one of the baths, and performed the ceremony of anointing the shoulders of each candidate, who was afterwards dried and put to bed precisely as Prince Henry had been. After resting for a few hours, and probably indulging in what might be profanely termed a "nap," the newly-created Knights were roused by the loud clanging of a bell, whereupon their Squires came forward and arrayed them in brown woollen dressing-gowns, "made after the fashion usually worn by hermits." A procession was formed which marched to St. Stephen's Chapel, where the Knights passed several hours in "vigil" before the image of Our Lady of Pity. Very early in the morning a Low Mass was said at the altar of this chapel, and the Knights received Holy

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Communion. Then followed an elaborate breakfast in Westminster Hall. The new Knights no longer wore their russet gowns, but were clothed in most splendid armour, over which flowed their gorgeous surcoats of velvet emblazoned with their armorial bearings. The copious morning meal despatched, a glittering procession was arranged, in which the whole Court of England participated. The King and Queen, wearing their royal robes, their crowns upon their heads, having Prince Henry and Prince Arthur on either side of them, and attended by a throng of noblemen and women, proceeded at a stately pace to the Abbey, where High Mass was sung by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of Rochester, who carried the primatial crozier, and many other Bishops and Abbots, all in *pontificalibus*, except the Archbishop of York, who, however, was present. The crowd in the Abbey was very dense, and there was difficulty in making way for the civic procession to pass up the nave; in which marched the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, Craftsmen, the Town Clerk, and the other city authorities, in their state gowns richly furred. So soon as they were all in their places, and the Ambassadors had entered theirs, the Mass began. The scene in the venerable church must have been indescribably imposing, and would need the genius of a Shakespeare or a Scott to do justice to its stately magnificence. The vivid colouring of brilliant costumes was subdued by clouds of incense which, as they curled above the golden altar, caught the prismatic hues of those gorgeous stained-glass windows, the admiration and pride of old London, of which, alas! only a few precious fragments remain.

A tournament that lasted three days followed this splendid function. It took place at Westminster on Sanctuary Green, where the lists or tilt-yard, an enormous arena, had been erected for the accommodation of the Court and the great officers of State, the Ambassadors, the civic authorities and the wealthier citizens, the foreign merchants and their wives and families, who, by the way, were charged pretty heavily for their seats, only those allotted to the Court being free. The Royal Pavilion, which was very large, was draped with tapestry and dark blue velvet, powdered with golden fleur-de-lys, fringed with gold. Above it the gorgeous British Standard floated in the brisk breeze of a pleasant winter's day. The seats for the less illustrious guests

were also hung with tapestry, velvet, and crimson cloth, enlivened with gold and silver spangles. Opposite this sumptuous structure were plain wooden benches for the commoner sort of people, who mustered in their tens of thousands, and in much the same spirit as do their descendants at races, cricket, and football matches. As it was frosty weather, the King and Queen and the King's aged mother, and all the great lords and ladies of the Court, wore their costliest furs,—their sables, their fox, their minevers, and their ermines. Costume at this period, although not so beautiful as it became a little later, was none the less extremely picturesque. The materials were rich and the colours somewhat gaudy, it being the fashion to wear one half of the suit of one colour and the other half of another; blue and yellow, black and red, green and white, and so on variously. But the most striking feature of all was the head-dress worn by the younger men,—the “dandies” as we should call them,—which consisted of a huge broad-brimmed felt hat, trimmed with feathers of a yard and more in length. Short gentlemen, not to appear ridiculous, slung these hats on their backs, like targets, and thus were in the fashion and yet out of it. Would that the “Kodak” had been invented in those days that we might possess a record of the Ladies' Gallery, for never was female headgear as singular and quaint as at this period. The steeples, tall spires of lace, the damask turbans, etc., which had been in fashion when Elizabeth Woodville was queen, were now only worn by elderly ladies, the younger married women having already assumed the charming closed-in coif or hood, which, in ever-varying shapes, remained in vogue for nearly fifty years, to reach its climax of supreme elegance in the beautiful cap that still bears the name of Mary Stuart. The group of ladies assembled at this tournament was in every way a remarkable one. Queen Elizabeth of York was in her prime; a tall, stately, rosy-cheeked woman, whose exquisite fair hair was allowed to pass through the back of her hood to hang like a mantle of gold to her waist. Next to her, so we are told, sat the King's mother, the wrinkle-faced Margaret Beaufort, wearing her semi-monastic costume, her grey locks completely hidden under the curious cap which figures in her portrait.¹ Then came the old Lady of Oxford, who had

¹ See portrait of Margaret de Beaufort in the National Portrait Gallery.

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only recently recovered some vestiges of the fortune which had been wrenched from her by Edward IV., and who was the first peeress of these realms of whom it is recorded that poverty drove her to earn a living by her needle; the Duke and Duchess of Bedford; the Lady of Bergavenny; the Lady Westmoreland, and her lovely daughter the Lady Anne Nevill; the old Lady of Pembroke; the Earl and Countess of Harrington; the Marchioness of Exeter; the Lady Elizabeth Grey; Sir Henry and the Lady Bedingfield; the Ladies de la Pole; and many another great lord and lady,—not to forget the foreign Ambassadors, the wives of the rich Italian, Flemish, French, and Dutch merchants, blazing with jewels, golden chains, and tinted and glittering *passementerie*. Then came the great officers of State, the “popinjays,”—or, as we should call them, the “dudes”; the Bishops and prelates in purple and black; the Venetian and Milanese Ambassadors in their furred robes; graceful Venetian youths, sons of the merchants from that fair city on the Adriatic; voluble Florentines, lively Frenchmen, and stout Flemings; not to forget the ever-present Lord Mayor and his stately following. Not less interesting must have been the crowd of commons that filled the other side of the arena opposite the royal and privileged seats. The small tradesmen and their wives and families, who had trudged from the city, ay, even from distant Islington, Hampstead, and Fulham; the “boys of London,” the street arabs, who munched apples and lustily cheered, sometimes in the wrong place; the motley assembly of itinerant merchants, who sold hot chestnuts, apples, filberts, and even griddle-cakes fried on the spot; the peddlers and the tramps. The “booky” of the period was surely not absent, for the betting at a tournament was as feverish as ever it is in our time at Epsom, the Oval, Sandown, or Hurst Park. We know, for instance, that at this particular tournament the King’s daughter, the Lady Margaret, made a wager of a golden mark that Mr. John Peache would be the winner, and, what is more, did not lose it. Outside, in the space beyond the lists, there was a host of side-shows, refreshment bars and tents for the sale of beer and other popular and stronger drinks.

When the Court was assembled, and everyone was in their seats, the trumpets sounded, and the Knights’ challengers rode

out of Westminster Hall into the lists, their horses richly trapped in the King's colours of apple green, their heads being decorated with bells that rang out a merry jingle at every step. Amongst the challengers were the Earl of Suffolk, the Earl of Essex, Sir Robert Curson, and Mr. John Peache, who were accompanied by a court of knights and esquires, all most richly attired, wearing chains of goldsmiths' work and cloth-of-gold, their "journates, roundelettes, haquenets, and horse harnys" blazing with gold, silver, and bright colours.

The weather was cold but clear, and the spectacle so marvelously fine that our worthy Chronicler was quite overcome: "There schuld you hav syen," says he, "the good riders, the well doying horses, whatt gambadys, the jangling of belles, and the glisteryng of spangils." The Lord Bergavenny rode a black horse "wich in mountyng soo high a bove grounde did marveilles and soo ofty n tyme." After riding round the lists that all might admire the magnificence of their accoutrements, the noble champions took stand at the east end of the tilt-yard, as their combatants, amongst them the Earl of Shrewsbury and Sir John Cheney, dashed into the arena from King Street. They, too, "rod a bout the felde" and then formed up in a glittering host. The trumpets sounded, and the fight began in earnest. The gallant Knights acquitted themselves right royally and well; but not all at once, for they fought two by two. If the Earl of Essex made a "greate atteynt," Sir Edward Darrell did better, and tremendous was the tussle between Sir Robert Curson and the gigantic Sir Thomas Brandon. Then the Sieur Guillam de la Rivère ran a course with the Earl of Suffolk and came out victorious, and doughty John Peache made a record by breaking thirteen lances with Matthew Baker. When all was over, the Ladies Anne Percy and Anne Nevill brought forward the valiant Peache and presented him to the King's eldest daughter, the Princess Margaret, who graciously declared him champion of the day by presenting him with a gold ring set with a ruby.

On November 11, the tourney was resumed. Emblazoned more gorgeously than before, the combatants entered the lists under pavilions or parasols adorned with their crests, and bright in the colours of the Duke of York, blue and "tawny," otherwise brown. Each horse pranced under a "harness" of black velvet,

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bordered and lozenged with goldsmiths' work, and hung at the corners with bells. Under a pavilion of "red double sarcenet," with his crest, a golden lion, stamped upon it in gold, rode the Earl of Suffolk, followed by the Earl of Essex under a pavilion of darker sarcenet, with a "fawcon flying silver, with a brused wing," his crest. Behind this gentleman, under his insignia of a red dragon, came Sir Robert Curson; and after him that doughty man and true, Mr. John Peache, who rode under a light "tawny" sarcenet pavilion, having his crest of a lion's head and his motto "In everything." His appearance was greeted with tremendous cheering. Next rode the other challengers. When all were assembled the lists began as before. So fiercely did Sir Robert Curson drive his sword that it jammed in Thomas Brandon's¹ gauntlet so tightly that he was "sum whatt moved of his sadell." Quickly recovering, he fought on until Sir Robert broke his sword, when they were succeeded in the arena by John Peache and Roland de Vieleville. At the close of the lists the Earl of Suffolk was proclaimed champion, and received his reward, a gold ring with a diamond, from the fair hand of the Princess Margaret; whilst for his gallantry Sir Thomas Brandon was also presented with a gold ring by the same royal prize-giver.

The last day of this noble tournament was November 13. This time the challengers were late, and owing to their delay the King, to keep the people quiet, organised a sort of mock joust, in which two commoners, William Craythorn and Henry Winslow, "ran a course." Craythorn's horse was "empairelled" in paper, "in maner of a barde," and Winslow's was also got up as a "demy trapper" in paper with humorous pictures upon it. The combatants, however ludicrous their horses' appearance may have been, were none the less in deadly earnest, for when Craythorn had broken his sword he actually hit his opponent so hard on the head with the hilt as to injure his own hand! These two gallants then retired, and William Treury entered the lists from

¹ Sir Thomas Brandon was an enormous man of a thoroughly disreputable character, but a great favourite of the King—who, however, later on signed his death-warrant for various misdemeanours against the State. He married a lady named Brune or Brun, and his son Charles became Duke of Suffolk and the second husband of Henry the Eighth's youngest sister, Mary Tudor, Queen of France. Their eldest daughter, the Lady Frances Brandon, Marchioness of Dorset, was the mother of the unhappy Lady Jane Grey.

the Hall, "bramlyng alonge" on horseback, whilst his opponent, Thomas Rider, rode in from King Street. The fight was very fierce, and Rider was apparently nervous, for he dodged Treury's well-aimed blows—"wether," says our Chronicler, "hitt was for the fault of his syghtt, or to voide the strokkis, I can nott say, butt he was nott preyed for the voidyng." This improvised combat ended, out of Westminster Hall rode a glittering procession of knights and gentlemen, Sir Edward A'Borough, Sir Edward Darrell, Sir Thomas Brandon, Mr. Matthew Baker, and others; whilst all eyes turned towards King Street, whence came a far prettier train. First rode four ladies on white palfreys, attired in white damask gowns, with crimson velvet sleeves, gold necklaces, and tiaras of precious stones, who led by "false reins" four horses on which were seated four knights. The Lady Elizabeth Stafford, sister of the Duke of Buckingham, led the horse ridden by the Earl of Suffolk; next came the Lady Anne Nevill, leading the horse of the Earl of Essex; thirdly, the Lady Anne Percy led Sir Robert Curson's steed; and lastly, Mistress St. Leger, daughter of the Marchioness of Exeter, led the triumphant John Peache, who was followed by other knights "well horsed." Then the tourney commenced: Sir Edward A'Borough broke a lance with the Earl of Suffolk; the Earl of Essex contested against Sir Edward Darrell; Thomas Brandon and Matthew Baker against John Peache and Sir Robert Curson; and Guilliarm de la Rivère and Roland de Vieleville "ran a course" against John Nevill and John Williams. Fiercely fought the combatants; Sir Edward A'Borough had his sword struck out of his hand, and Thomas Brandon, a mighty big man, was twice unhorsed; but all were well matched, and fought on splendidly till, in the end, as saith the Chronicler, "with honnour every man departed the felde that day, God be thanked, and Seynt George!" The Ladies Northumberland and Herbert now conducted Sir Edward A'Borough to the Princess Margaret, and Garter King-at-Arms, standing with the other Heralds, "on high," declared the prizes in a rarely chivalrous declamation: "Wherefore the right high and eccellente princesse the ladie Margarete, the Kyngis oldest doughter, wiche by the advice of the Kyng, the Quene, my ladye the Quene's moder, and of all the ladies, hathe geven the price and laude for the partie with in (the

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winner) to the ryght honnourable Knight, Sir Edward A'Borough, wiche as this daye hathe well and honnourably brokyn his spere, a ryng of golde with a dyamont." Then praise was bestowed on the Earls of Suffolk and Essex, Sir Robert Curson, John Peache, John Nevill, and others; and my Lord of Essex, "wiche hathe geven greate strokkis this tourney," received the prize of an emerald ring.

What would we not give to possess the famed Venetian wizard's, Zuenigo, mirror, in which could be read not only the future but the past, and thus be able to look back through the ages and witness the breaking up of this memorable gathering?

As the deep-toned bells of the Abbey tolled Vespers, and the ruddy hues of an early wintry sunset streaked the sky, and threw into contrasting relief, at first pale blue and then violet, the grand outlines of the Abbey and of the ancient palace of our kings, the tilt came to an end, with the last echoes of a storm of cheering; Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, the old Lady of Richmond, the young Princes Arthur and Henry, the Lady Margaret, afterwards Queen of Scots, the lords and ladies of high degree, and all the noble gathering rose, and in stately order passed out of the tilt-yard, preceded by the glittering champions and their squires, towards Westminster, where was held a banquet at which over one thousand persons sat down, and the night was spent in dancing and revelry.

More interesting yet must it have been to watch the break-up of the mob of common folk, each wearing a costume indicative of his profession or trade, as it streamed out of the vast arena past the shadow of the Abbey, down that road we now call Parliament Street,—then a public way through the park of the Archbishop of York's town residence,—to Charing Cross, up the Strand, past St. Mary's and St. Clement's, through Temple Bar, and back to the city. Would that we could peep into the countless taverns and listen to the gossip of an eventful day; when the fortunes and misfortunes of the noble champions were discussed and criticised by the firelight, as tankards went round, and bets were disputed and settled by our worthy ascendants of earliest Tudor times!

Under Henry VII. England enjoyed comparative calm, illumined, however, by wondrous rumours of the discovery of

new worlds, where were mountains of gold, cities paved with jewels, and rivers that ran sweeter than honey, but where adventurers would have to contend with

“ The Anthropophagi, and men
Whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,”

and other like monsters! But what of that—“when we were boys”?

The printing press, too, which Edward iv. and Elizabeth of York had visited in Caxton's house, somewhere near to the site of the present Westminster Hotel, was in Henry the Seventh's time beginning to pour forth “multitudinous thoughts,” and shed new lights on wondering men and women, even laying the foundations of a new form of Christianity. The first book printed in London by Caxton was, it appears, a treatise on the game of chess, translated by himself and printed in 1474. The Topographers' art soon became both popular and remunerative. Before Caxton's death, in 1491, we find the names of Theodore Rood, John Letton, William Macheline (of Mechlin?), Wynkyn de Worde (foreigners), and Thomas Hunt, an Englishman, all printers, established and doing good business in the metropolis.

* * * * *

Many a curious volume might be written on the subject of the gradual awakening of interest among the English at this eventful period in the discoveries of the Italians and Spaniards in the New World. In 1489, London received no less distinguished a visitor than Bartolomeo Colombo, the brother of the discoverer. He was sent here by Cristoforo to induce Henry vii. to support King Ferdinand's expedition for the discovery of the Western Hemisphere. Before, however, landing on our shores, he was taken prisoner by a gang of pirates and detained for some months. When at last he did reach London, a very long time elapsed before Henry deigned to receive him. Meanwhile, to make a living, he was obliged to draw and sell charts for a few pence each. He drew a specially elaborate one which he presented to the King, but by the time his negotiations with that wily monarch were matured, Cristoforo had landed on the isle of San Salvador, and had discovered the New World. During his stay in London, Bartolomeo Colombo is said to have lived in a house

on London Bridge, but we know very little about him beyond the fact that he was with us for some four or five years, during which, through the penurious policy of Henry VII., we lost the honour of sharing with his brother in the discovery of America.¹

Perceiving the error he had made in not listening to Bartolomeo Colombo, the King endeavoured to retrieve his mistake by granting Letters Patent, dated March 5, 1496, to the Venetian, Sebastian Cabot, and his three sons, five ships "to navigate all parts of the east, west, and northern seas, for the discovery of countries which had never been visited by Christians." They set out on March 1499, one from Bristol and four from London, laden with light wares, and went as far as the north side of the Terra de Labrador, latitude $67\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. According to Hakluyt, Cabot on his first voyage discovered Newfoundland and the isle of St. John. When he returned to London, he brought back with him three natives of Florida; he had even sailed as far south as that semi-tropical land. Marvellous tales had he to tell the listening King, who in an ecstasy of delight presented the Discoverer to the Queen and Royal Family, and, moreover, entertained him at a banquet. Londoners, doubtless, went wild over the Indians, their feather head-dresses and their dusky skins. The Royal Household Books disclose the following generous entry: "A present to him that found the New Isle, £10."

No doubt the success of this venture inspired the King and his people with a keen interest in the possibilities of the new-found lands, and eventually led to the issue of a charter conferring fresh privileges on the Association, or Fellowship, of the Merchant Adventurers of England, who for the next two hundred years were to be so pre-eminently successful in planting the British flag on lands then unheard of. Cabot, when an old man, received a pension from Edward VI., to whom one day at Greenwich Palace he demonstrated the wonders of the mariner's compass. According to Richard Biddle, he died in London in his eighty-fourth year—but no particulars or names of authorities are given for his statement.²

¹ *Vita di Bartolomeo Colombo*. Michaeli, Geneva, 1792.

² Richard Biddle's *Life of Sebastian Cabot*. Philadelphia and London, 1830. See also a curious and informing article on Cabot in the *Cartologia*. Florence, 1843.

The spirit of adventure is ever easily enkindled in young English hearts, and it is therefore not surprising that in April 1536, M. Hore, a wealthy merchant of the Chepe, should have found no great difficulty in persuading thirty young gentlemen to sail with him from Gravesend, on a voyage of discovery, in his two ships, the *Trinity* and the *Minion*. Their journey was not very prosperous, and the crews had many hardships to endure, but when, in the following October, they all returned safe and sound, they gave information concerning the coast-line of Newfoundland and the island of Cape Breton. After this, endless similar voyages were undertaken, and nearly all resulted in some additions to our geographical knowledge and literature.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FIRST YEARS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

THE first year of the sixteenth century opened with the proclamation of a Papal Jubilee, destined to be the last ever celebrated by a Catholic England. Henry VII. responded in a most orthodox and liberal fashion to Pope Alexander the Sixth's invitation to grant his subjects every facility to visit Rome and share in the spiritual treasures so liberally showered upon those who worshipped at the shrines of the Princes of the Apostles (Peter and Paul). The Pontiff wished to avail himself of this universal pilgrimage to promote a European crusade against the Turks, then threatening Western Europe. Louis XI., and most of the other Christian sovereigns, received the Papal proposal very coolly. Not so Henry VII., who, thinking Pope Alexander's scheme practical, ordered a proclamation to that effect to be made throughout the kingdom, and sent £400 himself to the Holy See in aid of the crusade. For the same purpose, moreover, he taxed his subjects pretty heavily, on an increasing scale according to their incomes. The number of English pilgrims to Rome during the year 1501 is reported to have reached the high figure of 1800 persons—a large gathering for those days, when we consider the difficulties of travel and the length of a journey which, as late as 1818, took Cardinal Wiseman six weeks to accomplish by sea. The pilgrims were lodged in the English Hospital and in the Hospital of Santa Marta,¹ behind

¹ The Chapel of St. Martha was included in the old Basilica that preceded the present wonderful church. The Hospital was beyond, on the site of the actual one. See Father Thurston's interesting work on *The Holy Year*.

the old Basilica of St. Peter's, where their successors are frequently entertained in our own time whenever it pleases them to go to Rome on a pilgrimage that takes less than forty hours by rail. But, unlike the worthy folk who flocked thither five hundred years ago, our pious contemporaries have only good report to give of the Pontiffs who now so worthily fill Peter's Chair. Far otherwise was it in Henry the Seventh's day, when the notorious Borgias were exciting and entertaining the world with accounts of their scandals and crimes. It was a weird place, this Rome of the Borgias, full of danger for unsophisticated pilgrims, who, home returning, had many a strange tale to tell of Pope Alexander, of Lucrezia and Cæsar Borgia, and of the incredible luxury in which lived the Cardinals Sforza, della Rovere, d'Entraque's and Medici. The effect of this pilgrimage was to increase the growing distaste of the English to contribute to the heavy tax of "Peter's Pence" for the support of the "evil Court of a foreign potentate." The pilgrims had started full of pious intention, and they returned with their heads crammed with sinister stories of murder, luxury, and even worse.¹

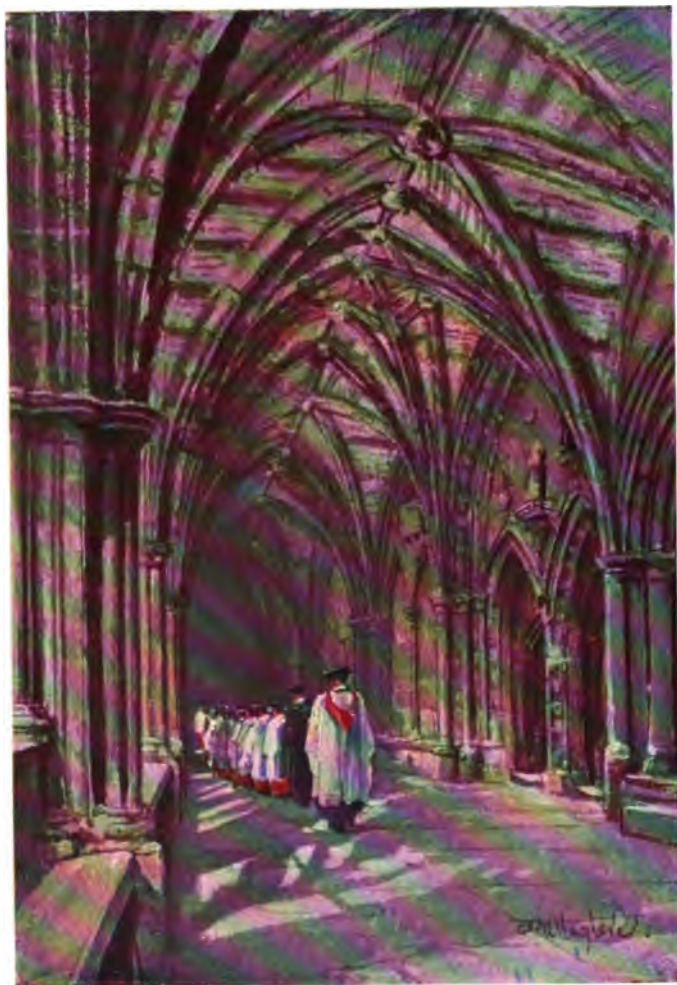
The Jubilee was celebrated in London by the King, Queen, and Court going in State to St. Paul's to hear High Mass and *Te Deum*; and the whole population visited, either severally or processionally, seven churches, to receive the special indulgences and spiritual privileges of the Holy Year.

The Court of England under Henry VII. was not conspicuously brilliant. The Treasury was nearly empty, and the King, by nature and force of circumstances, parsimonious. The Queen and her mother-in-law, the old Lady Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond, were extremely austere and pious, and only on State occasions relaxed their conventual mode of life. Henry, when left to his own devices, was, on the other hand, inclined to be good-natured and even jocular, qualities that do not appear in his portraits, which give him a sour expression, though his contemporaries tell us he could on occasion enjoy a joke. His ideas of domestic morality were on a par with those of his unpleasant son and successor. He behaved shamefully to his daughter-in-law, Katherine of Aragon, by diverting her dower to

¹ See for an account of this Jubilee, Burchard's *Diarium*, and *La Storia dei Giubilei Pontifici per Alfonso Sachetti*. Firenze, 1610.

his own use. After the loss of his queen, and the death of his son, Prince Arthur, he conceived the nauseous idea of marrying his juvenile daughter-in-law. She was, however, for her sorrow, promptly betrothed to Prince Henry. Meanwhile the King turned his matrimonial attentions in the direction of the mad Queen Juana of Aragon, and, failing her, in that of the bad young Queen of Naples. Finally he died a widower.

Henry VII. was a thorough man of his times, and those times, so far as domestic morality was concerned, were extremely loose. A Venetian who visited London early in the sixteenth century was amazed at the lack of harmony that existed in English families of rank. "The men, who never married for love," said he, "entertained but slight affection for their wives, and both parents apparently cared little or nothing for their children." The King's own mother bore him before she was fourteen, and two of the reigning Queen's sisters were brides before they were fifteen. The reason for this strange state of affairs is not far to find: the civil war had decimated the older aristocracy, with the result that most families of position had a host of orphan "wards," boys and girls, on their hands, whom it was to their interest to "contract" in marriage as speedily as possible, so as to secure their fortunes either for themselves or their children. The upper classes of English Society at this period indulged in a sort of game of matrimonial speculation, for, as a ward was, by law, the absolute property of his or her guardians, the voice of natural affection was rarely, if ever, listened to. These matrimonial contracts between mere children were legally as binding as the subsequent religious service, which generally took place after the infants had reached the age of puberty. The sidelights of history are often more important than the dazzling flashes struck by the crash of great political events. The ever-increasing series of scandals in high life which marked the first half of the sixteenth century, and which mainly arose out of the contracting of mere infants in marriage for purely mercenary or worldly motives, no doubt prepared the public mind to accept the matrimonial vagaries of Henry VIII. The same Venetian authority was greatly surprised at the amount of promiscuous kissing that went on in England at this time. "Everybody kisses everybody else. Men when they meet kiss each other even



CLOISTERS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

in the street ; but what is really pleasant is that you are expected to kiss the ladies, be they married or single, after you have been once formally presented to them, wherever you meet them. This is very agreeable when the ladies are young and fair, but otherwise —— !”

Mechanical religiosity, too, was now taking the place of the sincere piety of earlier and more austere times, and, even in the pageantry of this period, pagan mythology held as conspicuous a place as the Catholic hagiology. The light-fingered Mercury was as frequently associated in the city pageants with the infant John the Baptist, as Our Lady and the Seven Sacraments with Apollo and the Nine Muses. The influence of the later Italian Renaissance, the Renaissance of the dissolute Courts of the Borgias and Medici, imported by worldly prelates from the banks of the Tiber, was fast becoming acclimatised on those of the Thames—and was gradually preparing the way, not only for the Reformation, but also for the essentially pagan reign of “our great Eliza.”

In the autumn of the first year of the sixteenth century, the unfortunate daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, Katherine of Aragon, came to England as the affianced bride of Prince Arthur ; her entry into the city was extremely magnificent. She was accompanied by a number of Spanish ladies and gentlemen, the Archbishop of Grenada, and several other foreign prelates. The Infanta, after the Spanish fashion, rode a handsome black mule. On her right cantered Prince Henry, Duke of York ; on her left, the Papal Legate. Katherine's head-dress was a broad round felt hat, with an enormous bunch of long black plumes. She was draped in a mantilla of carnation coloured satin ; and her hair, which was of a rich auburn hue, streamed below her waist. Her duenna, Doña Elvira, rode a black mule immediately behind the Princess. Doña Elvira, “a very sage lady,” was dressed entirely in black, with a kerchief on her head and “black cloths hanging down beside her cheeks like a nun.” Next followed four Spanish ladies, also riding mules, and wearing broad black felt hats heavily plumed, like the one worn by their royal mistress.¹ The Princess's side-saddle was fash-

¹ It is said, and on fairly good authority, that our “costers” are of Spanish descent. May not their headgear of a black hat with voluminous feathers, be a traditional part of their ancient national costume ?

ioned in the shape of a little arm-chair, secured by straps crossing the mule's back. The most curious part of all was that four English ladies, attired in the English fashion, and riding palfreys, were deputed to lead each Spanish lady's mule, but as they did not sit their mounts on the same side as the fair foreigners, each couple seemed to be riding back to back, which, according to the authority from whose Spanish record this account is translated,¹ "gave them the appearance of having quarrelled."

Katherine's bridal dress fairly took away the breath of the great English ladies, and of the public in general. She wore a Spanish mantilla of white silk, embroidered 5 inches deep with gold, pearls, and precious stones. This veiled the greater part of her face and person; but it was her petticoats that most amazed the spectators and excited their mirth. "Her gown was very wide, both the sleeves and the body with many plaits, and had beneath the waist certain round hoops which stretched it out so that she looked almost as broad as she was high." In other words, she wore the traditional Spanish *guardinfante* or farthingale, which continued in fashion at the Spanish Court from a period of very remote antiquity down to the first quarter of the last century. In a modified form it was revived by the Empress Eugenie under the ever to be execrated name of "crinoline."

The marriage of Prince Arthur and Katherine of Aragon on November 14, 1501, must have been a gorgeous affair. The procession from the Tower to St. Paul's passed through gaily decorated streets, hung with the usual draperies of silk, tapestry, and cloth-of-gold. First rode two sumptuously dressed gentlemen bearing the colours of Guienne and Normandy. Then came others carrying the King's hat and cloak; whilst the colossal figure of Sir Thomas Brandon, in splendid armour, preceded the handsome young lad, Prince Henry, Duke of York, who was garbed in a habit of cloth-of-silver tissue ornamented with Tudor roses in gold. He was, we are assured, the admired of all admirers; and indeed, in his youth, our eighth Henry was reckoned the handsomest prince in Christendom. Exceedingly tall for his age, and with a complexion, the Venetian Envoy

¹ There is a very curious MS. in the Madrid Library of this pageant, from which many of these details have been derived. It is anonymous, and was probably written by someone in the train of the Princess.

declared, like that of a fair woman, he was a model of agility and strength, first in every bout at tennis, tournament, or tilt. King Henry VII., riding a white horse, followed bareheaded, and wore a robe of crimson velvet; his *placard* or breastplate was set with diamonds, rubies, and pearls, and his bawdrick, or belt, "with great rubies." The trappings of his horse were of damask and gold, even its hoofs were gilded. A throng of splendidly dressed nobles attended him. Immediately behind the King's procession came that of the Queen-Consort, who was seated in a chariot drawn by white palfreys. Elizabeth of York was dressed in embroidered white satin, with a train of purple velvet. By her sat the "Spanish King's daughter," the Lady Katherine of Aragon, all in white and gold, with her tawny hair streaming down her back from under a rich coronet. A bevy of maidens in white and gold followed the bride, who little dreamt, in that hour of happiness, of the dire trials in store for her.

Even Hall was baffled for words sufficiently glowing wherewith to describe this princely wedding. "How can I," says he, "portray the costlie apparel both of gold and silversmith's work, and imbroideries, the rich jewels, the musaical charms, the stirring horses, the beautiful bards, and the glittering trappings, both with bells and spangles, of gold. I pretermit also the rich apparel of the Princes, the beautie of the English ladies, the goodlie de-meanoure of the young damoiseles, the amorous countenance of the lustie bachelors. I pass on all the fine imagined clothes, the costly furs of the citzens standing on scaffolds raised from Gracechurch to St. Paul's, and I will speak but of the rich arras, the costlie tapestrie, the curious velvets, the beautiful satins, and the pleasant silks which do hang in every street where she passed. The wine that continually did run out of the conduits, and the gravelling of the streets, needth but to be remembered."

Arthur, Prince of Wales, the stalwart young bridegroom, who had spent the night at the Wardrobe in Ludgate Hill, met the bride's procession in the Cathedral, where the wedding was celebrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on "a high raised stage in front of the Altar." The King and Queen were on another stage, and after the bride and bridegroom were "made one" they went and knelt to receive the parental blessing; and then all the company heard High Mass, at which the Archbishop

of Canterbury officiated, assisted by the Bishops of Exeter, Hereford, Bath, Lincoln, Sarum, Chester, Rochester, and Norwich, in *pontificalibus* of cloth of gold and silver. Equally resplendent were the Abbots of Westminster, Bury St. Edmunds, St. Albans, Glastonbury, Abingdon, and Reading. The wedding feast was held at Baynard's Castle, after which the King and Queen and the bride and bridegroom sailed up the Thames to Westminster. The Duchess of Norfolk, "Old Agnes" of that dignity, who must have been about forty at this period, put the bride to bed, a fact which came out at the trial of Queen Katherine,¹ and, together with certain statements made by the Duke of Norfolk, damaged her cause very considerably.

During the festivities in honour of this wedding, Katherine, now Princess of Wales, danced after the Spanish fashion, "very stately," "snapping bones (castanets) after the manner of her country." The Princess first danced a *pas seul* and afterwards a *pas de quatre* with her four Spanish ladies. We are told that, as none of the English gentlemen knew the step, the Spanish ladies had it all to themselves, and as they wore their huge hoops and mantillas we can well believe the Chronicler's assertion that the sight was most "delectable." Prince Arthur and his brother Henry danced the newly imported *volta*, otherwise *waltz*, which came to us from Italy through the French Court. Their partners were the Lady Margaret Tudor, Queen of Scots, and the Lady Elizabeth Grey, who afterwards became the Countess of Kildare and mother of Surrey's "Fair Geraldine."

On Sunday the Court went to Richmond, where the King and Royal Family heard High Mass in the Chapel, and no doubt were edified by a sermon preached on the proper observance of the Sabbath day, which they spent in the following unpuritanical fashion: As it was drizzling, after dinner King Henry VII. went into the Gallery and indulged in a game of chess with the Queen, whilst some of the lords played backgammon, cards and dice, at little tables, and the Spanish Infanta and her ladies and the younger gentlemen danced and sang. The weather clearing up, in the afternoon the whole company went out into the garden to admire a very nimble Spanish acrobat

¹ See in the State Papers the curious evidence by the Duke and Duchess Dowager of Norfolk at the trial of Katherine of Aragon.

who performed upon a tight-rope. In the evening, after a sumptuous banquet, there was a "pageant" in the Hall, consisting of a Rock drawn by three "sea-horses." Presently the Rock opened and discovered the children of the Chapel Royal playing on musical instruments and "singing harmoniously," after which the Rock closed, only to re-open presently and let loose into the Hall a cloud of white pigeons and doves, and a number of white rabbits, for which there was a general scramble "and much merriment."

The young Prince of Wales' sudden death of the plague at Ludlow Castle in his fifteenth year,—April 2, 1502,—greatly affected the already declining health of his mother, Elizabeth of York, who passed away at the Tower on February 13 following. Her obsequies were of the most magnificent description. The amiable consort of Henry VII. was the last English queen who died at the Tower, and therefore the first part of the mournful service took place in the fine Norman Chapel of St. John, which was magnificently hung for the occasion with black brocaded silk—the windows being lined with crape. The Queen's body rested on a bed of state, illuminated by over five hundred wax tapers. High Mass and many Low Masses were said during the earlier hours of the morning, and in the afternoon solemn Vespers were sung. After three days the royal corpse, which had been embalmed, was nailed up in its coffin, the usual wax effigy taking its place on the bed. An exceedingly lengthy procession left the Tower at noon for Westminster Abbey. At Fenchurch Street it was met by a bevy of thirty-seven young women dressed in white, wearing wreaths of white flowers. They represented the years of the deceased Queen. At every hundred yards some religious corporation, fraternity, or Guild took up its station; and with them were groups of children attached to sundry monastic and charitable foundations, some of them dressed as angels with golden wings, all of them singing penitential dirges and psalms. There were over five thousand torches burning between Mark Lane and the Temple; and the porches of the churches along the road were hung with black and brilliantly illuminated. The people who lived on the line of route stood at their doors or in their windows holding wax tapers. The mourning throng

in the streets repeated the responses to the Litany of the Saints led by the priests. At Temple Bar the body was received by the Abbots of Westminster and Bermondsey, the Earl of Derby, and other noblemen, who accompanied it to the Abbey, where the corpse was placed on a hearse garnished with banners and banneroles, and covered with a "cloth of majesty," having attached thereto a valance fringed and bearing the Queen's arms and motto—"Humble and Reverent." Supper was served in Westminster Hall for the noblemen and women who had accompanied the body; whilst ladies, squires, and heralds watched all night beside it in the Abbey.

The late Queen's sister, Princess Katherine, was the chief mourner. On the following day the coffin was covered with thirty-seven palls presented by the Queen's ladies,—four of them were given by the late Queen's sisters, who were present as mourners. This ceremony finished, High Mass for the Dead was sung. The funeral oration was delivered by Dr. Fitzjames, Bishop of Rochester, from the text *Miseremini mei, miseremini mei, saltem vos amici mei, quia manus Domini tetigit mei*. ("Have pity, have pity on me, my friends, for the Hand of God hath touched me.") "These words," said the Bishop, "he spake in the name of England, on account of the great loss the country had sustained of that virtuous Queen, her noble son, Prince Arthur, and the Archbishop of Canterbury." The palls having been removed, and the wax effigy placed on St. Edward's shrine, all, except the assembled prelates, left the Abbey. These latter then approached the hearse, and the Bishop of London having hallowed the grave, the mortal remains of the worthy consort of Henry VII. were deposited in the vault where they still rest, by the side of those of the King, her husband, having above them Torrigiano's wonderful tomb.¹

¹ There were not to be many more funerals in Westminster Abbey according to the rites of the ancient Church. Katherine of Aragon sleeps, after her sorrowful life, at Peterborough. Henry VIII. was buried with great pomp at Windsor. The mangled remains of his two murdered queens, Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard, are still in the vaults of St. Peter-ad-Vincula. Jane Seymour rests by the Royal Bluebeard at Windsor. Anne of Cleves, who became a Catholic, was buried in Mary's reign with much state in the Abbey; and Katherine Parr's remains are at Sudeley Castle in Gloucestershire. Edward was buried at Westminster, and was the first of our

Henry VII. did not long survive his queen. He seems to have fallen a victim to some form of consumption—described as “lung disease”—on April 22, 1509, at his beloved Palace of Richmond, leaving the enormous sum of £1,800,000, *circa* £20,000 of modern currency, and an almost equal value in jewels and plate. A few days before his death, Dean Colet founded the renowned St. Paul’s School, at the east end of St. Paul’s Churchyard, for a master, an usher, a chaplain, and 153 scholars. The details of this event must have been made known almost simultaneously with the contents of the King’s will. Our seventh Henry’s paramount passion was avarice, and although he was extremely anxious to get to heaven as quickly as possible, he nevertheless bargained that each of the innumerable Masses for the repose of his soul should not cost more than a sum equivalent to our *sixpence*! His state obsequies were, none the less, magnificent.

The deceased King’s body was brought from Richmond to Westminster, where it lay in state in the Painted Chamber whilst Masses and dirges were sung at an altar erected for the purpose. At the end of three days it was removed to the Hall, where further Masses were sung for three days, after which it was placed in the Lady Chapel of the Abbey. On Wednesday, May 9, the coffin was placed on a chariot drawn by five prancing black horses, each covered with black velvet, ornamented with escutcheons of gold, the chariot itself being covered with gold-and-black cloth. The customary wax effigy, with crown, sceptre, ball, and robes, lying on a bed of cloth-of-gold, was, as usual, placed over the coffin. The procession, which included an enormous gathering of the regular and secular clergy, the principal nobility, and the King’s retainers, walked in front of the hearse, whilst nine noble mourners, attended by six hundred torchbearers, brought up the rear. The funeral cortège crossed the river, proceeding from the Abbey to St. George’s Fields, Southwark, where it was met by representatives of the religious Orders, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, all in black, who escorted

sovereigns over whom the fine service of the Church of England was read. Mary, needless to say, was buried as a Catholic, her sister Elizabeth acting as chief mourner. Hers was the last Roman Catholic royal funeral ever celebrated in the Abbey.

the body over London Bridge through the city to St. Paul's. There the Bishop of Rochester sang a solemn Requiem Mass. On the following day the King's remains were conveyed in state through Fleet Street, the Strand, and Charing Cross, to their last resting-place in Westminster Abbey. The coffin was taken out of its chariot by six lords, and placed on a catafalque shaped like a pyramid, and surrounded by one hundred lights. On the top was stretched an effigy of the late King in his robes of state. This singular structure was surrounded by three sets of rails, within the first of which sat the mourners, within the second the knights, all bearing banners, the officers of arms and the Garter King-of-Arms occupying the third. A solemn service ensued. On the following day, after three Masses had been said by as many Bishops, the King's charger was brought into the church and "offered," together with his coat-of-arms, sword, helmet, and shield. The body was finally interred in the vault of the chapel which still bears this King's name. The Treasurer and the Comptroller broke their staves into the grave. All was now concluded, but, ere the mourners parted, Garter heralded the new monarch by proclaiming, "*Vive le roi Henri le huitième, roi d'Angleterre et de France, et Sire d'Irland.*" The mourners, and all who had attended, then withdrew to Westminster Hall to dine.

In the social life of England, and especially of London, at this period, Henry the Seventh's mother, Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, widow of Edmund Tudor,—the eldest son of Owen Tudor and Queen Katherine of Valois,—held a very conspicuous place. She had a prodigiously long life, and the people were accustomed to seeing her, for she was conspicuous at all great Court functions, tournaments, and Passion Plays. This Princess was even as Torrigiano represented her on her superb monument in the Abbey, a little spare woman with an austere face much wrinkled by time and sorrow. She was a child of fourteen when she was first married; people in high life, as we have seen, married very young in those days, even as in low life they do to-day. At fifteen she was a widow, and the mother of a fatherless King of England. Thus her only child was her idol and sole preoccupation through many and many troubled years, during which she was thrice married, her

last husband being a Stanley, Earl of Derby, who brought the influence of his great house to bear upon the fortunes of her son, and decide, as Dr. Gairdner points out, the critical day of Bosworth. The Lady Margaret was a typical great lady of her time. Fisher, who was her confessor, relates many anecdotes of her austerity, her fastings, and her prayers; how she always wore a hair shirt, and how, from religious scruples, she separated from her husband, even as Queen Emma did from the Confessor. She was a cultured woman for the age in which she lived; she translated books of devotion from the French, patronised Caxton, and bequeathed a name honoured to this day both at Oxford and Cambridge. Her genius for intrigue was of infinite use to the King, who treated her with the utmost consideration, but not affection—of *that* sentiment he was quite incapable. To her he owed his marriage with Elizabeth of York, and she assisted him in most other important matters, making herself especially useful to him in his negotiations with the Spanish sovereigns. The Lady of Richmond and Derby's maternal care was not confined to promoting King Henry's glory, but paid attention also to his domestic comfort. She organised his household and attended to the arrangements for his queen's numerous confinements. After her death it was said of this strange little woman, so scrupulous in her devotions and so unscrupulous in politics, that she was—"Unkind to none, never forgetful of any kindness or service done to her. Neither was she revengeful or cruel."¹ She died two months after her son's death, and was sumptuously buried in Westminster Abbey. In her day, she was only one of many. Claude of France and Katherine of Aragon were just such women, and so too, in another walk of life, was Margaret Paston. As we approach the era of the Reformation, such types of austere women become very rare, and are replaced by the brilliant and worldly ladies of the Courts of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and of the Stuarts. No doubt "King Hal," when he mentioned his grandmother, spoke of her as a worthy but old-fashioned dame, and as one not at all up to date. Do we not at times think the same of our own grandmothers, and even of our mothers?

¹ Funeral Oration of the Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby, mother of King Henry VII. Edition Hymers, p. 109.

CHAPTER XIX

THE RIVERSIDE PALACES OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

I.—FROM THE TOWER TO WHITEHALL

GOTHIC London reached the apogee of its glory in the first years of the reign of Henry VIII. It may be described, at that moment, as complete; not a church, not a monastery, not a hospital, nor any ecclesiastical institution had been suppressed or demolished. The commercial prosperity of the country, which, notwithstanding adverse circumstances, had been very great during the previous hundred years, had enabled the wealthy classes not only to build fine houses, but to enrich the innumerable churches with countless works of art, pictures, carved and gilded Flemish triptychs,¹ exquisitely wrought ironwork, gorgeous plate, noble chantries, altar-tombs, monumental brasses, and costly vestments. The inventories of the monastic churches taken at the time of the Dissolution,

¹ There is good evidence that the majority of the pictures and carved triptychs in the London churches before the Reformation were either imported from Flanders or Italy, or executed by foreign artists established in England. Foreigners were not, however, the only artists who embellished our churches. The fine tomb of John IV. of Brittany was sculptured by Thomas Coyln, Thomas Holewell, and Thomas Poppehooc, all of them of London. It was sent to France in 1408. The splendid tomb in the parish church of Warwick, of the Earl of Warwick, who died in 1439, was the work of five artists, four of whom were English. John Purdde was a well-known maker of stained glass residing at Westminster in the reign of Henry IV. John Brentwood, in the same reign, was celebrated as a fresco painter; and Christian Coilburn, as a maker of images in stone and wood, which he coloured, painted, and gilt to the utmost satisfaction of his employers.



THE CUSTOM HOUSE

and those of the parochial and collegiate churches made in the second and third years of Edward VI., when they, too, fell into vandal hands, are a startling revelation not only of the great wealth of these sacred edifices, but of the loss in works of art and literature sustained by the nation, thanks to the fanaticism and greed of the Tudors, their ministers and minions.

Henry had occupied the throne for many years before he began to entertain ideas of confiscation and persecution. He even affected great piety, would attend as many as three and four Masses in a morning,—a pious exercise he continued to the end of his life,—and claimed, in matters of faith and doctrine, to be as orthodox, if not more so, than the Pope himself. In the early years of his reign he even obtained the title of "Defender of the Faith," and did much to increase the wealth and beauty of those very churches and shrines which, at a later date, he so wantonly destroyed. At his accession he made haste to finish the chapel, built to enshrine the relics of Henry VI., but subsequently converted into a chantry and tomb-house for himself and his Queen. It was completed in the first year of their son's reign, and paid for, however, out of funds left for the purpose by the late King.

Travellers who saw London in those early days of Henry's reign pronounced it to be the most beautiful metropolis in Europe ; it certainly must have been one of the most picturesque. They were particularly struck with the majesty of the Thames, enhanced as it was by a series of magnificent palaces and gardens that stretched in unbroken lines from London Bridge to Chelsea, and from Southwark to Lambeth and Fulham. In the first years of Henry the Eighth's reign, many of these palaces belonged to the church, and were episcopal Inns, otherwise town residences of Bishops ; it was not until after the Dissolution, when they passed into secular hands, that they assumed that gay aspect which so pleased the Venetian Ambassador, Saronzo, who compared the Thames in Edward the Sixth's time to the Grand Canal.

Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who, in 1516, married Henry's youngest sister Mary, widow of Louis XII. of France, built about this time a splendid palace on the Southwark side of London Bridge. It stood a little beyond St. Saviour's

Church, and possessed, in addition to very fine gardens, a park of 80 acres renowned for the beauty of its old oak trees, one of which sufficed a few years later to timber seven houses in Gracechurch Street. This park must, somehow or other, have been cut out of the neighbouring domain of the Bishops of Winchester, whose immense Gothic mansion stood nearer the Bridge and close to the water's edge. Suffolk Place was a stately structure with a central tower in the early Tudor style. It contained a hall so huge that, shortly after their wedding, the Duke and his Queen-Duchess were able to entertain King Henry, Queen Katherine of Aragon, Cardinal Wolsey, and a brilliant company of prelates, lords and ladies, at a sumptuous banquet within its walls. Some years later, in 1522, the Emperor Charles v. was likewise received here with great pomp by Mary Tudor and her handsome but worthless husband. Suffolk Place remained in the hands of Charles Brandon until February 4, 1536, when he exchanged it with the King for Norwich House, Charing Cross. Henry VIII. converted it into a mint; but in the second year of Edward VI. it seems to have reverted, at least for a time, to its former occupation as a royal palace, for that youthful monarch dined and spent a night there in 1553, received the Lord Mayor, and knighted several Aldermen. Queen Mary gave Suffolk Place and grounds to Heath, Archbishop of York, as a town residence in exchange for Whitehall, which her father had forced from Wolsey, and which she scrupled to retain on any other terms.

Heath soon afterwards sold it, and took up his residence at the other Suffolk House situated at Charing Cross, which it seems, after the disgrace and execution of Henry Grey, second Duke of Suffolk, was confiscated by the Queen and resumed its older name of Norwich Inn. It was a castellated building which for nearly four hundred years had been the town residence, or Inn, of the Bishops of Norwich. As already related, this house passed into the hands of the Percys, and was eventually known as Northumberland House. There was yet another Suffolk House, situated on the site of the present Suffolk Street and Place, which was built late in the sixteenth century by Henry Grey, Earl of Suffolk. Here, in the seventeenth century, a famous pleasure resort and Italian house of entertainment was

built, which was eventually pulled down as a nuisance. The great Suffolk Place in Southwark was dismantled early in Elizabeth's reign, and streets were built all over the grounds; one of these is still known as Great Suffolk Street. Hereabouts, in 1901, a fine Tudor archway was discovered by the workmen engaged in pulling down some old buildings to make room for a new Board School. It evidently belonged to this palace, in which Henry the Eighth's best-beloved sister Mary spent her miserable but stately existence with her rascally second husband.¹

Winchester House, considerable vestiges of which were standing in 1804, was a grand old mansion surrounded by a noble park. Here Bishop Gardiner lived, and here, as his pupil, dwelt Thomas Cranmer, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Gardiner died in this house in 1557, and there were "grand obsequies, sermon and masse, after which the people went back to his place to dinner." This important episcopal residence had a wharf and a landing-place of its own.

¹ The existence of three Suffolk Houses has given rise to a good deal of confused misstatement. The first House, built in Southwark by Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, on land inherited from his father, Thomas Brandon, became, as above stated, the property of Archbishop Heath, who sold it and purchased Norwich House, Charing Cross. This ancient Inn, or town residence, of the Bishops of Norwich, had been confiscated by Henry VIII., and granted to his brother-in-law, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, in exchange for his house in Southwark, which now became a mint. Brandon left this house in the Strand to his daughter, the Lady Frances, Marchioness of Dorset, whose husband, Henry Grey, was allowed by Edward VI., on account of his royal alliance with the late King's niece, the mother of Lady Jane Grey, to assume the titles and enjoy the property of his deceased father-in-law's two sons, who died of the plague in 1551, on the same day, without issue. After Henry Grey's attainder and execution for the share he took in the conspiracy to place his daughter, Lady Jane, on the throne, his estates reverted to the Crown, but were restored to his widow by Queen Mary. She sold Suffolk House to the Percys. The Grey estates passed to a nephew of the late Duke of Suffolk, Lord Grey of Porgo, whose son became Earl of Suffolk, and built himself a house in the Haymarket, on the site of which now stand the Suffolk Street Galleries and Suffolk Street and Place. It was the wife of this nobleman who burnt down the interesting old manor-house of Bradgate in Leicestershire, which was the birthplace of the unfortunate Jane Grey. It is said she committed this act of vandalism to spite her husband.

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Near to the river's edge, till as late as 1821, stood a dilapidated old mansion of great size, divided up into tenements, and known to antiquaries as Mounteagle House, but generally called by its humble tenants, Montague Place. It was pulled down at the time of the rebuilding of London Bridge, but there were a few vestiges of it still remaining as late as twenty years ago. Its history was of singular interest. When Bluff King Hal confiscated the land belonging to the adjacent Priory of St. Saviour, he gave a considerable portion of it to his famous Master of the Horse, Sir Anthony Browne, who straightway set to work to build himself a stately mansion surrounded by fine gardens. In his sixty-first year, Sir Anthony celebrated his second marriage "in his new house," the bride being none other than the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, famous in Tudor literature as the "Fair Geraldine." The wedding took place in the neighbouring church of St. Saviour, and we may take it for granted that, considering the great wealth and inordinate vanity of the elderly bridegroom, it was a very pompous affair. Sir Anthony, however, only enjoyed the society of his lovely young wife about two years, when he died, and left his property to his eldest son by his first wife, who was created Lord Montagu by Queen Mary, her Majesty taking the widow, Lady Browne, into her household as one of her Ladies of the Bedchamber. Some twenty years later Montagu House, as it was then called, came into the hands of William Parker, Lord Morley, who was raised to the peerage by Elizabeth as Viscount Mounteagle. To this nobleman was sent the famous anonymous letter that revealed the existence of Gunpowder Plot.

Close by were the Inns of the Bishop of Rochester and the Abbots of Waverley. Not far off were two other immense buildings—the prisons of the King's Bench and of the Marshalsea—both of which, in Henry the Eighth's time, retained all the formidable, fortress-like features of the Middle Ages. The last-named prison, which derived its appellation from "pertaining to the Marshals of England," was originally used in connection with a court presided over by that dignitary, whose jurisdiction extended solely to the members of the King's household. The antiquity of this prison, which was a place of detention for debtors up to the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria, has

never been clearly established, though the first mention of it will be found under Edward III., and we know from Stowe that it was sacked by insurgents in 1381. Amongst other notabilities incarcerated here was Bishop Bonner, who died in the Marshalsea on September 9, 1596, and was buried at midnight in the churchyard of St. George's, the neighbouring parish church. Under Elizabeth this prison was considered next in importance to the Tower. Readers of Dickens will remember that it was here the buoyant Mr. Micawber spent a period of hopeful durance, no doubt fortified by the oft-reiterated assurance that Mrs. Micawber would never desert him; nor can they ever forget the vivid descriptions of the place in *Little Dorrit*.¹

With the exception of these conspicuous buildings, and the towers of several churches, the left bank of the Thames was still quite sylvan in the sixteenth century; its gentle slopes were clothed down to the water's edge by meadows, gardens, and clumps of trees, amidst which rose the gables of country-houses,—many of them, judging from ancient pictures, of the sort we now call semi-detached,—and the spires of a few old churches. Before the Reformation, curiously enough, there were scarcely any religious houses on this side of the water. The most conspicuous was the Cluniac Priory at Bermondsey, where Elizabeth Woodville died in April 1492, in the presence of her numerous daughters, of whom Queen Elizabeth of York was the only absentee. The Queen had taken to her chamber to await the birth of Princess Margaret Tudor, afterwards Queen of Scotland and grandmother of Mary Stuart. Nothing now remains of Bermondsey Priory save an arch or two, but at the beginning of the nineteenth century its panelled halls and state chambers were intact, and almost the same as when they were tenanted by the unhappy mother of Edward V. and his murdered brother. It may appear strange that a queen should die in a monastery, but at the foundation of the Abbey an apartment was reserved for members of the Royal Family who were in need of medical attendance, the monks being learned in the science of medicine.

¹ Not a stone of the old Marshalsea is in existence, though Dickens, when he was writing *Little Dorrit*, flattered himself he had discovered some vestiges of it. The ancient walls he saw really belonged to the adjacent King's Bench Prison.

In the last years of the sixteenth century that renowned theatre the "Globe" was built in Southwark. It could be seen fairly well from the opposite bank, for it stood only eighty paces back from the river, and was built in the unusual shape of an octagonal tower with a conical roof. Here Shakespeare's company of players enacted some of the greatest plays of our own or, indeed, of any literature. The original "Globe" was burnt in 1613, during a performance of the immortal dramatist's *Henry VIII.* It was rebuilt on the same site, and remained a popular playhouse till 1644, when it was finally demolished. Barclay and Perkins' Brewery occupies the site of the theatre, and also that of a windmill which was conspicuous near it. Here too was the famous "Paris Garden," a place of popular resort on summer evenings; and the circuses for "bowl (bull) bayting" and "beare bayting," where that tender-hearted lady, Queen Elizabeth, entertained the foreign Ambassadors with the tormenting of dumb beasts. Quite handy to the "Globe" was the "Falcon Tavern," where Shakespeare and his company often forgathered.

Across the Bridge, on the London side, and facing Westminster-wards, the first building to attract the eye on the right bank of the Thames was the ruinous but still formidable-looking Tower-Royal, which stood a little way up Watling Street, in Vintry Ward, and was, when Henry VIII. came to the throne, in a very forlorn state, having been partly converted into a stable. Then came a line of busy wharves fronting the sharp gables of "The Three Cranes" Inn, which, according to Sir Walter Scott, mine host of the "Black Bear" at Cumnor Place was pleased to describe as the most "topping tavern in London." Close to the river's edge rose three clumsy-looking cranes, used to lift the barrels out of the wine-laden ships moored to this particular wharf. Another line of quaint old houses, streaked zebra-like in black and white, succeeded. Some rose straight out of the water, others leaned back a little, and all clustered about such famous landing-places as Queenhithe and Paul's Wharf. At Queenhithe, or harbour, anciently called Edred's hithe, vessels had discharged cargoes in early Saxon times; Henry III. granted the tithes to his queen, hence the name—*Ripa Regina*, or Queen's Wharf.

On Paul's Wharf stood several very interesting buildings, among them a large partly-demolished house popularly known as "Diana." It is described in the lease from the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral, who owned the tenements hereabouts, as *Camera Diana*. In its vaulted chambers, according to tradition, Henry II. confined his mistress, Fair Rosamond. He called her Rosa Mundi at Woodstock : in London she was Diana ! Beaumont Inn, near by, was the town residence of the ancient family of that name, but by the sixteenth century it had passed into the hands of the Earls of Huntingdon. Sandys House had been an Inn of the Abbots of Chertsey, but was given by the Spoliator to his friend Lord Sandys. Hard by was Scroop's Inn, the mansion of an ancient and still flourishing Catholic family. In Castle Lane was a "tall, fair house," once the property of the Priors of Okehampton, which had been granted by Henry VI. to King's College, Cambridge. The Lords of Berkeley had a remarkably fine Inn near by, built of "marble and stone." This, in Henry the Sixth's reign, was inhabited by the great Earl of Warwick, who proudly called himself "the King-maker." Le Neve House, in Thames Street, was the property at one time of John de Montague, Earl of Salisbury ; and in the sixteenth century, of Sir Thomas Erpingham, a Norfolk gentleman, who was Warden of the Cinque Ports. It was a very large and stately mansion, with a noble hall and chapel.

Beyond what might be called the business part of the town, the first important-looking building was Baynard's Castle, so frequently mentioned in previous chapters of this work.¹ It was a great square structure, flanked by high-pitched turrets at each corner, its river façade washed by the Thames at high water. Here Richard III. resided just before his coronation. In 1506 Philip of Austria, King-Consort of Castile, and his queen Juana, afterwards known as "Crazy Jane,"² sister of Katherine of Aragon, were lodged at Baynard's Castle. But Queen Juana

¹ Two towers of Baynard's Castle were standing as late as 1809. Castle Street and Castle Yard commemorate the once famous palace.

² It will be remembered that on the death of her husband in the prime of life, Juana, who was heiress to the Spanish thrones of Aragon and Castile, went mad, refused to allow her lord's body to be buried, and persisted in carrying it about with her from place to place.

did not arrive in London until ten days after her lord, for she had suffered such agonies of sea-sickness that she had to be left behind at Dover to recover. The royal couple eventually proceeded to Windsor, where they were entertained by Henry VII., now a widower, who was assisted in doing the honours by his daughter-in-law Katherine, Princess of Wales, rejoiced, no doubt, to welcome her sister. On this occasion there was much dancing, in which Prince Henry and Katherine of Aragon distinguished themselves brilliantly. In the last years of Henry the Eighth's reign, Baynard's Castle came into the possession of Sir William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, who had married Queen Katherine Parr's younger sister, Anne Parr. He was one of the richest men of his time, and had no less than six hundred retainers, who wore his liveries of green-and-gold. Sir William and Lady Herbert lived in great state at Baynard's Castle, where they entertained Henry VIII. and his sixth wife, whose arms Sir William had painted in the window of the great hall of his immense residence. It was burnt down in the Great Fire, which thus robbed London of one of its most interesting historical monuments. It has bequeathed its name to one of the City Wards.

A little beyond Baynard's Castle the Fleet flowed into the river. Then came the steeple, the walls and orchards of Blackfriars with its grand hall and splendid church. Close to this important friary—so close indeed as to appear part of it—was Bridewell Palace, a very ancient building, which Henry VIII. restored and embellished for the convenience of Charles V. during his visit to England. The Emperor was lodged at Blackfriars, and a bridge thrown across the Fleet enabled him to visit his secretaries and the members of his suite at Bridewell. Here Queen Katherine of Aragon resided during her momentous trial, which took place in the hall of Blackfriars in 1529.¹

The great monastery of Blackfriars enjoyed the privileges of sanctuary even after its suppression. Its grandiose hall was then converted into a sort of public institution, to be hired by

¹ The persecuted Queen, on entering and retiring from the court, must have crossed the very bridge which her heartless husband had built seven years earlier to do honour to her nephew the Emperor.

all sorts and conditions of men. As early as 1547 the Earl of Oxford's players were in possession of it, for it was here they gave a performance in honour of the coronation of Edward vi. From an angry correspondence about this play between Bishop Gardiner and the Earl of Oxford, we learn that the latter's company of players, were rehearsing it while King Henry the Eighth's body was still lying in state. Not receiving any explanation from the Earl, Gardiner wrote to the Southwark Justice of the Peace: "If you cannot prevent the actors' playing of the play, I can prevent the people going to see it, whilst the King's body is above ground." This, however, did not prevent Edward vi. and his Court from attending it within a week of the King's body being laid under ground, for the coronation festivities began as soon as Henry's obsequies were concluded.

Shakespeare's connection with Blackfriars is well known. It was on the site of the so-called Playhouse Yard that a theatre was built in 1578, without the goodwill of the Lord Mayor and civic authorities, however, who bought the theatre, including the wardrobe and properties, in 1608 from Burbage, Shakespeare, and others, for £7000, the Bard of Avon's share amounting to £1000. This house was pulled down to make room for warehouses and dwellings; and when the "Globe" was built in Southwark, Shakespeare and his "fellow vagabonds" passed over the Bridge. Shakespeare, however, continued to have a house in Blackfriars, but not overlooking the Thames, for in his will he distinctly says that "it is near the Wardrobe."

The Wardrobe stood close to the present Church of St. Andrew's, Wardrobe, in Ludgate Hill. In this large building the Kings of England, from Edward III. to James I., kept their superfluous clothes,—what would we not give for a glimpse of them? The "Second Solomon" made a present of the accumulation to my Lord of Dundee, who no doubt sold it for what it would fetch. It must have been a very interesting collection of mediæval garments. James I. was evidently fond of giving away his predecessor's cast-off finery, for at Christmas time (1603-04) Anne of Denmark, who had a mania for masques and masquerades, asked her consort's leave to send to the Tower, where Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe was, for some of the late

Queen's best apparel to cut up into fancy costumes. But the unfortunate and celebrated Arabella Stuart, addressed the following complaint to her uncle, the Earl of Shrewsbury: "My lady Suffolk and my lady Walsingham have written to take of the late Queen's best apparel out of the Tower at their discretion." Arabella, who was a thorough lady, deplored the manner in which the great Queen's memory was treated by the very persons who had been about her in her last years. She had little personal cause to cherish "Gloriana's" memory, for she had been systematically maltreated by her; nevertheless she wrote to her aunt of Shrewsbury that she thanked God she was no partaker in the mocking talk of these ladies, who had once flattered the Queen and now left "no gesture or fault unremarked." What a subject for a *genre* picture—the ladies of the Court of James I. trying on some of "Good Queen Bess's" three thousand wigs and gowns!¹

¹ The details of this curious episode are given with great zest in Mrs. Murray-Smith's delightful *Life of Lady Arabella Stuart*, a work of great historical research and charm of style. The incident explains why we possess so little of Elizabeth's famous wardrobe. The Queen's wardrobe was distributed at the time of her death in three or four different places. The Inventory taken of her apparel in 1600, the forty-second year of her reign, informs us that her coronation, mourning, parliamentary robes, and other state dresses were kept at the Tower, Whitehall Palace, and the Wardrobe in Ludgate. She had at this period, amongst other countless garments, ninety-nine robes, one hundred and two French gowns, sixty-seven "round" gowns (loose gowns), one hundred kirtles, one hundred and twenty-six "foreparts" (*i.e.* fronts and stomachers of gowns), one hundred and twenty-five petticoats (we should call them skirts), ninety-six trains, thirty-one cloaks and over-mantles, forty-three under petticoats, eighty-five flannel ditto, eighteen dressing-gowns, and twenty-seven fans. This great collection, however, formed but a fraction of her mighty arsenal of finery, for it only includes her state apparel. The material out of which these costumes were concocted was of the richest silk, velvet, satin, and brocade, and of nearly every imaginable colour and tint. She had trains of purple and crimson velvet, silk and satin, and others of cloth of gold and silver. One of her trains was of ash-coloured silk, yet another was of brown velvet, and several were of pale blue, pale pink, and pale yellow silk. A train was embroidered with roses, pomegranates, and acorns in silver and gold. Yet another was of "white cloth-of-silver" embellished with "works" in shades of yellow silks, representing "flies, worms, and snails," an unpleasant combination of subjects if ever there was one! A robe of "Isabella" (flax-seed) colour was embellished with birds sitting on

Between Blackfriars and Whitefriars, in the late sixteenth and first half of the seventeenth century, there was a sort of neutral ground known as Alsatia, a veritable refuge of sinners, rendered famous by Sir Walter Scott in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, and infamous by the riotous conduct of its heterogeneous and unruly inhabitants, who, on the strength of ancient charters, claimed the right of sanctuary there.

The cant word "Alsatia" was apparently first used in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The word was first printed by Thomas Powell, in a quarto tract printed in 1623, entitled, "Wheresoever You Bee, Trust Yourself Unto Mee." In 1681, Otway published his play, *A Soldier of Fortune*, the principal scenes of which are laid in Alsatia. This vivid comedy supplied Sir Walter Scott with some of the most brilliant scenes in his spirited novel. Otway introduces into this piece an odd collection of picturesque rogues, bullies,

their nests, whilst others flew about. They were wrought in silver and gold. A dove-coloured "round gown" was worked in gold and coloured silks, in a pattern of rainbows, clouds, and drops, and "flames of fire." A pleasing combination of pink silk and moss-coloured velvet was improved by a scheme of decoration that included leaves, pomegranates, and "little men." A kirtle of ash-coloured cloth-of-gold was garnished with an embroidered representation of "snails, worms, flies, and spiders"! One of her Majesty's gowns had sleeves embroidered with "birds of Arabia (Paradise) in Venice gold." Architectural designs were sometimes included in the embroidered patterns of her Majesty's gowns, for here is one "broidered" with "pillars, arches, peascods, flames and roses." A magnificent garment of white satin blazed with representations of "the sun, moons, stars, and signs of the Zodiac, in Venice gold and silver and silk of sundry colours." The border of at least one of her garments was formed of embroidery representing "dead trees, flowers, with a lion in the midst"; and yet another was covered with "bees, artichokes," and a queer combination "of sundry worms." A mourning petticoat was embroidered all over with "black flies and spiders." A livelier garment was enriched with a border "of fountains and trees, and waves of the sea and ships." A state garment was bedecked with "large snakes in raised gold." One over-mantle of black satin must have been very pretty, for it was embroidered with butterflies in seed-pearls. Even the worthy Queen's under garments were embroidered with gold and seed-pearls. Her fans were usually very large, and made of peacock, heron, or ostrich feathers, kept in place by long sticks of gold, silver, or jade, enriched with diamonds and other precious stones.—See account of Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe in Gough Nichols' *Pageants of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. iii. The inventory of these dresses, etc., was handed over by Mrs. Ratcliff to Sir George Gage on May 23, 1603.

knaves, and their dupes; such as Cheatly, "a rascal who, by reason of debts, dares not stir out of Whitefriars, but there inveigles young heirs and helps them to goods and money at great disadvantages." Shamwell, "an heir, who, being ruined by Cheatly, is made a decoy-duck for others. He dare not stir out of Alsatia, where he lives a dissolute life." Captain Hackum, "a black-bearded bully of Alsatia, who ran from his colours in Flanders, and retreated into Whitefriars, where he is known by his fellow-scoundrels as the 'Captain.' He married a woman of indifferent character, who keeps cheap lodgings and sells cherry brandy." Scapeall is a hypocritical, psalm-singing, "precise fellow, who pretends to great piety, but who is in reality Cheatly's go-between with his numerous dupes." In 1709 the *Tatler* informs us that Alsatia is "now in ruins."

After passing the noble group of buildings formed by Bridewell¹ and the Blackfriars, the attention of the traveller of those days would have been arrested by Salisbury Court, which in the early years of Henry VIII. was still the Inn or town-house of the Bishops of Salisbury. The gardens reached to the present offices of the *Daily Chronicle* in Fleet Street on the one side, and stretched down to the Thames on the other. The house, a very "sumptuous" one, appears to have occupied the site of the present Salisbury Hotel. The chapel of this

¹When Edward VI. came to the throne, Bridewell was converted, regardless of its artistic beauty, into a workhouse for the poor, and a House of Correction "for the strumpet and the idle person, for the rioter that consumeth all, and for the vagabond that will abide in no place." Milton's friend, Ellwood, in his valuable Autobiography, describes the great Hall in his day as being a noble apartment with six very large bay windows, on the river side. The roof was extremely fine. The place, destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, was rebuilt as a prison in 1668, after which it became the scene of certain floggings of prisoners, that endured until quite late in the eighteenth century, and were a disgrace to humanity. When Holloway Castle was built in 1863, Bridewell was demolished, excepting the great archway (No. 14 New Bridge Street) with the head of Edward VI. over it, probably taken from the original building. The Hall, Court-room, and the Governor's House are retained, and the famous picture attributed to Holbein, but in all probability the work of Streetes, representing Edward VI. delivering the Royal Charter of endowment to the Mayor, is still over the chimney-piece in the Court-room.

episcopal palace witnessed an event which changed the course of English history. Few, possibly, of the busy journalists in this essentially journalistic neighbourhood know that here, one spring day in 1483, Elizabeth, the Rose of York, was formally betrothed, in the presence of her maternal uncle Lionel Woodville, Bishop of Salisbury, to Henry Richmond the Rose of Lancaster. The State wedding took place in Westminster Abbey three years later, on January 18, 1486. Salisbury Inn and estate eventually came into the possession of Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset—hence Dorset Street. The popular Duke's Theatre was built here in the seventeenth century, and was at one time under the management of Lady Davenant, the widow of Sir William, the Poet Laureate. Dorset Stairs, the water-way to this place of entertainment, was a famous landing-place in its time, especially used by the company going to the theatre, and must have presented many a scene of glowing costume and gaiety.

Then, in the line of famous places on this side of the Thames, came Whitefriars, a "spacious house" belonging to the Order of Carmelites, with a noble church, and a fine orchard celebrated for the fruit of the pear trees which were trained along "a certain sunny wall." The Temple, with its delightful quiet nooks and courts shaded by noble old trees, stood next—a place so rich in historical and literary associations that a bulky volume might well be devoted to them.

The Inn of the Bishop of Exeter, beyond Temple Bar, was a little back from the river, on the site of the Outer Temple and of the present Essex Street and Devereux Court. It was a picturesque, turreted building, with a fine hall and centre tower. In 1398, after the mob had beheaded Walter Stephen, Bishop of Exeter, in Paul's Churchyard, his body was dragged to "his house without Temple Bar" and buried under a heap of stones in the garden. The hall of this Inn was the work of de Lacy, who was Bishop of Exeter in Henry the Sixth's time. At the Dissolution the mansion was given to William, Lord Paget, who enlarged it. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth's favourite, who renamed it Leicester House, held it for a time; and at his death it passed into the hands of the great Queen's last favourite, Robert Devereux, Earl of

Essex. Whilst it was in his possession an extraordinary scene occurred within its walls. On Sunday, February 8, 1601, Essex, having realised the Queen's anger against him, grew frantic with alarm, and summoned his friends in all haste. Before noon some three hundred gentlemen of "prime note" were with him. The news of the Earl's singular action having reached the Queen's ears, she despatched Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Seal, with Chancellor Popham, to Essex House to demand an explanation. At first they could not get into the mansion, but, after some delay and considerable parley, the gates were opened and they were admitted. Essex, unhappy man, seems to have quite lost his head, so much so that, instead of accepting the interview with her Majesty's messengers, he locked the Lord Keeper and his companions up in his library, while he himself, at the head of a large body of friends and followers, rushed through Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill to Cheapside, shouting: "For the Queen! a plot, a plot!" On Ludgate Hill there was a scuffle, and the Earl was forced to return by water to his house, where he found to his amazement that the Queen's messengers, whom he had hoped to hold as hostages, had been released by his secretary, and that a body of armed men, so numerous as to make resistance hopeless, had gathered about his dwelling. That night, cannon were brought to bear on it, and at the earnest entreaties of the ladies in the house the Earl surrendered.¹ This was the first act in the great tragedy which ended with the erstwhile all-powerful favourite's decapitation, and the death of his mistress, the Queen.

A little farther on the Bishop of Bath's Inn came into view. This was a rambling mansion built round an inner courtyard, with a fine chapel, and a fair garden stretching down

¹ Sir Nicholas Throckmorton died here, it is supposed by poison, February 12, 1571. Spenser refers to this house and to its owner, Robert Dudley, in his "Prothalamion"—

"Therein doth lodge a noble peer,
Great England's glory and the world's wide wonder,
Whose dreadful name late through all Spain did thunder."

The Cottonian Library was kept in one part of Essex House from 1712-1730. Nothing now remains of the buildings.

to the Thames. It occupied the sites of that excellent hostelry the present Howard Hotel and of its neighbour the Arundel, both in Norfolk Street, Strand. In the first year of Edward the Sixth's reign, Thomas Seymour, Baron Sudely, who had married the Queen-Dowager Katherine Parr, a few weeks after Henry the Eighth's death, obtained this house from his young nephew Edward VI. and changed the name to Seymour Place. His mother, the mysterious old Lady Seymour (concerning whom, although she was the mother of an English Queen, Jane Seymour, and the grandmother of Edward VI., we know nothing, except that when she died her grandson was persuaded by the Council not to wear mourning for her) presided over Sudely's household, and acted as "mother" to the youthful Lady Jane Grey, the Admiral's ward, who became a member of his London household soon after Queen Katherine's death. She was there on the fateful morning (January 19, 1549) when Sudely was taken to the Tower to answer with his life amongst other crimes for that of aspiring to the hand of the King's sister, Princess Elizabeth, who many years afterwards, when quite an old woman, admitted to a circle of her favourite ladies that Thomas Seymour was the only man she had ever really loved. The house was purchased, after Seymour's execution, by Henry Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, for £41, 6s. 8d., and was subsequently inherited by his unfortunate grandson Philip Howard, who was attainted in Queen Elizabeth's reign and died abroad. The house was then tenanted by the Earl of Nottingham, but was restored in due course to the Howards, who still own the ground rents. Seymour Place was renamed Arundel House, and the famous Arundel marbles, now at Oxford, were stored there.

In 1547, the adjacent palaces of the Bishops of Worcester and Lichfield, Chester and Llandaff, were sacrificed to the greed and vanity of the Lord Protector Somerset, who utilised the building materials in the erection of Somerset House,—a palace he was destined never to occupy, for his head fell under the axe a very short time before it was completed. According to some authorities he employed the famous John of Padua, who was in England at the time and designed many fine buildings, as his architect. In addition to the two ecclesiastical Inns in

question, Edward Seymour, for the sake of building materials for this great palace, destroyed the north cloister of St. Paul's (which contained the famous "Dance of Death)," the Priory Church of St. John of Jerusalem at Clerkenwell, and St. Mary's-le-Strand. He would actually have laid hands on St. Margaret's parish Church, Westminster, if the populace had not threatened to rise *en masse* to protect it. Seymour, who had been "unco" religious at one time, was so absorbed in the building of his palace that John Knox, who was then in London, upbraided him for not attending his sermons. Elizabeth occasionally lived in Somerset House during her sister Mary's reign. On February 25, 1557, Elizabeth came there from Hatfield, and remained in residence for some time. Shortly before she died she granted the palace to her relative, Lord Hunsdon, for his lifetime, and in her last year she honoured him by attending a banquet, there preceded by a lecture on alchemy delivered by one whom Cecil called "that arch-humbag," Cornelius de la Neye.

James I. granted it to Anne of Denmark as a town residence, whence it was called for a while Denmark House; and Henrietta Maria lived there after her return from exile. In the days of her power she had opened within its walls a Catholic Chapel, designed by Inigo Jones, which, with the assent of Charles I., was public to such as still practised the proscribed faith. On February 2, 1685, a few weeks after the death of Charles II., Evelyn met Catherine of Braganza going from Whitehall to take up her residence as Dowager-Queen of England at "Somerset Place." After she retired to Portugal the house became a sort of patrician poorhouse for impoverished gentlefolk and their families. Among the numerous aristocratic paupers who dwelt there in the last half of the eighteenth century, was Mrs. Gunning, mother of the three beautiful sisters, the Duchess of Argyle and Hamilton, the Countess of Coventry, and Mrs. Travers. She died at Somerset House in 1770, as also did her husband John Gunning six years later. In 1755, the "Queen's House" was exchanged, with the consent of Queen Charlotte, for Buckingham House—now Palace—in St. James's Park, and a year later the old structure was pulled down. The present very fine building was erected on the site and utilised as public offices. The architect of the modern structure was Sir Robert Chambers, who may

safely be credited with having designed the stateliest palace in modern London, one in which solidity and elegance are marvellously well combined. The façades towards the Strand and the Embankment, and the inner courtyard, are extremely imposing, and it is much to be regretted that such a building is not isolated, as it should be, and surrounded by an open square.

The Savoy Hotel and Restaurant occupy a portion of the ground once covered by the ancient Palace of the Savoy, which, like Baynard's Castle, rose straight out of the Thames with a water-gate in the centre. Built in 1245 by Peter, Earl of Savoy and Richmond, brother of Queen Eleanor, the consort of Henry III., it eventually, after having served for a time as a Cluniac monastery, came into the possession of Henry, fourth Earl and first Duke of Lancaster, who repaired and embellished it. Here, after the Battle of Poitiers, King John of France lived in honourable captivity. After his release he expressed a wish once more to embrace his daughter Blanche, wife of the fourth son of Edward III., "time-honoured Lancaster," and returned from France to England for that paternal purpose. He was lodged in his old quarters, where unfortunately he fell sick, and after a short illness died. The Savoy was almost entirely burned down by Wat Tyler and his followers in 1381, and although it was soon after rebuilt, presumably on the old lines, it was to be a palace no longer. During the fifteenth century it was neglected, being occasionally used as a prison for common soldiers. In 1505 Henry VII. converted it into a hospital, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, with 101 beds, and it continued to be used as such until the first year of Anne's reign, when this charity was dissolved. After this the Savoy fell into ruin, and its last vestiges were swept away in 1805, when the approach to Waterloo Bridge was made. The best part of the ancient chapel was destroyed by fire in 1864, the outer walls alone escaping the flames. Queen Victoria, who was much interested in the historical remains of London, restored this chapel at her own expense. And here, in modern times, many a Thespian has sealed his fate, issuing from its portals with a fair and blushing bride, destined, no doubt, to be happy or the reverse according as Cupid and Hymen shall decree.

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Although Salisbury House, which stood on the site of the present Cecil Hotel and Restaurant, was only built in the last years of the sixteenth century,¹ it is impossible to omit it from our account of the riverside palaces of London, for when Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury and Lord High Treasurer to James I., erected it, none of the other palaces had been removed, and it formed a conspicuous feature in the chain of edifices. According to Norden's MS. it was a large square brick building, with a tower at each of its four corners, a large internal courtyard, and a very remarkable private oratory. It must have been finished by December 6, 1602, for Queen Elizabeth was present at the house-warming. Manningham tells us that the Queen dined at "Sir Robert Cecil's new house in the Strand" and was "very royally entertained." Elizabeth graciously expressed her delight at the trophies of spears, pistols, swords, and other weapons which decorated the entrance hall. A singular masque was arranged to greet her on her entrance. Three women (a maid, a widow and a wife), each commending their own state, saluted her, but, in honour of the Queen being still a maiden lady, the virgin was "preferred." Then, it seems, a Turk expressed a desire to see her Majesty, but declared that being a stranger he had no hope of such a favour. Whereupon the Queen, being informed of his aspirations, ordered him to be presented to her, and was pleased to find he had a very good knowledge of English, and had gifts to bestow on her besides. The house was, later on, divided into two mansions, known respectively as Great and Little Salisbury House. After the destruction of Doctors' Commons on Bennet Hill, Cecil House was rented by the Society of Doctors of the Civil Law. It was ultimately burnt down in 1695, and the Middle or Exeter Exchange was erected on its site. The ground was sold for building purposes by the late Marquis of Salisbury in 1888 for the sum of £200,000. Nearly opposite this house, on the other side of the Strand, where is now Bedford Street, stood the town residence of the Russell family—a

¹ Cecil or Salisbury House stood on land that, before the Reformation, had been the parsonage of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. This land was given to Sir Thomas Palmer in the reign of Edward VI. He built a fine mansion facing the river, which Stowe tells us Cecil pulled down and rebuilt on a larger scale.

fact which probably accounts for their possession of the church lands at the back of it.

The site now covered by Adelphi Terrace was for many centuries that of the Inn of the Bishops of Durham, or Durham House. The date of its foundation is not clearly established, for whereas some authorities attribute it to Bishop Hatfield (1345), others, *e.g.* Norden, positively state that it was erected by Bishop Becc in Henry the Third's time. Be this as it may, it remained in the possession of the See of Durham until the reign of Henry VIII., when Bishop Cuthbert Tunstall presented it to the King in exchange for Cold Harbour and other houses in central London. The "Defender of the Faith" presented it in 1528 to the Earl of Wiltshire, father of Anne Boleyn, and shortly afterwards asked him to allow Cranmer to occupy it "for a time, to the intent that he may be there quiet to accomplish my request. Let him have no lack of books, nor anything requisite for his studies." The "studies" doubtless bore on the divorce of Katherine of Aragon. On May 1, 1540, a company of gentlemen that included Sir Thomas Seymour, brother of the late Queen Jane, Sir George Carew and Sir John Dudley, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, all dressed in white velvet, held jousts and tourneys at Durham House in honour of Henry's marriage with his fourth wife, Anne of Cleves, who, with the King, honoured the pageant, after which they were entertained by the noble brothers. The jousts over, Anne of Cleves and Henry VIII. never again appeared in public together. Durham House must have reverted to the Crown after the downfall of Queen Anne Boleyn and her family, for Edward VI. granted it to his sister Princess Elizabeth, who, however, never inhabited it. In the last year of Edward's reign, John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, wanting a town-house, laid hands on the place, retaining Sion House at Isleworth as his country-seat.

Whilst the Duke of Northumberland was tenant of Durham House the marriages of the three daughters of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, were celebrated in its chapel on Whit Sunday 1558. The Lady Jane Grey, soon to be for nine days Queen of England, was united to Lord Guildford Dudley; the Lady Katherine married young Lord Herbert, son of William Parr, Marquess of Northampton, and brother of the late Queen Katherine,

while the third sister, Lady Mary Grey, who was only eight years of age and a dwarf,—when fully grown she was only four feet high,—was “contracted” to Lord Grey de Wilton. This last marriage was a mere formality, and in 1561 the young Princess secretly espoused Mr. Thomas Keyes, the giant porter of the Watergate at Whitehall Palace, who stood seven feet in his “stockings,” and whose portrait is still to be seen at Hampton Court. The consequence of this marriage, although the bridegroom was one of Elizabeth’s numerous Boleyn connections, was fatal alike to the giant husband, who died in prison, and to the tiny wife, who never ceased to feel the consequences of her royal cousin’s resentment. Lady Katherine Grey was not more fortunate than her sisters. In Elizabeth’s reign she clandestinely married Lord Hertford, and when Elizabeth discovered the truth both bride and bridegroom were sent to the Tower. Hertford remained a prisoner until after his wife’s death, which took place when she was still a young woman, of that old-fashioned malady—a broken heart.

Yet another wedding was celebrated on this memorable occasion, that of Northumberland’s own daughter, Lady Katherine Dudley, to Lord Hastings. A few days previously Northumberland’s second son, Lord Robert Dudley, had been married at Sion to Amy Robsart,¹ not clandestinely, as Scott has led us to believe, but in the presence of Edward VI. Although we have no contemporary details of Lady Jane’s wedding ceremony, we are assured it was a very splendid function, and we may be certain it was a very picturesque one. Bojardo, as well as the French Ambassador, speaks of it as a great event : as we have seen, Lady Jane was not the only bride, her sisters, Katherine and Mary, being contracted² at the same time. She herself, so Howard tells us in

¹ From King Edward’s Journal : “May 4. Sir Robert Dudley, third son to the Earl of Warwick, married Sir John Robsart’s daughter : after which marriage there were certain gentlemen that did strive who should first take away a goose’s head which was hanging alive on two cross posts.”

This inhuman sport is still highly popular in Cuba. The wretched goose or duck is suspended alive, at a considerable height, its neck being well greased. Those who take part in the game or “hunt” ride under the goose at full speed, trying, as they do so, to twist off its head, which is a much more difficult feat than might be imagined.

² Most of the aristocratic weddings in the late fifteenth and sixteenth

his *Life of Lady Jane Grey*, was richly dressed in green velvet. This is quite in accordance with the custom of the time. A coronet of flowers and spikes of rosemary encircled her fair young brow, whereon there rested a veil of silver tissue. Being very short, Lady Jane was most probably mounted upon high *chopines* or clogs¹—possibly a foot high—which, being concealed under her robe, gave her the appearance of being much taller than she really was. The bridegroom met the bride at the altar, and was dressed in white satin. He would certainly be accompanied by a group of splendidly dressed young friends. Guildford was a tall, fair-haired, handsome lad, and must have presented a curious contrast to the Grey sisters, who were all of them dwarfs. The guests assembled at the church or chapel, and afterwards proceeded processionally back to the house, where the wedding banquet was served. After this there would surely be dancing, kept up to a late hour, when the matrons would put the bride to bed, and the gentlemen bring the bridegroom to the door of the wedding chamber with great ceremony and hearty goodwill.

From the Watergate of Durham House, Lady Jane Grey entered the royal barge which was to bear her to the Tower to be proclaimed Queen. Needless to say, like Ophelia's Valentine, "she never returned it more." If a monument is ever erected to the memory of the gentlest of martyrs, it should surely be in

centuries began by "contracts" between children, which became, however, both legally and canonically binding after the usual nuptial service some years later. Children of twelve and ten years of age had to submit to these early "contracts," which were occasionally set aside, though not without great difficulty. Both Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard had been previously "contracted," the one to Lord Percy and the other to a Mr. Dereham. Had Henry VIII. chosen he could easily have saved the lives of these unhappy women by simply proving "pre-contract." Cranmer did his best to persuade him to spare Catherine Howard, who was quite as much the victim of intrigue as of her own indiscretion, for the fatal incident had occurred long before the King had singled her out to take the place of Anne of Cleves. But the Seymours, who detested the Howards, overruled the uxorious monarch, and deterred him from his purpose, which for once was merciful.

¹ D'Israeli in his *Curiosities* mentions this, and the writer found its confirmation in the letter of a Genoese merchant to Spinola of Genoa, in which he says he saw Lady Jane go to the Tower in state—"being very short she was mounted upon clogs a foot and more in height, concealed by her robes."

Embankment Gardens, opposite a site so intimately connected with her misfortunes. Here is an opportunity for a millionaire to do a graceful act,—let him raise a statue to Lady Jane Grey!

When Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, she filched Durham House from the See of Durham and gave it to Sir Walter Raleigh, then in the zenith of his favour. His study, so Aubrey tells us, was "a little turret which looked over and into the Thames, and had the prospect which is perhaps as pleasant as any in the world." It is still one of the most picturesque, for lovers of the beautiful will agree that at all hours of the day and night the view over the Thames from the Adelphi Terrace is one of the noblest in Europe.¹ The full sweep of the river from St. Paul's to Westminster unfolds a panorama of majestic beauty, rendered especially interesting by the wonderful and varied atmospheric effects peculiar to London. James I., notwithstanding the opposition of Raleigh, who had spent £20,000 on improvements, restored this coveted mansion to the bishopric from which it had been snatched by Henry VIII. In the seventeenth century, after many vicissitudes, it fell somewhat into decay. By the time George III. came to the throne the site had been sold, and the celebrated architects, John and Robert Adam, shortly afterwards erected the terrace which is still standing. Here much later, in 1779, David Garrick died, an event which, Dr. Johnson declared, "eclipsed the gaiety of nations." Mrs. Garrick lived on in her husband's house until 1832, entertaining a succession of illustrious folk, most of the famous men and women of her day, and notably Hannah More, her greatest friend. The late E. L. Blanchard, who lived for many years at No. 6 Adelphi Terrace, once told the writer that when he was a Paul's boy he was taken to the terrace by his parents to see Mrs. Garrick, the great Davy's widow. She was then a very old woman, over ninety. The party found her walking in the sunshine, leaning on a stick. She patted Blanchard gently on the head, and taking his hand bade him remember that the "great Mr. Garrick's widow had called down God's blessing upon him." Here we have a wonderful link with the past! Mrs. Garrick was

¹ The beauty of the prospect is much marred at present by a projection of the Hotel Cecil, and the dreadful "boiler" of Charing Cross Railway Station.



YORK GATE, BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND

intimate with Johnson, who was touched for the "evil" by Queen Anne, the granddaughter of Charles I., himself grandson of Mary Stuart, who was grandniece of Henry VIII.

York House, "an old London lodging of the Archbishops of York,"—not to be confounded, as it so often is, with their Inn lower down the Thames, and known even in remote times as Whitehall,—stood immediately below Durham House, on the site now occupied by York Street, Buckingham Street, and Villiers Street, Strand. The early history of this important mansion is little known. Archbishop Heath, who was Chancellor under Mary, obtained it with Suffolk House, Haymarket, in exchange for the Duke of Brandon and Suffolk's Palace in Southwark. Heath lived in this York House for a few weeks, but between 1561 and 1625, his successors let it to Lord Chancellor Nicholas Bacon. Lady Bacon, a very learned woman, addressed several letters from York House, and her famous son was born there in the first year of the Bacon tenancy. His baptism is entered in the register of the parish Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

Aubrey tells us that York House had a big garden stretching back to the Strand, and that Bacon built an aviary in it which cost him £300. He was at York House when the Great Seal was "fetched from" him in May 1621. Soon after his fall the house and grounds came into the possession of "Stenie," Duke of Buckingham, but the exact manner of this transfer has not transpired. In 1624, however, a Bill in Parliament granted the mansion in exchange for other lands and tenements to James I., and, according to Archbishop Laud, "it was for the Lord Duke of Buckingham." The old house was now pulled down, and a large temporary building erected "covered with huge panes of glass"—probably a glazed gallery. Inigo Jones was to have been the architect of the new palace, but he was only able to finish the noble watergate, which, timeworn as it is, remains one of the finest relics of old London in existence. It will be found at the foot of Buckingham Street, Strand, in its original position, on a level with the Thames. In York House, Buckingham stored the wonderful collection of pictures he had purchased from Rubens, which had hung in the great painter's palatial studio at Antwerp. The catalogue enumerates nineteen canvases by Titian, thirteen by Veronese, three by Raphael, three by

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Leonardo da Vinci, and thirteen by Rubens himself, besides many other "fine pictures." There was also a Gallery of Statues and "Roman Heads"—busts. On the broad terrace overlooking the Thames, amid trees and flowers, stood John of Bologna's famous group of "Cain and Abel." This celebrated work of art, which had originally belonged to the King of Spain, was presented by him to Charles I., who gave it, in his turn, to the all-powerful and "mighty greedy Steenie."

George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, lived in York House in incredible magnificence; indeed it is said he used on occasion to shake diamonds and pearls from his clothes for his guests to pick up. In the Memoirs of the French Ambassador, M. de Bassompierre, is an account of an entertainment given by the Duke at his house in the Strand, to which the Envoy was invited with the King. This he describes as "the most magnificent entertainment he ever saw in his life."

"The king supped at one table with the Queen and me, which was served in complete ballet¹ at each course with sundry representations—changes of scenery, tables and music: the duke waited on the king at table, the Earl of Carlisle on the Queen, and the Earl of Holland on me. After supper the king and we were led into another room, where the assembly was, and one entered it by a kind of turnstile, as in convents, without any confusion, where there was a magnificent ballet, in which the king danced: and afterwards we set to and danced country dances (*contre danses*) till four in the morning: thence we were shown into vaulted apartments, where there were five different collations."

There is a contemporary letter in D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature* describing this sumptuous supper-party, wherein we are assured "that all things came down in clouds," and the cost is fixed at £5000. The Duke of Buckingham was not only lavish himself, but he imparted his lavishness to others. Gerbier, his painter, on one occasion entertained the King and Queen at a cost of £1000. At this festivity the gentlemen were attired in crimson or white velvet bedecked with precious stones, whilst the ladies wore white robes, herons' plumes, ropes of pearls, and bejewelled head-dresses. After the assassination of Buckingham by

¹ *I.e.* served, to the accompaniment of music and dancing, by retainers in fancy dresses.

Felton, on August 23, 1628, the "superstitious pictures" that had belonged to him were sold by Cromwell's order, and went for the proverbial old song; but the finest were smuggled to Holland and are now in the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna. Cromwell gave the house to his son-in-law, General Fairfax, whose daughter married the second Duke of Buckingham of the Villiers stock; who, by the way, was the author of a book on "Liberty of Conscience," in which he advocated the abolition of penal statutes against Dissenters. Cromwell had no liking for this marriage, and, although the Duke was allowed to reside at Buckingham House, it was only on condition that he never left the place without the Protector's permission. He disobeyed the rule on one occasion and was sent to the Tower for his pains, whereupon his father-in-law Fairfax had a fearful scene with the Protector, as a result of which father and son-in-law never met again. The door and window-"cases" of this house pleased gossip Pepys "mightily." The writer is inclined to believe that in 1672, when "Steenie's" flimsy palace was pulled down and the site and gardens were converted into streets, some of the woodwork was saved, and that the spacious Spanish chestnut staircase in the house (12 Buckingham Street) which he has inhabited for many years was once in "Steenie's" mansion. The streets in the neighbourhood bear the names of the last Duke, who kept "tremendous" and quite regal state in York House—*George Street*, *Villiers Street*, *Duke Street*, *Of Alley*, and *Buckingham Street*. The witty Earl of Dorset, the eccentric Duchess of Newcastle who founded the Royal Institution, and Harley, Lord Oxford, all resided in the last of these streets.

At the left corner, facing the river, Peter the Great spent some months in 1698. The State room is still in perfect condition, and retains its fine stucco ceiling, with a cameo by Verrio representing some mythological subject or other. The doors and windows are surrounded internally by excellent wood-carving. Here William III. came one day to see the extraordinary man, and found the rooms in such disorder, and smelling so foully, that he had perforce to beat a precipitate retreat for fear of being sick.¹ A hundred and forty years later, another Tsar of Russia, Nicholas I., came to Windsor on a visit to

¹ Waliszewski's *Pierre le Grand*, translated by Lady Mary Loyd.

Queen Victoria. He refused to sleep on a bed, and insisted on fresh straw being spread on the floor every evening for his accommodation.

It was at the door of No. 12 Buckingham Street, according to local tradition, that Voltaire and Rousseau quarrelled and parted never to meet again. Charles Dickens associated his illustrious name with the street in *David Copperfield*. Stansfield and Etty, the painters, lived at No. 14, and Mr. Pennell now occupies their chambers. At the door of this house the writer shook hands for the last time with his kindly old friend Whistler, the artist of our times who has most nearly approached Velasquez. Black, the delightful creator of so many charming tales, also had rooms in this street; so, too, had the agreeable author of the *Prisoner of Zenda*, Mr. Anthony Hope; and these are but a few of the celebrities who have dwelt in Buckingham Street since the days of Cromwell and Fairfax!

Immediately beyond York House came Hungerford House, the riverside mansion of the ancient family of Hungerford of Farleigh Castle, Somersetshire. This house was pulled down in Charles the Second's reign, and the site was covered by the once famous market, which was purchased by Sir Stephen Fox and Sir Christopher Wren, who were allowed to receive the "tolls and other profits." The market lasted till the "sixties," when it was demolished to make room for the Charing Cross Station and Hotel.

Mention has already been made of a second palace of the Dukes of Suffolk, situated at the Charing Cross end of the Strand, where Brandon and his second wife, Katherine Willoughby, gave a brilliant entertainment to Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour, and which, in the course of time, became known to many generations as Northumberland House. Country cousins used to be induced to stop and wait till the famous lion should be pleased to wag his tail! The lion, tail and all, now surveys the Thames from the top of Zion House, Brentford. Beyond this house, in Canon Row, Westminster, was another very fine mansion that once upon a time belonged to Henry, Marquess of Dorset, father of Lady Jane Grey. Many papers relating to Lady Jane and her affairs mention her father's house "at Westminster." It was most probably in the garden and gallery of this mansion,

which overlooked the Thames, that she first met and talked theology and philosophy with the Swiss Reformers Büllinger and Ullmer. Here, too, she disputed "so pleasantly" with Roger Ascham and Coverdale, and with her tutor, young Aylmer, all of them much favoured by the Marquess.¹ From the strange evidence preserved at Hatfield in connection with the trial of Thomas Seymour, we learn that it was on the terrace of this mansion that the negotiations were carried out which transferred Lady Jane to the wardship of the greatest profligate of his day, for the sum of £500. Mr. Harrington, afterwards one of Elizabeth's favourite secretaries, transacted the business, meeting the Marquess of Dorset, and talking the matter over with him "on his terrace at Westminster, which looks into the Thames." At the close of the sixteenth century, Dorset Place or Court was already divided into three large houses and let to separate owners. In 1689, one of them was inhabited by the philosopher Locke, who dedicated his famous *Essay on the Human Understanding*, "from Dorset Court." The site was until recently occupied by the Civil Service Commission, now removed to Burlington House, Piccadilly.

A little farther down the riverside stood a stern-looking ancient building, surrounding a courtyard, popularly known as "Scotland," which for centuries was the residence of the Scottish Ambassador and occasionally also of such kings and queens of Scotland as were obliged to visit London on political affairs. The "parcel" of land on which this palace stood was given by the Saxon King, Edgar, to Kenneth III. of Scotland, for "the purpose of his making an annual journey to this place to do homage for his Kingdom of Scotland." According to Lambert (*History of London*, 1806), "in after times it was used by the Scottish Kings when, as Barons of the Realm, they came to do homage for the counties of Cumberland and Huntingdon and other fiefs held by them of the Crown of England." The

¹ Lady Jane Grey remained with Thomas Seymour at Bath House until his marriage with Queen Katherine Parr, when she came with him to Chelsea to live with his royal bride. After Katherine's death she returned to her father's home at Bradgate, but in less than a month went back to the wardship of Seymour, in London, and remained with him till the day he was taken to the Tower, whence he never returned. Her father came to fetch her, and she went back to Bradgate.

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last Scottish sovereign to reside here was Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., who lodged in this house after the death of her husband James IV. on Flodden Field. Stowe says the place was surrounded by a brick wall and was "a very great building." In Elizabeth's time it was divided into tenements. Milton lived in one of these in 1650, when he was appointed Latin Secretary under the Commonwealth. Inigo Jones also resided in Scotland Yard; and here, early in James the Second's reign, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, brother of George Herbert the poet, was assaulted through motives of jealousy and nearly killed by Sir John Ayres. Beau Fielding, the "Orlando the Fair" of the *Tatler*, died in Scotland Yard in 1712; and here too, in 1726, Vanburgh the architect and dramatist passed away "in his own house which he had himself designed after the fire at Whitehall Palace in 1697." A part of the site of "Scotland" is now occupied by Scotland Yard, the headquarters of the police force. Not a vestige of the original buildings remain, though early in the nineteenth century a few arches and turrets were still standing.

CHAPTER XX

THE RIVERSIDE PALACES OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

II.—FROM WHITEHALL TO CHELSEA

1st Gent. Sir,
You must no more call it York-place, that's past ;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost :
'Tis now the king's, and called—Whitehall.
3rd Gent. I know it ;
But 'tis so lately alter'd that the old name
Is fresh about me.

Henry VIII. Act iv. Scene 1.

WHITEHALL, the chief residence of our kings from Henry VIII. to William and Mary, was an agglomeration of irregular buildings extremely picturesque in effect, though built at various periods without any uniformity of design. The royal apartment and those of the great officers of State, which faced the Thames, looked on to a terraced garden, and occupied the space between the Horseguards' Avenue and the Richmond Terrace of our day. The nucleus of those miscellaneous buildings was a very ancient mansion built by Hubert de Burgh, beloved of Shakespearian students for his generosity in saving poor little Prince Arthur's eyes. He died in 1242, and, being in a penitent frame of mind, left the property to the Black Friars, who sold it in 1248 to Walter de Grey, Archbishop of York. It was the London residence of the See of York until Wolsey's time. That extraordinary man rebuilt much of the old house, added some fine halls and courts, and furnished it fully and sumptuously.¹ It was at a masquerade given by Wolsey at

¹ We have mentioned elsewhere the existence in the MSS. department of the British Museum of two large volumes containing an inventory of the

Whitehall that, according to tradition, Henry VIII. first met Anne Boleyn. But he had certainly known her long before, for even as a lad he had been on intimate terms with her mother Lady Elizabeth Boleyn, and, as a young man, with her sister Mary. It is likely, however, that on the occasion of this ball the King came into closer contact with Anne than on any previous occasion, and that he was struck by her universally acknowledged beauty and wit. It is also by no means improbable that the royal cupidity was excited at the same gathering by the Cardinal's display of luxury, and that, as a result of this famous entertainment, the palace which was not the private property of the Cardinal but of the See of York was transferred to the King and his heirs for ever. A strange return for hospitality received! There is evidence that Wolsey felt qualms of conscience as to the cession of this ecclesiastical property to his covetous master, and vainly protested against what he held to be sacrilege.

The great Churchman's artistic temperament was at the bottom of a good deal of mischief. It undoubtedly inspired and excited the greed of the King, who soon found Whitehall too small for his pompous household and retinue. In 1532 he induced Abbot Islip to grant him "all the houses in King Street between Lamb Alley and the south of York Place, all the land from the Chapel of Our Lady of Rouncyval" at Charing Cross to Scotland Yard, all the property which now forms the Green and St. James's Parks, and the site of Buckingham Palace and Gardens, and, moreover, "all the land between Charing Cross and the outlying suburb of Westminster, known as Little Calais or Calais." For the purpose of rebuilding Whitehall, for that is what it amounted to, Henry ordered the ancient royal palace at Kennington to be demolished, as well as Wolsey's College at Ipswich. The building material thus obtained was further augmented by the store the Cardinal had left behind him at Esher and elsewhere. We still possess, in our national archives, the documents concerning the payment of the workmen employed

contents of the Palace of Whitehall at the time of the death of Henry VIII. It is curious that they should have escaped the research of Sir W. Besant, for had he seen them he would never have stated in his *Westminster* that the palace was almost destitute of works of art, whereas in reality it was packed with them.

not only in pulling down the old palaces but for the transport of the bricks and timber from Kennington and Ipswich. From the same papers we hear that a considerable encroachment was made upon the grounds of "Scotland," and that the Royal Mews in Charing Cross was also demolished for the same purpose. Anne Boleyn must have been living in the palace at this time (1532), for her apartments are mentioned several times, as for instance in the following memorandum: "For iron works in the lodgings of Mr. Hennage, my lady of Wiltshire, and of the lady Anne Rochford (Boleyn) which is directly under the library." "My lady of Wiltshire" was Anne's mother. Anne herself is rarely mentioned in the State Papers by the name of Boleyn, but as Rochford, the title bestowed upon her brother George.

The gardens of Whitehall, although comparatively not very extensive, were for the period highly cultivated. There were no less than forty gardeners and twenty boys to look after them, under the direction of six head gardeners. From the Royal Privy Purse expenses of the year 1530 we gather that the gardens at York Place (Whitehall) produced cherries, pears, and lettuces. In June "To the gardiner at York Place for bringing cherries to the King at Hampton Court, 4s. 8d." In July to the same for "bringing lettuce and cherries to Hampton Court, 4s. 8d. For bringing (August) plums, pears, and damsons to Hampton Court, 4s. 8d. To a poor woman who gave the King pears and philberts in the forest, 4s. 8d." The same account contains references to "oranges," "cytrons" (citrons), grapes, peaches, strawberries, and banburies. York Place, Beaulieu, Richmond, Wanstead, and Windsor supplied the royal tables with fruit and vegetables. Apparently the garden at Hampton Court, which was only recently laid out, yielded as yet but scanty crops.

Whitehall Palace extended across the present Parliament Street, and covered the ground where the Treasury and the public buildings beyond now stand. A long gallery, known as the "Adam and Eve" because it contained Mabuse's wonderful painting of our earliest parents, now at Hampton Court, united the riverside portion of the palace to that part which overlooked the Park. A wall enclosed this exceedingly rambling royal residence, which boasted a cock-pit, a bowling-green, and a

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tennis-court; it had also several entrances, the most famous being the beautiful gate designed by Holbein, which stood in a line with the south end of the Banqueting Hall, the only portion of the palace that has survived to our own time. The extreme beauty of this gate should have saved it even in the eighteenth century, for at the time it was taken down (1750) there were many people sufficiently cultivated to object to its removal. William, Duke of Cumberland, son of George II., desired to re-erect it at the top of the Long Walk at Windsor, but needless to say this plan was never carried out. It is an amazing thing that while the British and Soane Museums possess so many drawings of this fine gate, and of other noble buildings, designed and never executed by such men as Holbein, John of Padua, Inigo Jones, John Thorpe, Wren, and many other excellent architects of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, no use apparently is ever made of them. A good reproduction of a fine thing is surely better than a bad original. It would not cost very much to reconstruct Holbein's gate on some appropriate site where a monumental entrance is needed.

Henry VIII. lived a great deal at Whitehall. Here, according to Stowe, he was privately married to Anne Boleyn on the 25th of January 1533 "in his closet," it being St. Paul's Day the officiating priest was Dr. Lee, Bishop of Lichfield, who was sent for to perform the nuptial Mass. He found Anne attended by Mrs. Savage (afterwards Lady Berkeley), her train-bearer, whose portrait is one of the finest of the Holbein drawings at Windsor. Herbert says that Cranmer attended the ceremony, and this is likely enough.

Another marriage of considerable historical importance took place in the "Queen's Closet" at Whitehall on May 30, 1535.¹ Historians, Froude included, usually assert that Henry VIII. was married to Jane Seymour on the very day Anne Boleyn was executed. This is an error. Cranmer undoubtedly granted a dispensation² for the King to marry Jane Seymour, "without publication of banns," on that sinister day (May 19), but the

¹ State Papers, No. 1000. Henry VIII. Year, 1536. *Vide* Calendar of State Papers, vol. x. Same number.

² Cranmer's dispensation is on parchment, is dated May 19 and signed by the Archbishop.

actual marriage did not occur till eleven days later—May 30. John Husee, in the last passage of a letter to Lady Lisle, the greater part of which is taken up with a curious account of some needlework, states, quite casually, that “the King was married yesterday (May 30) at York Place in the Queen’s Closet.” Jane Seymour, for whom Chapuys had a profound contempt, must have been a very unpleasant young woman. The Imperial Ambassador describes the new queen “as no great beauty, of middle stature: so fair one might almost call her pale. She is twenty-five years old. I leave you to judge, whether, being English and having long frequented this court, she is likely to have any scruples.” She certainly had none. The State Papers reveal the fact that this young lady had been intriguing against Queen Anne long before that unhappy woman suspected anything. Jane played her cards with cat-like caution. When the King sent her a purse of gold she flung herself on her knees and refused it, saying, “Not till I am a married woman may I receive such a gift.” Sir Edward Seymour, her eldest brother, was now requested by the King to change his apartments for those inhabited heretofore by Thomas Cromwell, so that Henry might visit Lady Jane more frequently. She was seen by him in the presence of her brother and his wife. The King came by a secret passage to Lady Seymour’s apartments, and here Jane was ever ready to receive him. This was months before Anne Boleyn had the faintest suspicion of what was going on.

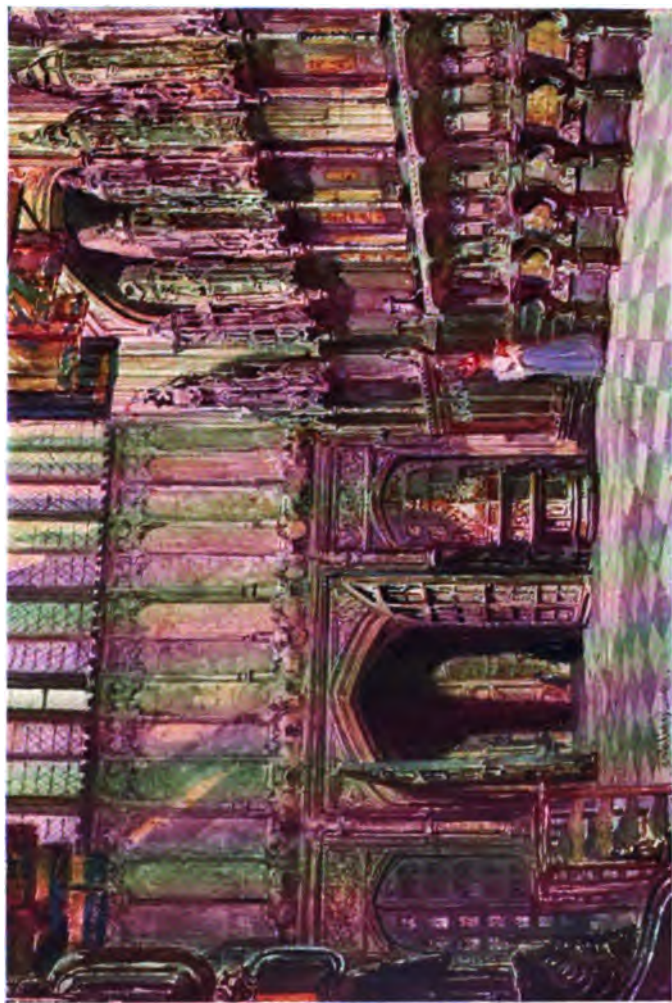
Here, too, at one o’clock on the morning of January 27, 1547, Henry died, in a room “most sumptuously furnished” that overlooked the Thames. Since 1542 he had been a great sufferer, his hands, legs, feet, and arms were so swollen that he could not move without great pain, and only by the aid of a mechanical contrivance. His body was twice its natural size through gout and dropsy; and though he was only fifty-six his hair was as white as snow; his beard nearly reached his waist, and he looked twenty years older than he really was. In spite of pain and the near approach of death he was still fierce enough to sign the death-warrants of his old and faithful servant, Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, and his son the young and accomplished Surrey; and there is every reason to believe that, had he survived but a few days longer, he would have sent his sixth wife, Katherine

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Parr, to the block. The King had lost consciousness when Cranmer came, as fast as his horse could gallop from Croydon to assist him in his last hour. The dying monarch opened one of his small steel-grey eyes, muttered "All is lost!" and sank back a corpse.

We have already dealt, and somewhat in detail, with Westminster, the palace of our kings from the time of Edward the Confessor down to that of Henry VIII. It must have been a most interesting building in its day. Even in 1512, when the principal rooms were burnt down, it still contained many very ancient chambers which probably had formed part of St. Edward's original palace. Much of the rambling old building was in existence as late as 1834, when a terrible outbreak of fire destroyed it almost entirely, and the Painted Chamber, St. Stephen's Chapel, and the original cellar of the Gunpowder Plot were all consumed. The celebrated Armada hangings were also burnt in this disastrous fire. All that now remains of this ancient edifice is the crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel, restored, over-elaborately, by Mr. Barry as a chapel for Members of Parliament.

And now we reach the Abbey of Abbeys. In 1536 the Dissolution was near, but not accomplished, and ruthless hands had not yet worked havoc on its erstwhile transcendent but now desolated beauty. Let us pass through the western door and cast a last look round a fane which was then second to none in Christendom for majesty and wealth. The Abbey, being a monastic, was, in a sense, a private church, though practically speaking the people had access to it at all times of the day, for the nave was hardly ever closed. A small church, St. Margaret's, which is still standing, was built in the churchyard for the benefit and use of the parishioners, who performed their Easter duties and were married and baptized there. This accounts for the fact that the Abbey was never crowded excepting on certain great occasions, such as Christmas Day, the two Feasts of St. Edward, Easter and Whit Sundays, and the patronal festival of St. Peter, when, we learn, it was thronged. The nave was that part of the church which belonged to the people. Here they could come and pray whenever they liked. There were a few altars and tombs in this part of the building, but no incongruous



HENRY VII'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

pagan-looking monuments marred the purity or masked the grandeur of its exquisite outline. The slender clustered columns which supported the exquisite arches and noble vaults were as majestic as the cedars of Lebanon of which David sang. Untarnished by the smoky influence of modern London's atmosphere, they were as white as lilies. The subdued light, which streamed through windows filled with the unrivalled jewelled glass of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, toned and warmed an effect which might otherwise have been somewhat garish and cold.

A richly carved rood-screen separated the nave from the choir, and high above it, on the cross bar, stood the three sacred figures of the Crucified, Mary, and John. The monks' stalls are still in their old places, and are used by the Canons. In the choir sleeps the founder Sebert, King of the East Saxons, and with him rests in peace his consort Ethelgoda, and his sister Ricula. His monument, however, was erected by the Abbot of Westminster in 1303, probably out of the material of the older tomb. Hard by are the two superb tombs of Edward Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, second son of Edward III., and of Aymer de Valance, one of the grandest funereal monuments in England. It is only a little superior to that of Edward the Third's son, being a trifle more ornate. Both possess the same solemn dignity, and are replete with the same intensely Christian spirit. Consider the touching groups, the deceased's relations expressing with varied emotions their sorrow for the loss they have sustained, and then gaze upon the noble reposefulness of the principal figures, serenely asleep in death. Above both figures soar angels, bearing their souls heavenwards. Flaxman was quite right when he admired these two tombs above any in the Abbey—"they carry the thoughts not only to other ages," said he, "but to other states of existence"! If now the visitor wishes to realise the depths of degradation to which a great Christian art can descend, let him contrast these splendid, but thoroughly orthodox, monuments, not indeed with the pagan Mrs. Siddons and the theatrical John Kemble, in the far-off chapel opposite, but with the two remarkable monuments by Roubilliac—the one to Mrs. Nightingale and the other to Shakespeare. Both are in their way excellent, but absolutely unecclesiastical. The Shakespeare, for instance, which looks so ridiculously out of place

in Poets' Corner, reproduced in marble cuts an admirable figure in Leicester Square, where its dandified elegance seems quite appropriate in the midst of a pretty garden overlooked by the Moorish Alhambra and the gay nondescript Empire. The Nightingale monument has undoubted merit. The figure of the dying lady, who has sunk back affrighted in her husband's arms to avoid Death's dart, is admirable, but is no more suited to a Christian church than a Gothic monument would be to the Parthenon. Roubilliac himself appreciated at their true value the monuments of an earlier period. Being one day at work upon this very monument, he pointed to the recumbent figure of Sir Francis Vere, and in his enthusiasm interrupted Gayfere, the Abbey mason, who was about to speak to him, "Hush! Hush! he vil speak presently!" Roubilliac's "Shakespeare" makes an excellent Chelsea figure—but no ceramic artist has ever attempted to reproduce in his pretty material the sublime beauty of such a monument as that of Aymer de Valance. To do so would be sheer blasphemy, and the result atrocious! I am not at all sure that the Nightingale tomb would not look admirable in Dresden china! ¹

The High Altar stood on the spot now occupied by the modern altar and reredos. It was enriched with innumerable alabaster statuettes touched with gold. Gorgeous damask and cloth-of-gold curtains spread off on either side of the altar, which was centred by a Crucifix of pure gold. The display of church plate, the intrinsic value of which in gold and gems was exceeded by the artistic elaboration and beauty of its design, was so great as almost to excuse King Henry's sacrilegious greed. If the arrangement of the choir was beautiful, the service conducted therein was not less magnificent and stately. No church in Europe was richer in vestments than the Westminster Abbey of pre-Reformation times, and the elaborate embroidery of its altar

¹ Although we are certain that a rood-loft, with its accompanying figures of Christ, Mary, and John existed before the Reformation in Westminster Abbey, as indeed it did in every cathedral church and chapel throughout the country, it is a mistake to imagine that this particular piece of ecclesiastical furniture dates back to early mediæval times. There is apparently no contemporary mention of a rood-loft existing anywhere in England before the first quarter of the fifteenth century, excepting in St. Paul's Cathedral, where, it seems, the rood was in its place at a much earlier date.

linen was renowned. The organ was, for the age, a noble one, and the choir was admirable, though its chanting would possibly have seemed to our taste a trifle monotonous. There was certainly nothing operatic about it, though the cadenzas performed by the singers were exceedingly, nay strangely, elaborate.

In those days the Sacrarium, still so lovely, was a marvel, which reminded visitors, who were readers of the Scriptures, of the inspired descriptions of Solomon's Temple. Then, as now, the Confessor's shrine stood in the centre, resting on that beautiful marble and mosaic monument, evidently of Italian design and workmanship, which was set up in Henry the Third's time. But over this tomb, again, there rose an edifice of gold and silver in form like a miniature church, which flashed with jewels—the accumulated treasure of nearly seven hundred years. On either side were figures in pure gold—SS. Edward and Peter—standing on twisted marble columns.¹

A girdle of royal tombs still surrounds the mutilated shrine of the Holy Founder of the church. But in King Hal's day these tombs, so time-stained and dimmed in colour now, were white as alabaster, and shone with the subdued fires of burnished brass and bronze. Over each royal figure hung rich palls of cloth-of-gold. Lights innumerable burned night and day in the various chantries. In the softened radiance, King Henry the Fifth's glistening silver effigy shimmered like some pale shadow that had

¹ At the Reformation it is probable that the relics of the Confessor were pilfered by degrees; these depredations did not, however, extend to the interior of the tomb until the reign of James II., when one Keep, employed in the Abbey, discovered the lid of the coffin broken, as he supposed, from a beam having fallen on it. On examination the head was found solid and firm, with a fillet of gold round it and the jaws full of teeth. A crucifix, richly adorned and enamelled, with a gold chain, was taken out, presented to the King, and accepted by him. He ordered a new coffin for the body, two inches thick, and clamped with iron. This tomb, among others, suffered much during the usurpation; soldiers were quartered in the church and committed the most shocking excesses; whatever of any value was portable on the monuments they took away; "they pulled down the organ, and sold the pipes at several ale-houses." Another disgraceful scene took place here on the Restoration, when the graves were opened, and the greatest indignities offered to the remains of the Republicans. These little-known facts are given in greater detail in that scarce book, William Barnard Cook's *The Thames* (1811).

shaped itself into the likeness of the hero of Agincourt. From early dawn till noon, both in the Sacrarium and in the cluster of chapels which encircled it, priests and monks were saying Mass for the repose of the souls of our Plantagenet kings and princes, and for all the illustrious dead who sleep within this Holy of Holies, where each of our sovereigns from Edward the Confessor to Edward VII. has been crowned. It is here, if anywhere, that the noble lines from Milton's "Il Penseroso" seem, almost without prompting, to pass through heart and mind—

"But let my due feet never fail,
To walk the studious cloysters pale,
And love the high-embow'd roof,
With antick pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthem clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes."

The climax of architectural magnificence was reached in the chapel beyond, which still bears the name of Henry VII. It is old and black and gloomy now; then it was fresh and brilliant. The walls and columns were almost snow-white, and the wonderful roof with its lace-like ornamentations looked as if it had been frozen into shape by some miraculous process. No ray of light fell here, save through the rich stained glass, of which, alas! but a few precious fragments remain. No untidy, tattered bannerets then fluttered above the knightly stalls. These, with other unsightly things, made their appearance in the eighteenth century. The little altar over Edward the Sixth's tomb is made of fragments taken from Our Lady's altar, before which the seventh Henry desired to be buried in that glorious monument by Torrigiano which Florence may well envy us. In contrast with its grand and dignified simplicity, its perfect appropriateness to the purpose for which it is intended,—a tomb in a church,—the wonderful repose of the brazen figures of the King and Queen, their hands folded in the long sleep of death, the incongruity, nay, the theatrical paganism of the vast majority of the modern



NAVE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

monuments in the transept and side chapels of the Abbey, inspire the man of culture with a feeling of absolute pity and disgust. What shall be said, too, of Poets' Corner, with its garish monuments and its busts of every size and sort, making it about the most unpoetic corner on the face of the globe? And of the official Guide, enumerating to a group of Cook's tourists in a monotone tone the names of the famous dead? Is he not a kind of ghastly showman in a petrified waxwork show? Except for the Sacrarium, a few side chapels, and the wonderful Chapel of Henry VII., Westminster Abbey with its incongruous medley of warriors and statesmen and Roman equipments, its actors and actresses in theatrical garb, its busts and medallions of every size and shape, looks not unlike a desecrated church turned into an auction room and filled with the bankrupt stock out of some stone-cutter's yard! The idea of gathering the ashes of our kings with those of the noblest of England's sons under the same roof was a noble one, but it has been unhappily carried out. The tombs would be overcrowded even if they were all in the reposeful and artistic style of those monuments of pre-Reformation date, which seem an integral part of the architecture of the great church. Nothing can now be done to diminish the disorderly arrangement and bad taste of memorials, that with all their piety of purpose mar the beauty of an otherwise perfect structure. It is a consolation to feel that the services in the Abbey are at present conducted with the utmost solemnity, accompanied by preaching of the highest order. And no visitor to the Abbey, who is a lover of English history, can fail in his tribute of deep gratitude to the memory of Dean Stanley, whose life-work has become a worthy part of the story of this historical fane. With Dean Stanley's name should be associated that of Dean Bradley, whose gifted daughter, Mrs. Murry-Smith, has lately contributed to the literature of the Abbey a most delightful and imposing volume on its monuments and historical memories.

The parish Church of St. Margaret's,—which, owing to its proximity to the Abbey, many people have suggested ought to be pulled down (!)—because they think it interferes with the view of the larger church, is as interesting in a minor key as the Abbey, of

which it forms a sort of detached chapel. Originally built by Edward the Confessor to relieve the monks of certain parochial duties foreign to their rules, St. Margaret's is an exceedingly beautiful building, re-erected by Edward I. on the site of the Saxon king's church. The east window is magnificent, and has moreover a strange history. It was made late in the fifteenth century at Dort for Henry VII., who is represented as kneeling with St. George by his side, whereas the Queen, also at her devotions, occupies a corresponding niche with St. Catherine above her. By the time the window was sent over to London, Henry VII. was dead, and the Abbot of Waltham, to save so precious a work from neglect and probable destruction, had it conveyed to his Abbey. At the Dissolution it came into the possession of the Butlers, Earls of Ormond, who at this time owned Newhall, in Wiltshire. In due time that fine place was given to Thomas Boleyn, Earl of Wiltshire, the dastardly father of Queen Anne Boleyn, who set the window up in his oratory. After the fall of the Boleyns, Newhall passed through many hands, until it eventually came into those of General Monk, who, fearing that the peregrinating window might be injured during the Civil War, had it taken down and carefully packed in cases and buried in the garden. After the Restoration it was dug up and replaced in the oratory. At the end of the seventeenth century the chapel fell to ruin, and the famous window was again taken down and this time sold to Mr. Conyers for his chapel at Copt Hall in Essex. This gentleman's son disposed of it in 1758 to a Committee who desired to beautify St. Margaret's, and thus it came to pass that it was eventually placed in its present position. It is without doubt the finest window in England—not so much on account of its size, but on that of the radiance of the glass and the perfection of the design.

In St. Margaret's sleeps William Caxton. In the churchwardens' accounts for the year 1491 will be found this entry—

“Item, atte bureying of William Caxton, for iiij. vis. viijd.
Item, for the bell atte the same bureying. vjd.”

There is rather a shabby tablet, by Westmacott, commemorating this great man, set up by the Roxborough Club. John Skelton, the poet and buffoon to Henry VIII., is also

buried in this church. He it was who so virulently attacked the mendicant orders. As his own life was far from blameless, his satire did not produce its anticipated effect. Of this clever but slovenly writer Sir Anthony Wood says: "He was guilty of many crimes—*most* poets are"! Skelton having had the temerity to attack Cardinal Wolsey, was driven to seek sanctuary in Westminster Abbey, where he died, in 1529, "well treated by the monks." Hard by Skelton, lies Thomas Churchyard, another Tudor poet who had by way of friend and patron the famous Earl of Surrey—a better poet than he. Churchyard was an interesting man who had a very curious career. A soldier of fortune, he fought well at the battle of Pinkie Cleugh, where he was taken prisoner. On being released he came to London, "very poor and bare, and with body sickly and decayed,"—afflictions which so wrought upon the feelings of a rich widow, Mrs. Catherine Browning, that she married him. Wedded life apparently did not suit Churchyard, for he left his opulent spouse and fled to the Netherlands, where he captivated yet another wealthy lady, who befriended him and even helped him to return to England. There was, once upon a time, a monument here to Churchyard, but it has disappeared. Lord Howard of Effingham, to whom Elizabeth entrusted the defence of her kingdom at the time of the Armada, rests in this church under an elaborate Elizabethan monument which is surmounted by his effigy and that of his countess.

Under the altar, lie the headless remains of another illustrious Englishman—Sir Walter Raleigh—who, to the disgrace of James I., was executed in Old Palace Yard close by. The "devotees of the weed" of Great Britain might surely erect a better monument to the introducer of tobacco among us than the poor brass tablet which records the fact that his mangled corpse was deposited in the vault beneath the chancel. Next to Sir Walter Raleigh is the bust of Harrington, the author of *Oceana*; and not far off, Mistress Catherine Milton, *née* Woodcreek, Milton's second wife, "sleeps the sleep of the just." This lady is immortalised in the exquisite sonnet beginning—

"Methought I saw my late espoused saint,
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave."

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Yet another worthy rests in St. Margaret's—Sir Philip Warwick, author of a very curious and little-known Memoir of King Charles I.

Among the dead who await resurrection in the now partially destroyed graveyard of this interesting church, are the gallant Admiral Blake, who was buried with great pomp in the Abbey by order of Cromwell, but whose body was dug up at the Restoration and flung into a common grave in the neighbouring churchyard. In this same "hole" they cast the remains of Cromwell's mother and of Dr. May, the translator of *Lucan* and the historian of the Commonwealth, and also of Dr. Dorislaue, Assistant to the High Court of Justice which tried Charles I.

On the side of the river opposite Westminster stood, exactly as still it stands, Lambeth Palace, with its picturesque but misnamed Lollards' Tower. In olden times a niche in the river wall of this palace contained an image of St. Thomas à Becket, which every passing boatman saluted, doffing his hat. Throughout the sixteenth century, Lambeth Palace sheltered a series of remarkable Archbishops,—such men as Morton, Wykeham, Cranmer, Cardinal Pole, Grindalin, and Parker. At this period the suburb of Lambeth was very popular with some of the great aristocracy.¹ The Duke of Norfolk, for instance, had no less than three palaces hereabouts, one of which, used as a dower-house, was inhabited by the Duke's step-mother, Agnes Duchess of Norfolk, whose greed and love of scandal cost her the esteem and affection of every member of her family, among whom she was familiarly described as "Old Agnes." It was in the house of this little-venerated lady that the unfortunate Katherine Howard spent her early girlhood in the irksome position of a poor relation. When her impoverished father Lord Edward Howard, a hero of Flodden, lost his wife, he was obliged to dispose of his numerous offspring as best he could, and "Old Agnes" volunteered to take her step-granddaughter Katherine into her household. The Duchess appears to have been waited on by some ten or twelve young ladies of good birth, who were supposed to learn manners and morals from their almost royal mistress. The way in which her

¹ The Duke of Norfolk possessed fifty acres of land in Lambeth, twenty in Coalman's Fields, and thirty in St. George's-in-Fields, Southwark. At his attainder all this property was granted to William Parr, Marquess of Northampton.

Grace of Norfolk fulfilled her duties was peculiar, to say the least of it; and when the revelations concerning her neglect of her ward were made public, they produced, even in that age, a sensation. All these young ladies, the future Queen of England included, slept in one large room, thirteen of them in two enormous beds. When the Duchess retired, generally about nine o'clock at night, Katherine Howard would steal out and lock her into her apartments, so that she might not intrude upon the gay doings in the dormitory. Meanwhile, two of the ladies, Mrs. Bulmer and Mrs. Lassels, were wont to introduce several young gentlemen into the house. There was a Mr. Manock, a music-master who taught Katherine to sing, a Mr. Dereham, who played the mandoline, and a Mr. Culpepper, a cousin of Katherine Howard's, who used to dance. The ladies provided supper, and, amongst other dainties these cheerful young people supplied, we hear of a pigeon-pie which they stole from the ducal larder! At last the inevitable happened! One night when the revellers least expected it, the enraged Duchess suddenly appeared upon the scene. She beat Katherine, cuffed the maids, and ordered the gentlemen off the premises. Poor Mr. Dereham, the chief offender, ran away to Ireland, leaving a box containing some very compromising documents behind him. All this would have mattered little if the Duchess, with the view of taking her ward out of harm's way, had not obtained her the post of Maid of Honour to the newly married Anne of Cleves, and thus brought her under the immediate notice of the King.

The French Ambassador, Marillac, describes Katherine Howard as a pretty, plump young woman, with a lovely complexion and laughing eyes. "She was always laughing and gay." Henry must have fallen in love with her very soon after his marriage with Anne, for Hills, the Reformer, in a letter to Büllinger dated within a month of Anne's wedding, tells him "the King's barge rows him nightly across the Thames to the house of the old Duchess of Norfolk, so that he may pass the evening with her ward Katherine Howard." Katherine, as all know, eventually became queen, and her light-hearted and probably quite innocent conduct with Culpepper, Dereham, and Manock was made the terrible indictment which led to her trial and execution, and to the destruction of the three young men.

Katherine Howard was evidently a kind-hearted creature, for having heard, within a month of her becoming Queen, that the octogenarian Princess Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, then a prisoner in the Tower, was destitute of necessary clothing and suffering from cold, almost the first entry in her Household Accounts as Queen of England ensures the Countess's reception of various comforts, including two warm petticoats and a pair of blankets.

Agnes, Duchess of Norfolk's house must have been situated just beyond Lambeth Palace, and on the river-bank. The Duke of Norfolk's own mansion, of which considerable vestiges existed only a hundred years ago, stood on the site of the present Norfolk Row. It is described as a magnificent dwelling surrounded by gardens. Here Thomas Duke of Norfolk lived in great state, but not with his wife Elizabeth Stafford, Duchess of Norfolk, a daughter of that unfortunate Duke of Buckingham who lost his head in the earlier years of Henry's reign. This poor lady was what we should term an "impossible" person, for, according to her own account, she was very good-looking and blessed with every virtue; but, none the less, neither her husband nor her children could live with her, "so violent was her temper and so suspicious was her nature." In the course of time she separated from the Duke and lived at Redhall near Hertford. Her hysterical testimony at the trials of her husband and of their eldest son, the poet-Earl of Surrey contributed not a little to the ruin of both. Norfolk generally resided at Lambeth with his daughter the widowed Duchess of Richmond, and a certain Mrs. Holland who was the direct cause of most of the trouble between himself and his excitable wife. The reader who desires to form a fair notion of social life in the great world of England in the early sixteenth century, cannot do better than read, either in the Calendar of State Papers or in the original MSS., the intensely interesting series of letters and papers connected with the quarrel between the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, and the subsequent trial of her husband and eldest son. He will learn how the Duchess, wishing to conciliate her brother Lord Stafford, made him a dozen almond cheeses with her own fair hands, six for himself, three for Lady Stafford and her daughters, and three for the "ladies who are in the ante-chamber." He will also find in the archives of Norfolk

House a complete list of the goods and chattels belonging to the Earl of Surrey, and an accurate description of the magnificent dress in shades of red velvet and silk in which he is shown in the splendid portrait by Streetes still to be seen at Hampton Court. He will discover that some of the Duke of Norfolk's gowns of black and russet velvet had been recently mended, and that though he had quantities of boots and shoes of cloth and velvet very few of them seem to have been pairs. Another document, the inventory of the gowns, underlinen, and jewellery of Mary Duchess of Richmond, who was the widow of Henry the Eighth's illegitimate and favourite son, will give full details of the wardrobe of a lady of fashion in the year 1548. This list vies with that of any modern trousseau, and might make even an American duchess envious. At the time of her arrest, her Grace of Richmond could not have had less than forty gowns, some of which she had never put on. She had twenty-three pairs of shoes and slippers, made to match the gowns, no doubt, for they are described as of various colours. It is scarcely with satisfaction one learns that, after having given evidence most detrimental to her unfortunate brother, the wicked little wretch had her wardrobe restored to her. However, she did not live long to enjoy it, for within six years she was dead—of remorse, some people said. Her only excuse for the mischief she worked was her anger with her brother for having broken off her proposed marriage with Thomas Seymour, the Lord High Admiral, the very same gentleman who, three weeks after Henry the Eighth's death, married Queen Katherine Parr.

Battersea is described in Domesday Book as Patriscey. It was then a village, and so remained till the end of the eighteenth century. Here Lawrence Booth, Bishop of Durham, built a fine house close to the water side, which, when he became Archbishop, he presented to the See of York. It seems to have been a favourite residence with the Archbishops of York until the reign of Mary. In her day, Hodgetts was Archbishop, but, being a married man, the very Catholic Queen sent him to prison and confiscated the house, which by some means or other became in the next century the property of Cromwell, who leased it to his brother-in-law Colonel Hutchinson. In James the Second's time it was restored to the See of York, and was leased to

various tenants until the year 1800, when this very interesting specimen of ancient domestic architecture was pulled down.

Chelsea, facing Battersea, was already a fashionable suburb in Henry the Eighth's time, and an almost continuous row of houses united it with Westminster. Here Sir Thomas More had a large and charming country-house surrounded by those gardens in which he so greatly delighted. It stood near what is now Beaufort Street. He seems to have selected this quiet neighbourhood for his private residence so as to be able, when not occupied by affairs of State, to enjoy a little peace with his beloved family. Holbein lodged with Sir Thomas at Chelsea from the beginning of 1526 to the end of 1529, and no doubt the Chancellor's learned daughter Margaret and their scholarly friend Margaret Clements often watched the young Swiss artist at his work. He was a very careful draughtsman, and, a fact little known, used his tools left handed. Erasmus, too, joined this cultivated circle. What would we not give to have heard them discuss the theological and social problems of the early sixteenth century? A wonderful picture by Holbein, still in existence, represents Sir Thomas More and his family¹ in their house at Chelsea. It was painted when Henry VIII. was the most popular prince of his day, and no shadow lay between the upright Chancellor and his master, who had not as yet undergone that mysterious and awful change which transformed an apparently wise and benevolent ruler into a fiend incarnate.

A little farther on was yet another famous house, vestiges of which were still visible in the eighteenth century. This was Chelsea New Manor, a mansion built by Henry VIII. as a nursery for his children, somewhat after the style of St. James's Palace. Here, no doubt, Elizabeth and Edward, his youngest children, spent a good part of their childish years under the superintendence of their governesses Mrs. Ashley and Mrs., afterwards Lady, Byran. Immediately after the King's death, Queen Katherine Parr took up her residence at Chelsea Manor. With her was Princess

¹ His said family at Chelsea consisted of his son and his wife, his three daughters and their three husbands, and eleven grandchildren, besides his little menagerie "of strange beasties and birdies." The fact that his guest, Hans Holbein, was left-handed, and that all his work was done with the left hand, is recorded by the bibliophile Jacob in his *Curiosités de Paris*.

Elizabeth, then a young and handsome girl of nearly fifteen years of age. Henry could scarcely have been cold in his coffin before his widow began to receive clandestine visits from the Lord High Admiral Thomas Seymour, who was created Baron Sudely when his elder brother was raised to the peerage as Duke of Somerset and proclaimed Protector of the Realm during the minority of Edward VI. The date of the secret marriage of Thomas Seymour to Katherine Parr has never been divulged, but according to the Ambassadors' reports it must have taken place within a month of Henry's death. A hundred years ago, a pathway from the river used to be pointed out as the one by which the Admiral used to come, "late and early," to visit the Queen, who would stand at the wicket of her garden to let him in or out. Very soon after the marriage was made known, Lady Jane Grey, then a mere child, was sent to Chelsea to finish her education under the learned Queen's superintendence. It was at Chelsea Manor that the Princess Elizabeth and the Lord Admiral carried on so outrageous a flirtation that the young Princess had to be banished to Hatfield; and the Queen, greatly irritated by her ill-conducted husband, withdrew to Sudely in Gloucestershire. Here she died within two short years of her fourth and most ill-omened marriage. Through this unfortunate business, Elizabeth, whose youth must exonerate her from any evil intention, was the direct cause of the downfall and death of the indiscreet Admiral. The Queen, his wife, was in very delicate health, and he was charged with having, in expectation of her early death, endeavoured to win the young Princess's affections.

Chelsea Manor was pulled down in the seventeenth century, and rebuilt by Wren for Catherine of Braganza, who never inhabited it. Sir Hans Sloane was its most distinguished tenant in the eighteenth century. Thackeray has immortalised it as the residence of the "Dowager of Chelsea." In our day Rossetti became the tenant, having, by way of occasional partners, George Meredith, William Rossetti, and Swinburne. After Dante Rossetti's death it came into the ownership of the late Rev. Mr. Haweis, who used to give his sacro - profane entertainments here; each of which was sure to produce some mild sensation or other: a mingling of the Gospel and Garibaldi's

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relics, for instance ; or practical descriptions of ancient song to illustrate the story of King David.

A little farther on, at the entrance of the present Beaufort Street, stood a much older manor-house, where Queen Anne of Cleves lived after her divorce, and subsequently died. Here too, after the execution of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and until her own decease, dwelt his haughty widow, with whom the gentle Lady Jane Grey, according to her own statements, could ill manage to live. She survived the death of her husband and of her unhappy son Guildford, to witness the brilliant advancement of her second-born, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. In her will, which is dated from Chelsea, the Duchess leaves her green parrot to her friend the Duchess of Alva, probably because it was a good talker ! Her Grace also entreated her executors to defend her remains from the profaning curiosity of the surgeon. She had, she said, always lived as a modest woman should, even in the presence of other women, and she strongly objected that her body after death should be "handled by young men." She remembers some Spanish gentlemen with whom she was intimate in early life—probably the same Don Diego who was her son Guildford's godfather, and who may have used his influence with Queen Mary to obtain her release from the Tower. Her tomb in Chelsea Church is an exceedingly fine specimen of early Elizabethan art.

Considerable confusion exists as to the identity of some of these historical houses. Messrs. Wheatley and Cunningham, in their most useful *London Past and Present*, seem to think that Sir Thomas More resided in Chelsea Manor before Katherine Parr came to live there. After the execution of More his estate at Chelsea was confiscated by Henry VIII. and given to the Marquess of Winchester. Chelsea New Manor, which was inhabited by Katherine Parr and others,—and, under the Commonwealth, by Bulstrode Whitelock,—came into the hands of the Duke of Buckingham, who sold it to the Duke of Beaufort (hence Beaufort Street). It was purchased in 1738 by Sir Hans Sloane, who pulled it down in 1740. There is, moreover, local tradition, and even historical evidence, that there were two distinct manors at Chelsea in the first half of the sixteenth century—Chelsea New Manor, and Chelsea Old Manor. Dr. King,

in his MS. account of Chelsea, says that the "old manor-house stood near the church." This is the house associated with the deaths of Anne of Cleves and of the old Duchess of Northumberland. He mentions another house, Chelsea New Manor, standing on that part of Cheyne Walk which adjoins Winchester House and extends as far as "Don Saltoe's coffee house." "This house was built by Henry VIII. as a nursery for his children, and here Katherine Parr lived." A picture of it in Faulkner's *Chelsea* shows it not unlike St. James's Palace. Small turrets communicate with the chimneys; the windows are long and high, and one of them has a Tudor arch on top. On the site of the present Durham House, Durham Terrace, the town residence of Sir Bruce and Lady Seton, there stood, not so many years ago, an ancient wainscoted house with a fine staircase, somewhat mysteriously associated with Lady Jane Grey, who, according to a local tradition, lived here before she was made queen. In the beginning of the century this house was a fashionable school for young ladies, but was pulled down in 1860 to make room for the present mansion.

The parish Church of St. Luke's, Chelsea, whose battered red-brick tower so effectively breaks up the outline of Battersea Reach, is well worth visiting. Perhaps it is the shade of Henry Kingsley's father, who was rector here for many years, and who was a learned man of great taste, that has guarded the ancient building from the contaminating hands of the restorer. Its interior is delightfully old fashioned, and has evidently not changed much, excepting for the absence of images and lights, since the far-away age when Sir Thomas More and his numerous family, with the learned Margaret Clement, and possibly Hans Holbein, in their company, knelt reverently at Mass or stood up to join in Evensong. Another quaint feature of this interesting old church is the chained books, the gift of Sir Hans Sloane, enormous and heavily bound volumes—the Bible, the Homilies, and Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*—all three chained to a bookstand of quaint design. That Lord and Lady Bountiful of Chelsea, Sir Hans and Lady Sloane, are both buried in this church under very elaborate and sumptuous monuments. We have already noticed the fine monument of the Duchess of Northampton.

Alas, that of all the riverside palaces, once the glory and the

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boast of London, only the Tower, Lambeth Palace, the Chapel of the Savoy, and the crypt of St. Stephen's should now remain ! No vestige of the others can be found. The Banqueting Hall at Whitehall dates from the seventeenth century, and Somerset House was rebuilt in the eighteenth. Although several survived until forty years ago, the erection of the Thames Embankment obliterated even the water "steps," down which so many royal and noble persons passed from their great mansions to their state barges. The mediæval palaces have been replaced by others, but, although these too may endure for centuries, we may well doubt whether the histories which the future may gather round their walls will so teem with romantic interest as those which still gild the memories of the ancient dwellings that have crumbled long since into the dust of the roaring London streets. The line of the city is still the same : the two great thoroughfares follow the old trend, and the names of once famous places still cling, like ghosts of the past, to new localities. Blackfriars is a railway station, Whitefriars a printing office, the Temple a resort of lawyers, the Savoy an hotel. At Charing Cross the effigy of a king who was slain by his people, turns its back on the column erected to commemorate Admiral Nelson's greatest victory.¹ A counterfeit of the much-loved Queen's cross now stands opposite the busy railway station whence the modern traveller is whirled to Paris in seven short

¹ Although the existence of the original Charing Cross had been continually threatened with destruction in Elizabeth's and James the First's reigns, it remained intact till 1647, when the Long Parliament, imagining there was something "Popish" about it, overthrew it ; an act of vandalism which caused much indignation, especially as part of the stones went for paving Whitehall, and the rest were sold, knife-hafts being made of some. A satirical ballad published at the time was immensely popular. It runs as follows :—

"Undone, undone, the lawyers are,
They wander about the town,
Nor can find the way to Westminster,
Now Charing Cross is down ;
At the end of the Strand,
They make a stand,
Swearing they're at a loss,
And chaffing say, "That's not the way,"
They must go by Charing Cross.

hours. All is changed, and yet how unchanged ! The Gothic city has grown into a modern Babylon. Granted, my masters ! But for all that, the heartbeat of a mighty people throbs as strongly within its railway-girded circuit as it beat within its turreted walls and narrow streets in those far-off days when Poet Chaucer wrote his *Canterbury Tales*, and the victories of Crecy and Poitiers, Agincourt and Flodden, were welcomed with a shout of joy throughout the land.

The Parliament to vote it down,
Conceived it very fitting,
Lest it should fall,
And kill them all,
In the House, as they were sitting,
They heard (God wot),
It had a plot,
Which made them so hard hearted,
To give command, it should not stand,
But be taken down and carted."

CHAPTER XXI

PAGEANTRY IN LONDON UNDER HENRY VIII

WHEN Henry VIII. ascended the throne he was in the flower of early manhood and singularly handsome. The Venetian Ambassador described him as the finest man he had ever seen ; tall, stalwart, and graceful, well featured, with a complexion and skin many a woman might have envied. His portrait by Paris Bordone, belonging to the Merchant Taylors' Company, confirms this description, but the steel-grey eyes and aquiline features are a trifle small for so large and well-proportioned a head. His neck and shoulders were so white and soft that, like Francis I. of France, he often wore a sort of low-necked dress-bodice in order to display them to advantage. In the earlier years of his reign he exhibited the better side of his character and made himself extremely popular, especially in London ; a popularity which was shared by the Queen, a short, stout lady with a good complexion, rather indistinct features, and ruddy brown hair. Katherine of Aragon compensated for lack of beauty by her kindly manners, her great charity, and her dignified bearing. She was religious without bigotry, and could be extremely lively and agreeable ; indeed, even in her greatest trials she was good-natured and uncomplaining. On the other hand, she was uncompromising and obstinate, and nothing on earth or in heaven would induce her to relinquish her queenly position.¹ She had come from a Southern Court, where the grandeur of the Spanish Renaissance was blended with something of Oriental magnificence borrowed from the

¹ The Roman archives prove that every effort was made to induce her to solve the divorce question by retiring to a nunnery, but Katherine would have none of it. She was a wife, and as such would live and die.

lately conquered Moors of Grenada. No doubt the excessive splendour of the Court of England during the first years of Henry the Eighth's reign was, in a measure, due to the taste of this cultured Princess, who shared her husband's passion for pomp and pageantry.

Henry VII. had left a full Exchequer, the nation was at peace with itself and with the outside world, commerce was fairly flourishing, and as yet the religious unity of the country had not been disturbed. London was still the beautiful Gothic capital of the Plantagenets, with its glorious silhouette of spires, towers, and gables.

Unhappily, however, from time to time the gaieties of the Court and capital were disturbed by the apparition of that most unwelcome guest the plague. In Henry the Eighth's reign the visitor took a new form, that of the sweating sickness. This epidemic was apparently distinct from the plague, and resembled in many ways the malady now known as influenza, of which it was doubtless a violent form. It was extremely contagious, and we are assured children who had come from an infected house might easily spread it by merely playing on the doorstep. It made its first appearance before the Battle of Bosworth in 1485, when two successive Lords Mayor died of it, besides six aldermen and some six thousand commoners. Again, in 1507, it filched away many thousands of people in various parts of the country; but its worst attack was in 1517, under Henry VIII., when Lord Clinton, Lord Grey de Wilton, and Andrea Ammonio, the King's secretary, were among the victims. It raged again fiercely in 1528-29, and Henry, in dire distress lest Anne Boleyn should be seized by it, begged of her to retire to her father's place, Hever Castle, now the property of Mr. W. Astor. Erasmus attributed it to the dirty habits of the people; but if this was the case, how is it that it was not chronic? It continued to appear and reappear at lengthy intervals until nearly the end of the century, when it disappeared altogether. The plague was in a sense another affair, and this also raged in Henry's time; but epidemics, however terrible, do not seem to have interfered very greatly with the festivities of the Court.

The costume of the earlier part of the sixteenth century was the gayest and most beautiful ever devised for either men or

women. Yet on ordinary occasions, we are assured, the citizens wore sombre colours, and favoured dark cloths and homespun. But when occasion served, the streets were full of rainbow-tinted velvets, silks, and satins. A royal marriage, a coronation, even a State funeral, called forth the artistic taste and spirit of an age powerfully influenced by the Italian Renaissance, which reached England through Flanders and France. Henry VIII. employed a galaxy of foreign artists. Besides the matchless Holbein, he welcomed Bartolomeo Toto, the brothers Luca and Francesco Penni, Vincenzo Volpone, Luke Cornelius, Guillem Streete, Gerard, Luke Hornibaud, and his sister Susanna, a renowned miniature painter, and Lavinia Tyrling,¹ who could paint a perfect likeness in a space not bigger than a pin's head. Among the English artists were Mr. Brown, Mr. Fyler, Mr. Williams, Mr. Maynard (the best of the early English painters), Mr. Thomas Stirr, Mr. John Reynolds, Mr. Renoeveer, Mr. Nichols, and Mr. Sute or Sweet. These and scores of others, artists, glass-blowers, jewellers and gilders, native and foreign, designed and organised the gorgeous masques and pageants that beautified Court and town life at this period.

Henry the Eighth's Court, the most sumptuous ever known in England, lived, indeed, in one perpetual pageant. This strange sovereign, who destroyed more fine buildings and dispersed more works of art than all his predecessors put together, was essentially a *virtuoso* and collector of things rare and beautiful: even on his deathbed he was still buying works of art. He furnished Whitehall² with a magnificence that amazed even the Italian Envoys, accustomed to the luxury and artistic splendour of Venice, of Medician Florence and Papal Rome. To the treasures amassed by Wolsey and confiscated from him, he added the spoils of a thousand abbeys and

¹ There is at Sudely Castle, where Katherine Parr died, a miniature said to have been painted by Lavinia Tyrling, representing Katherine Parr, who wears round her neck a chain with a pendant. Miss Agnes Strickland on one occasion examined it under a strong magnifying glass, when, to her astonishment, she discovered that the pendant, no bigger than a pin's head, contained a second miniature of Henry VIII. seated on his throne—probably the smallest picture in the world.

² See the account of this palace in the Chapters on the Riverside Palaces.



WHITEHALL IN 1906

priorities. The pages of two large volumes in the Harleian MSS. (British Museum) are filled with inventories of Whitehall and the Tower, taken a few days after the King's decease. A mere glimpse of their contents is enough to excite the envy of a connoisseur, and to fire the imagination of even the most modest student of religious and domestic art. The royal palace was filled with a wonderful accumulation of splendid bedsteads, "playing" or card tables, chairs, couches, and footstools, carved in oak, ebony, and other rare woods, inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, upholstered in silk and satin, in Venice brocade and Genoa velvet, fringed with gold and even with seed-pearls. Hundreds of Eastern carpets and rugs covered the floors and corridors, along which were ranged ebony and ivory cabinets set with gems, their shelves displaying the King's choicest curios, Venetian glass, German ivories, and Byzantine mosaics. One chamber was hung with "100 yards of white satin embroidered and fringed with gold"; the walls of yet another were panelled with "cloth-of-gold having a pattern of flowers in purple silk." There were hundreds of sets of costly tapestry. In one corridor hung "a set of arras" with scenes from the Acts of the Apostles, designed by Raphael, a gift from that Pericles of the Renaissance—Leo x. The Cartoons of these beautiful works are still, happily, the treasured possession of the nation. Pictures by the greatest painters—Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Memling, Mabuse, and Holbein—lined the walls. The King was frequently represented, especially as a young man, though as he aged he did not object to his features being delineated, and even with cruel realism. No portraits of any of his previous queens were to be seen, save those of Katherine Parr and of Jane Seymour; a collection of "relics" of the latter were preserved in a cabinet at the Tower. The gold and silver plate, much of it confiscated from the Church, was of such prodigious value that "no nation could buy it, nor could any Jew lend money on it." It stood on huge buffets and in rich Italian cabinets protected by glass shutters. In the King's Privy Council Chamber was a fresco by Holbein representing, in the background, King Henry VII. and Queen Elizabeth of York, and Henry VIII. himself and Jane Seymour in the foreground. This was painted in 1542, a little before the great artist's death. A small copy still hangs at

Hampton Court, and a part of the Cartoon is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire.

If the palace was gorgeous, the throng of courtiers, attendants, pages, and servants who filled its corridors and ante-chambers was worthy of the splendid background against which their costumes and liveries were displayed to such advantage.

The list of Henry's Court officials reads like a page in the ancient Chronicles of Istamboul, wherein Sagrado describes the Seraglio in the great days of Suleyman the Magnificent. There were, independently of the great and lesser officers of State and prelates, apothecaries, physicians, astrologers, astronomers, secretaries, ushers, cup-bearers, carvers, servers, madrigal singers, and choir boys, virginal players, Italian singers, and a complete orchestra of musicians who played upon the rebeck, the lute, the sackbut, and all manner of musical instruments. The regiment of pages was divided into three battalions, of the King's Chamber, of the Ante-chamber, and of the Queen's Chamber. The prevailing colours worn by these multitudinous retainers were scarlet and gold; but dark blue and orange, and the white and apple-green of the House of Tudor, added a yet gayer note to the kaleidoscopic aspect of the palace courtyards and stairways, galleries and audience chambers. The cost of dressing, lodging, and feeding these officials of various degrees, who numbered over a thousand, was not less than £56,000 per annum (a prodigious expenditure in any age), as against £17,281 spent for a like purpose in the last year of Henry the Seventh's reign! In the second year of Edward VI., Somerset greatly reduced the young King's household expenses; Mary continued the expenditure as in her brother's reign, but Elizabeth augmented it in every department, and thereby left a terrible and disastrous legacy to her Stuart successors.

Although it would be foreign to the scope of this work to enter into details concerning the growth and development of the army from the days of William I., when it was merely mercenary, to those of Henry VIII., when it began to be regularly organised, none the less it is impossible to omit a brief mention of at least one particular branch of the Service intimately associated with our first two Tudor sovereigns, the Yeomen of the Guard

or "Beefeaters." The fifteenth century, notwithstanding the disastrous Wars of the Roses, was essentially one of great agricultural prosperity which resulted in the creation of a new class—that of the yeomen, or, as we should now call them, gentlemen-farmers—who, thanks to their superior industry and ability, grew rich and lived more comfortably than the labourers, from which class they originally came, and eventually formed a caste of their own, midway between the nobility and gentry and the peasantry. Even in Saxon times the Kings of England had always been attended by a numerous train of armed noblemen and retainers, but after the fall of the feudal system these warriors were not to be so implicitly trusted, and therefore Edward IV. elected to surround himself with a guard composed entirely of yeomen. It appears, however, that the armed body attendant upon that monarch wore no distinctive uniform, but was dressed as its members chose; no doubt very richly, according to their means. Throughout the strife between the Houses of Lancaster and York, the Yeomen of the Guard sided against the Yorkists, and twenty-three days after the Battle of Bosworth Field a warrant was issued constituting them by the title of "Yeomen of the Guard of Our Lord the King." Its first members belonged to Henry the Seventh's private guard, who had shared his exile into Brittany and had marched with him through Wales to the defeat of Richard on Bosworth Field. In that deeply interesting work, *The History of the King's Bodyguard*, by Colonel Sir Reginald Hennell, D.S.O. (1904), we find a list of the earliest members of this ancient corps, thirty-three in number. Henry VII., probably as a reward for the services rendered to him by the gallant band of men who had accompanied him into exile and led him to victory, paid great attention to their constitution, and had a uniform expressly designed for them, the main features of which they retain to this day. Their duties in the earlier stages of their history, besides the supreme one of defending the person of the Sovereign, included, among other things, the attending upon him at meals and the making of his bed. Some of them guarded the doors of the ante-chamber during meal-time, whilst others, bare-headed, carried up the royal dinner. It was the custom in those days for everything intended for the Sovereign's palate to be previously tasted, lest it should contain poison, and

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to the Yeomen of the Guard fell this somewhat perilous duty. Even more interesting and intimate was their association with the bed-going of the monarch. First they had to examine the royal mattress to see that it contained no concealed dagger, knife, or weapon that might injure the King.

"Then shall they lay on the bed of down and one of the Yeomen to tumble up and down the same for the search thereof, and to beat it and lay it even and smooth. Then the Yeoman taking the Assay to deliver them a blanket of fustian, on which all the Yeomen must lay hands at once, that it touch not or ruffle not the bed. Then the bolster likewise tried and laid on without touching the bed. Then to lay on the nether sheet, likewise to take assay and that it touch not the bed, until it be laid where it should be; then take both the sheet and the fustian and truss the same back together under the feather bed on both sides, and at the feet and under the bolster. Then the Esquire for the Body to take the other sheet and roll it on his arm or stripe it through his hands, and go to the bed's head and stripe over the bed twice or thrice down to the feet. Then all the said Yeomen to lay hands on the sheet and lay it plain on the bed; then the other fustian or two and such a covering as shall best content the King. Then take a pane of ermine and lay it above, then a pane or two of marterns. Then to roll or fold down the uppermost of the bed, sheet and all, the space of an ell. Then the Yeoman takes the pillows and beat and raise them well, and deliver them to the Esquires of the Body, who shall lay them on as shall best please the King. Then take the head sheet of raynes and lay one side thereof under each end of the bolster and the other side to lay still. Then take a head sheet of ermine and lay it above and over, and then the other side of the head sheet raynes and cover the bed over and over on every side, first taking an assay of all those who have touched any part thereof, making a cross and kissing where their hands last were. And then to stick up the angels about the same bed and an usher to let down the sparver of curtain and knit them; and an Esquire of the Body to cast holy water on the same bed.

"Item. An Esquire for the Body ought then to charge a secret groom or page to take a light and have the keeping of the same until the time that the King be disposed to go to it.

"Item. A groom or page ought to take a torch while the bed is making, and fetch a loaf of bread, a pot of ale and another of wine, and bring it without the traverse, where all they which were at the making of the bed shall go and drink together."

HENRY VIII., in his desire to eclipse all his brother sovereigns in point of magnificence, overcharged the already very handsome uniform of the Guard with gold and silver embroidery to such an extent that it must have been difficult for the worthy warriors who wore it even to bend, or to sit down. The Yeomen of the Guard, especially in the first half of Henry's reign, must have looked like so many Chinese idols, so bedizened were they with cloth-of-gold and embroidery, "with spangles gilt and white, letter wreaths, harts and roses of fine gold, and goldsmith's embroidery." As these gentlemen rode on horseback immediately after the Sovereign, his Majesty went to the expense of ordering them horsecloths of cloth-of-gold at £5 a yard. That was probably when he was preparing to join the festivities of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, where everything was of gold, even the sand being powdered with gold-dust.

Katherine of Aragon had a yeoman guard of her own, whose costume consisted of white satin doublets and green velvet coats, the colours of the House of Tudor; but her henchmen had doublets of yellow satin mixed with cloth-of-gold, black bonnets and black velvet gowns, the colours of Spain. All her yeomen had broad grey cloth jackets, obviously to travel in. After the divorce, the Yeomen of the Guard of the ex-Queen passed into the service of her rival Anne Boleyn, little thinking that in a few months they would, in accordance with their prescribed duties, attend her to the scaffold.

It was in the disguise of a Yeoman of the Guard that King Henry enjoyed his famous Haroun-el-Raschid adventure with the cobbler, which has formed the subject of more than one merry ballad and playlet. In our day the Yeomen of the Guard have reverted to the less gaudy uniform designed in the days of the economical Henry VII. Long may the dear old "Beefeaters" wear the distinctive and picturesque garments that enable them to link the ornate past with the undecorative present!

There would be much to say concerning Henry VIII. and the navy, but the subject is far beyond the limits of these pages. None the less it is but fair to recall of one, concerning whom so much evil has to be spoken, that he it was who first organised our dockyards and appointed various officers for the control of the navy, who throughout his reign met regularly on Tower Hill

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once a week to consult on naval matters with the Lord High Admiral. All Europe talked of the wonderful fleet our King Henry had organised, and of the size and majesty of his warships, much, indeed, as we do now when we learn that some foreign navy possesses a newly invented submarine. King Henry's navy consisted, in the beginning of his reign, of fourteen ships, of which the chief was the *Henry Grace de Dieu*, which had a burden of 1500 tons, and carried 72 guns and 700 men. When, however, this "wonderful" vessel and the rest of the fleet first got into action with the French, it was with no pronounced success. One ship, the *Mary Rose*, promptly sank, her hold being filled with water by a passing wave, her portholes being, as Raleigh tells us, "but ten inches above the water-line." In this action both combatants only fired 300 cannon-shot between them in two hours continuous fighting; at the time it was universally considered a triumph in gunnery. By the time Henry died the navy had been increased to fifty vessels of varying sizes. Naval architecture at that period was not over-developed from a scientific point of view, and the surpassing utility of the *Henry Grace de Dieu* was said to be further enhanced by the gilding of her sails, which, though highly decorative, seems in the end to have prevented the wind inflating them. When, in the summer of 1542, the good people of Boulogne beheld this amazing vessel, gilded from bow to stern and blazing like a fire-ship, sailing magnificently across the Channel, they were thrilled with fear, "for surely," says the Chronicle of Boulogne, "a monarch who could waste so much gold on the sails of his ships must be prodigiously rich and potent." The golden sails did not, however, avail King Henry much, and when he returned to England, for all his gilded sails, he had lost Boulogne for ever!

The marriage of Henry VIII. with his brother's widow, Katherine of Aragon, was solemnised quietly at Greenwich on June 3, 1509, not, as generally stated, "with mystery," but certainly with much opposition from the clergy, notably from Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, who considered the relationship of Katherine to the King, her *fiancé* and brother-in-law, as too near of kin. The usual rejoicings were postponed until after the joint coronation of both bride and bridegroom, which happened later in the same month, June 23, and was a gorgeous

function, marked by the introduction of a vehicle which, in shape at least, must have resembled the modern "Victoria." It was fashioned to convey two persons, the coachman being seated on a kind of box in front. The one in which Katherine was conveyed to the Abbey was painted white, and upholstered in white velvet. It was drawn by two white palfreys, and the coachman's livery was of white satin embroidered with gold. The new Queen was followed by all the great ladies of the Court, seated by twos in "whirlicotes," otherwise chariots, exactly like Katherine's, but painted in various colours.

One of the prettiest pageants in the course of the procession was organised in Cornhill, which was lined with young women dressed in white and bearing palm branches modelled in wax in their hands. They were accompanied by many priests in their richest copes, who censed the young Queen as she passed them. Henry, dressed in white and gold, gorgeously embroidered and studded with quantities of gems, went to the Abbey in a separate procession. After the King and Queen had been crowned in the Abbey they banqueted at the same table in Westminster Hall, several noblewomen sitting under the table at the Queen's feet to pick up her napkin or her kerchief.

Henry VIII. delighted in all kinds of pageants, masques, and shows, and had, moreover, a veritable mania for putting on disguises. In his early years, when the savage instincts which he developed later were still dormant, and he enjoyed the reputation of a generous and beneficent prince, he was wont to arrange what our American friends would now call "surprise parties." One night in 1509, for instance, the King suddenly appeared in the Queen's room accompanied by twenty gentlemen dressed as pilgrims, in grey satin. They wore vizors in the Venetian style, and the Queen took good care to pretend not to recognise her very young husband, which pleased him vastly. After "fooling" for a time, the King and his courtiers, retiring for a moment, threw off their disguises, and reappeared dressed as shepherds in cloth of silver and gold. The musicians struck up a gay tune, the King led forth the Queen, each of the other gentlemen took a lady by the hand, and so they amused themselves dancing till supper was served in the Great Hall of the Palace.

Henry VIII. made his *début* in the tilt-yard at Richmond in

the same year, 1509, "disguised as a strange knight." It appears that our "Bluff King" at first experienced a little shyness in taking part in public sports whilst holding kingly office. So great, however, was his skill with the lance, and, be it said, so egregious his vanity, that he soon threw off his bashfulness, and frequently broke a lance in the presence of his subjects.

Once, at Shrovetide 1511, a magnificent banquet was held at Westminster at which the foreign Ambassadors were present; when the King at its conclusion led the Queen to her throne and then disappeared, to return presently leading the Earl of Essex in the character of a Turk, and the Earls of Wiltshire and Fitz-Walter dressed as Russians, with grey-furred hats, boots with "pikes," and holding hatchets; Sir Edward Howard and Sir Thomas Parr were in Persian dress. The gallant company was attended by torch-bearers blackened to look like Moors. Next came the King's young sister, Princess Mary, who, with her face hidden by a black gauze mask, danced before the Queen in the character of an Ethiopian princess, whilst the torch-bearers brandished their *flambeaux* and the gentlemen sang in chorus.

At Whitehall, on another evening, whilst the Queen and her ladies were working at a tapestry, a knight in armour suddenly knelt before her. "Madam," said he, "there are certain ladies in the garden who crave your presence. They have devised an arbour of gold, in which they expect to entertain your Grace." On this the Queen rose, saying very graciously, "I and my ladies will be happy to behold them at their pastimes." The "pageant" was an arbour of gold leaves, entwined with branches of hawthorn, roses, and eglantine. Under it sat six fair ladies in dresses of white and green satin. Their gowns were covered with letters of gold—"H and K"—knit together with gold lacing. Presently the King himself and five gentlemen came forward dressed in purple satin, likewise covered with gold letters, "H and K." The King's name in this pageant was "*Cœur loyal*" (!). When Henry had unmasked, he invited the Queen to re-enter the palace and join in a dance, and his courtiers chose them each a lady to trip a measure. During the progress of this pageant an amusing incident happened. The London populace had been, as usual, admitted to see the show, and the pressure being very great the crowd broke through the barriers. Then the King

shouted to the people that they might come nearer and pluck the golden letters off the masquers' garments, and there arose such a scramble that in a few moments not only the golden letters were gone, but the ladies lost their jewels and the King was stripped of his doublet and drawers.¹ Sir Thomas Knevet climbed on to a high perch and fought vigorously for his garments, but was eventually seized and stripped to his very shirt. At last the guards had to interfere, and the Hall was cleared, after which, peace being restored, the King and Queen and courtiers sat down in their tattered raiment to a belated supper, which no doubt they immensely enjoyed, for we are assured the King treated the matter as a joke and laughed immoderately, all his courtiers, we may be certain, following suit. Many readers, unaware that in the Middle Ages the populace was always admitted to Court festivities, may be inclined to doubt the truth of this boisterous incident; but as a matter of fact until the end of the eighteenth century the common people were allowed to watch the royal family at their meals, and even to be present when the King and Queen were playing cards. Until the Reign of Terror, one of the sights which every English visitor to Paris made a point of seeing was the supper of the reigning king and queen. A picture now at Hampton Court represents Charles I. and his queen at dinner, with a rabble of spectators in a low gallery in the background.

On May Day, 1517, the King and Queen went "a-maying" to Shooter's Hill, where Henry handed his "sweet Kate" to a sylvan bower formed of hawthorn boughs and spring flowers, where was spread a breakfast of venison "and many sweet pasties." After the feast their Majesties returned to Greenwich, and were met half-way by a flowery car drawn by six white horses, each ridden by a fair damsel who personated the blessings of Spring. The horses had their names inscribed on their head-gear, whilst the ladies had theirs on their gowns. The first horse was called Caude or "Heat," and on him sat the Lady Humid; the second was "Memeon," on whom sat the Lady Verdure; on "Phæton" rode the Lady Vegetive; and "Rimphon" carried the Lady Pleasaunce on his back; "Lampace" was ridden by the Lady Sweet-odour, whilst in the car sat the Goddess of Spring. The ladies, carolling May songs in

¹ Holinshed. Hall.

honour of the Queen, followed the royal party back to Greenwich Palace, where the rest of the day and night were spent in dances and pastimes till nearly dawn. Amongst the entertainments on this occasion was the first recorded English horse-race: the King raced his brother-in-law, the Duke of Suffolk, mounted on Flemish dray-horses! Suffolk had the sense to allow his terrible friend to win, but the Queen lost £2, being the amount of her wager.

There were great doings in London when Charles v. paid a lengthy visit to our Court in 1520. England had not been behind her neighbours in showing hospitality to royal guests: the Emperor Maximilian II. of Germany had been lately received by King Henry VII. and the city of London with extraordinary pomp. His Majesty had created quite a sensation by his marvellous head-dress, which consisted of a gold helmet, at the back of which was a sheaf of peacock's feathers standing on end a good yard above his imperial head. But Charles v. was a far more important person than Maximilian. His Empire was as colossal as even the Roman had been, and, moreover, he was the Queen-Consort's nephew. The Emperor's entry into the metropolis was a wonderful spectacle; and although it was well known that he had come to stir up strife between England and France, he was most cordially welcomed. He landed at Dover, where Henry, in a vessel whose sails were richly gilded, received him on board and brought him to Greenwich Palace, at the door of the Hall of which Katherine of Aragon awaited him, holding by the hand the little Princess Mary. Charles knelt and craved his aunt's blessing, which she bestowed "right willingly," and after kissing him on both cheeks, presented the tiny Princess, who was presently betrothed to him. The Emperor lifted the child in his arms and seated her playfully on his shoulder, which delighted King Henry, at that time quite pathetically paternal. Charles v. had been in England early in the preceding May; he did not, however, visit London, but remained in Kent. Godwin tells us that on this occasion Queen Katherine awaited her nephew at the Archbishops' Palace at Canterbury, while Henry rode by torchlight to Dover, where he arrived in the middle of the night, when the Emperor, who had been lodged in the Castle, was already in bed and asleep. Roused by the

noise occasioned by the coming of the King of England, Charles rose and went forth in his night-gown to welcome his brother monarch. The next day the King and his guards proceeded to the City of St. Augustin. There was three days' banqueting and feasting at Canterbury, and then the Court went to Sandwich, where the Spanish fleet rode at anchor, and whence the Emperor set sail. Three days afterwards the King and Queen proceeded to France in their ships with the gilded sails, to join the glories of the famous Field of the Cloth of Gold, where Wolsey said Mass before the assembled Courts of both Realms, and where Henry and Francis received the Eucharist in token of a friendship which was soon to be dissolved. Charles also joined the Congress of the Field of Gold. At Gravelines an amphitheatre made like a "firmament" had been erected for the entertainment of the Emperor; but the thrones for the King and Queen and the Imperial guest were blown away by a hurricane in the night, and the "property" sun, moon, and stars extinguished and rendered unfit for use! No such disaster attended Charles the Fifth's second coming to England, when London had the honour of showing regal hospitality to a monarch who, on hearing of the Duke of Buckingham's execution, which took place whilst he was our guest, remarked that "the butcher's dog (Wolsey) had pulled down the fairest buck in England!"

As there is "nothing new under the sun" it is not surprising to learn that in the early days of Henry the Eighth's reign torchlight processions were as popular as they are in our time. There were, in point of fact, two annual exhibitions of this sort of pageant: one on St. John's Eve, and the other on the eve of the festival of SS. Peter and Paul. King Henry, in 1510, attended both processions, once in the disguise of a Yeoman of the Guard, when he mingled freely with the populace; and on the second occasion he went in state, in company with the Queen and Court, to a sort of grand-stand erected in Cheapside, whence the royal party watched what was described as "the grand cavalcade of the City Watch." The procession started from the Conduit in the Cheap at ten o'clock at night, and was headed by the city band in parti-coloured liveries. Then came the Lord Mayor's sword-bearer on horseback, preceding his lordship, who rode a superb charger, and was attended by the

Sheriffs and Aldermen, all of them on their steeds. In this part of the procession marched certain stalwart and very tall men dressed as giants, a host of pages, and, at intervals, numerous groups of morris-dancers. The cortège was closed by an interminable cavalcade of "demi-lances" on horseback, men in armour, carabineers, halberdiers, archers, pykemen, and billmen in aprons and helmets of mail. All these good people, to the number of not less than four thousand, carried lighted torches. The windows along the road were illuminated, and many of the spectators held blazing brands steeped in resin. After the procession had passed—which went, by the way, through the Cheap, the Poultry, Cornhill, and Leadenhall Street—the King and Queen returned to Westminster escorted by one thousand torchbearers. Many years later, when Christian, King of Denmark, and his queen visited our Court, Henry VIII. took them to see the procession of the "Watch." The royal party, odd to relate, were accommodated with seats at the Boar's Head Tavern in the Cheap, where they supped after the procession.

The most magnificent pageant on record in our annals took place in April, 1527, at Greenwich Palace, on the occasion of the ratification of the league between England and France, when it was deemed necessary to impress upon the French Ambassadors, the Marquis de Turenne and the Bishop of Tarbes, the great wealth and taste of the British Sovereign and Court. Spinelli, the Venetian Secretary, and Hall, have both left descriptions of this sumptuous entertainment, which only differ in a few particulars; but by far the most curious document extant concerning it is the bill of expenses presented to the King by Master Harry Gwilforth, or Guildford, the Master of the Revels, which gives us a minute account of the material employed in the scenery and costumes, which cost not less than £8000 of our money value. In order to accommodate his guests, the King ordered the tilt-yard to be boarded over and two temporary halls of considerable architectural beauty to be erected upon the site. The first was to be used for the banquet, the second for the theatrical performance—if so we may call the elaborate masque represented. The greatest artists were engaged upon the designs of the halls and on the scenery used in the masque, among them being the King's painter, Mr. Brown, Vincent

Volpi, Ellis Comaiano, Giovanni da Maiano, and Hans Holbein. Master John Rastall the poet, and brother-in-law of Thomas More, "made the dialogue and divers poetry in Latin and English" for the masque, and received 3s. 4d. for his pains; otherwise *circa* £2 in our money. "Making" poetry was evidently not considered so important an accomplishment as the "making" of scenery, for Holbein was paid £4, 10s.—between £50 and £60 modern value—for a sort of panorama of the siege of Tirwan, "and the very manner of every man's camp, very cunningly wrought." When the great painter had finished his work, the King and the two Queens, his wife and his sister, were invited to inspect it, and "were pleased thereat"—as surely they may well have been.

The two temporary halls were divided from each other by a triumphal arch, also probably designed by Holbein; and certainly adorned with "six antique busts," modelled and gilded by Maiano, and representing Hercules, Scipio, Cæsar, Pompey, and two others not named in the bill of expenses. He received 26s. 8d. each, or £14. The arch had three spans, one very lofty in the centre, and one on either side. Through the central one the royal and illustrious company passed to the theatre, and through the other two the servants brought in and carried away the banquet.

The banqueting hall was 100 feet long by 40 feet in width. The walls were lined with superb tapestry representing scenes in the story of King David, above which were arranged a series of many hundreds of wax torchettes "that diffused a mellow and radiant light." The candlesticks which held these were polished like amber. A frieze of carved wood ran round the room above these illuminations, the subject being apparently a battle of savages and beasts. The ceiling of this apartment was covered with "brocatel, of no great value, but of good effect." The royal table was prepared in front of the arch leading into the theatre, and was covered by a canopy of gold tissue, beneath which sat the King, the Queen, and the Queen-Dowager of France, Mary Tudor. Then came two long tables, at the end of which, on the right side, sat the French Ambassador and Princess Mary, afterwards Queen, and many great ladies and nobles. At the other table were the Venetian and Milanese

Ambassadors and followers of the Court. Queen Katherine was attended by two hundred young ladies, dressed in white and gold. At the back of the King were two huge sideboards, reaching from floor to ceiling, full of gold vases, which however were not removed, though their value was so great "it was difficult to estimate it." The company were served on dishes of silver gilt. Over the central span of the triumphal arch was the balcony for the musicians, bearing the arms of the King and Queen, and the motto "Dieu et Mon Droit," and "other Greek words." Spinelli declares he "could never conceive anything so costly and well designed."

The theatre was lined with brocade, and its ceiling was painted to represent the signs of the zodiac and a map of the world, and was supported by gilded giants. Along the sides of this hall were arranged the seats for the guests in three tiers. The royal box was under a triumphal arch "all gilded." Here were three thrones, for the King and the two Queens, who sat so far in advance of his Majesty that it appeared as if they were at his feet. The lighting, like that of the banqueting hall, was by means of rows of close set candles of the finest wax.

Proceedings began on May 4 by High Mass in the King's Chapel, at which Wolsey was to have officiated, but being ill the Bishop of Tarbes, the second Ambassador, said Mass and delivered an oration which was "answered" by the Bishop of London. Then came breakfast, and afterwards a joust; the challengers being four and the competitors sixteen, each of whom ran six courses, which was, it appears, "a very delectable sight, but marred by a shower of rain." Rain seems to have been as troublesome a spoil-joy then as now, for, says another Venetian envoy in Elizabeth's time, "The English are very fond of pageants and spend great sums upon them, but they are often marred by rain or fog. The climate is most variable, and the fogs in autumn are very foul." The King dined with the Ambassadors alone in his own chamber that night, and afterwards they adjourned to the Queen's apartments, "where they danced," that is to say, the military Envoy, M. de Turenne, danced with Princess Mary, a young lady of fourteen, whom Spinelli thought interesting and accomplished, "but too thin, spare, and small to be married for the next three years at least."

The State banquet was celebrated on May 5, in the hall already described. It was a sumptuous affair, and Spinelli, who was evidently susceptible, declared the ladies "looked, in their rich robes and jewels, like goddesses." After dinner came the masque in the theatre. It was intended to represent a dispute between Love and Wealth as to which of the twain should be deemed of greatest value to Humanity. Jupiter had tried to solve the problem but had failed, and therefore sent Mercury, a handsome young gentleman, dressed in a tight-fitting suit of gold tissue, having a mantle over his shoulder of light blue taffeta, embroidered with "eyes" in gold, to consult the second Solomon, *i.e.* King Henry of England, on the subject. In an interminable Latin speech, by Rastall, the lively deity invoked the King's assistance in solving the matter in dispute. Presently in came a number of boys dressed as Cupids, and another batch attired as the followers of Plutus, who presently also appeared upon the scene. Then came a mimic battle between the Loves and the imps of Mammon. A number of Court ladies now advanced to the stage, blazing with jewels, to dance a measure. They were arrayed in cloth-of-gold, their hair gathered in nets, "with a very richly jewelled garland," surmounted by velvet caps. Their hanging sleeves nearly touched the ground. The leader of these fair dames was the Princess Mary, who came forward hand in hand with the Marchioness of Exeter. "Her beauty in this array was such that everybody gave themselves up solely," says Spinelli, "to the contemplation of so fair an angel." So thickly jewelled was she that "she seemed bedecked with all the gems of the eighth sphere." By and by the King and M. de Turenne joined the revel, but masked and wearing black velvet slippers. They were followed by four noblemen also wearing black shoes, lest the King should be distinguished from the others, as "from the hurt he received on his left foot, when playing at tennis, he wears a black slipper." These illustrious personages were dressed in black satin dominoes and wore hoods. Presently they joined the ladies, and danced with them until supper time, when all left "this beautiful place" and returned to the banqueting hall, the tables of which were spread with "every sort of confection and wine." "The sun," says our poetical friend Spinelli, "I believe greatly hastened his course,

having perhaps had a hint from Mercury of so rare a sight. So showing himself already on the horizon, warning being given of his presence, everybody thought it time to quit the royal chambers, and return to their own with such sleepy eyes that the daylight could not keep them open."

The accounts of the Masters of the Revels, Gibson and Guildford, published in the Calendar of State Papers and preserved in our national archives, throw much light on the early history of stage decoration in this country, and also on the price of many articles of commerce which are still used for theatrical purposes.

On one occasion the bill presented to the King by Master Harry Guildford, for his signature, proves that our modern introduction of real tree-trunks and boughs into stage decoration was anticipated by the scenic artist of five hundred years ago, for we find that a cartload of tree-trunks,—“for a forest,”—of boughs, of maples, elms, hawthorns, pines, ferns, and furze, cost 12s. 6d. to bring to Greenwich. We also discover that, as the branches needed foliage, the same was supplied by artificial leaves fixed on with wires and tied to the boughs. They were painted brown, red, and green (with verdigris), and strengthened with varnish. Plaster moulds were used for making artificial fruit: “Item, three pomegranates, 1s. : and six moulds to make them, 1d. each.” That very insipid, but beautiful looking fruit, the pomegranate, had not long been introduced into these realms. It figures for the first time in the Household Books of Elizabeth of York, November 1, 1502. “Item: the same daye to Pache in reward for bringing a present of poyngarnettes and appulles to the Quene, iijs. iiijd.” Needless to say they became very much more common under Henry VIII., the pomegranate being the national emblem of Spain, and they are frequently mentioned in the Household Books, along with oranges, Spanish grapes, dates, dried figs, raisins, and “candied Italia fruits.”

Among the “items” used in a masque in April 1516, appear the following: “Thirty-six ostrich feathers bought at the Daggar on London Bridge, 1s. : and 106,000 spangles at 45s. 6d.” Ninety-six yards of purple satin were purchased on this occasion of a Mr. Bottie, at the sign of the “Horse’s Head” on London Bridge, at a cost of £2, 10s. 6d. Once used, this satin was handed over to the choristers of the Chapel Royal, who were

in great demand in the pageants for their admirable singing and nimble dancing. Occasionally the young noblemen who appeared had to be "coached": "Item, for the hire of 171 dozen bells, used 'whilst the young gentlemen learned to dance,' 5s. 6d.; and for a room for them to learn in, 1s." When the pageant was over, the scenery was broken up and stored away at the Wardrobe. The dresses more often than not were presented to the ladies and gentlemen who wore them, or else they were cut up for liveries for the royal footmen and pages. On the occasion of the visit of the Infanta of Castile, she wore in a masque a coif of gold and jewels worth an enormous sum, which she was requested to keep.

The King spending Christmas, 1516, at Eltham, Mr. William Cornish and the choristers of the Chapel Royal were ordered to perform before his Majesty. They therefore presented two classical pieces: "The story of Troylous and Pandor richly inparyllled; also Kallkas and Kryssyd [Cressida] inparyllled lyke a wedow of onour, in blake sarsenet and other abelements for seche mater: Dyomed and the Greks inparyllled lyke men of warre, akordyng to the intent or porpoos."

The following items are included in the bill of expenses for these and other pageants:—

"Bought of William Botre and Mr. Thorstoon, 265½ yds. white and green satin, for garments for ladies, a doublet for one of the chapel children who played Eulyxes [probably Ulysses], £33, 2s. 9½d. Five yds. red satin, 12s. 6d. 27 yds. yellow satin for Cornish and the ladies of the castle, £3, 7s. 6d. 51½ yds. red and yellow sarcenet for three Grekkyche ['Greekish,' i.e. Greek] robes, a double cloak for Troylous, a mantel and bishop's surcoat for Cornish to play Kallkas in, £10, 11s. 27½ yds. white and green sarcenet, £5, 9s. 24½ yds. black sarcenet for a surcoat, mantle and widow's hood for Kressyd, a garment for Cornish when he played the herald, £4, 19s. Two pieces Florence cotton for Kressyd, 8s. Twelve pieces syppers [Cyprus cloth] for the lady who played Faythe, and others, 48s. Seven ells Holland cloth for short wide sleeves for Dyomed and his fellows, 7s. 9½ yds. crimson satin, for bonnets and stomachers, £6, 0s. 3d. Forty-six oz. Venice flat damask gold, £11, 10s. Twelve pieces Venice

ribbon for pointing ladies gowns and jackets, 48s. Ten oz. copper ribbon and twelve dozen silk points for binding seven ladies' collars, coats for minstrels, and for Troylus, Pandor, Dyomed, Eulyxes, and others, 13s. 4d. One qu. one nail velvet for shoes for Troylous, 3s. Ten hand staves for barriers, 6s. 8d. Six 'morns,' 4s. Six swords, 40s., for 'the men of arms that battled in presence as for the departers with four odd staves.' To John Wretyll, for beating a coat of arms with a sun and moon of gold, 10s. A crown for the queen of the castle, 4s. Gilding six targets, 20s. Beating six 'sybers' [Cyprus] kerchers with fin gold, 6s. For painting the castle, 18s. 4½d. Workmen's wages, 12d. a day or night, others 8d. Four-oared boat to Greenwich, 12d. To Arnold the embroiderer, £8. To Cornish, for a feather for Troylous, Spanish girdles, etc., 13s. 4d. For a barber 'for there heer [hair] trymmyng and wesschyng [washing] of there heeds,' 4d. To the tailor, £6, 9s. 10d. For a cart to carry the stuff to Eltham, and 'hys abod,' three days and two nights, 7s. Five garments taken from the King's old store.

"Expenses of garments.—To Cornish, a mantle, a surcoat of yellow sarcenet, a coat armour, a garment of black sarcenet, and a bonnet. To the two children, Troylous and Pandor, nine satin doublets, two jackets of the old store, a double cloak of sarcenet. To Kryssyd, 'a mantle, a surcoat, and cottons and wimple.' To gentlemen, six crimson satin bonnets. Three bases and Greek robes to men at arms. Seven coats and bonnets of satin to minstrels. A gown of white and green satin to Mr. Harry of the Chapel. To the seven ladies of the castle, seven gowns of satin of 'Bregys' [Bruges], with their headdresses. To the six ladies of the court who disguised, their headdresses and stomachers of crimson satin. The feather that Troylus wore. All the girdles, spears, swords and targets. To the taborets, two jackets of the store.

"Remaining, six jackets of white and green satin, embroidered with coppersmith's work.

"Number of persons.—For the play, 15: for the castle, 7 ladies: 7 minstrels: 6 lords and 6 ladies disguised: 6 men at arms: 3 'tamboryns.'"¹

¹ These accounts, and the other bills for revel expenses we have noticed, are taken from Calendar Letters and Papers, Henry VIII., 1517-1518:

The following account of London at the dawn of the Reformation is derived from contemporary Italian sources—notably from the letters of the secretary of Francesco Capello, who was the earliest Venetian Ambassador, 1500 to 1506, to the Court of Henry VIII., and those of Pietro Pasquaglio, who was sent by Lionardo Loredano, Doge of Venice, to the Court of England in 1514. My deeply lamented friend, Mrs. Benjamin Bright of Colwall, kindly gave me a translation of the MS. of these letters, which were formerly in the possession of her father-in-law, Mr. Benjamin Heywood Bright, one of the most industrious virtuosi of his time; to these are added others by Bartolomeo Sauli, a Genoese traveller of the early sixteenth century, whose letters will be found in the volumes of the *Raccolta di Viaggi Italiani nel Seicelimo Secolo*, Genova, 1710, collected and published by the Jesuit Father Giovanni Patrizi. Blending these various accounts into one, we arrive at the following result:—

The City of London is very large and populous, say our authorities. It is built on the Thames, a most magnificent river of great breadth and depth, crossed by a bridge covered with houses, which is a marvel, and far more remarkable and imposing than the Ponte Vecchio at Florence. The streets are, as a rule, very narrow and not at all clean; but the houses are tall and handsome; the number of taverns is incredible, and the churches not only very fine, but so numerous you cannot count them—they are as numerous as in Rome itself. There are not so many statues and pictures of Saints to be seen in the streets and public places as in Venice or Genoa, but in all the shops there is an image of the Virgin and Child, or of some Saint with candles burning before it on festival days. The shops are large, well supplied with goods, quite as well as in Italy, and you can buy almost anything in London your heart can desire; but the shops are dark and the service is not prompt. You are often kept unnecessarily waiting whilst the shopmen gossip with favourite customers. There is a street called the Strand, a long way beyond the gate opposite St. Paul's Cathedral, where there are at least fifty goldsmiths' shops, so rich and full of silver vessels, great and small, that in all the shops of Milan, Rome,

(Edited by Dr. Brewer, M.A.), vol. ii. Part ii., under the heading "Revels," pp. 1490–1507.

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Venice, and Florence put together you would not find so many of like magnificence. The people of London are very proud of their plate. Even in the taverns you see silver goblets and dishes, as well as very fine pewter which looks like silver it is so highly burnished. The wealthy eat off silver or pewter, and the common people off platters of white wood. The Lord Mayor and the Guilds, of which there are sixty, have magnificent gold and silver plate, and are very hospitable.

When you are introduced, either personally or by letter, to a person of quality or to a merchant here (in London), he immediately asks you to go to the nearest tavern and drink beer or wine with him. They never transact business unless they drink a dozen glasses or so of wine or beer, for when they have treated you, you must return the compliment, and so it goes on until sometimes affairs suffer from the over-drinking of those who transact them. If you please the person to whom you are presented, he will ask you to his house and introduce you to the ladies of his family, who are generally good-looking and merry. They are exceedingly fond of dress, and wear many jewels. As a rule they do not ask you to dine with them at home, but arrange a party for your benefit at a tavern, where the cooking is good and the wine excellent. This they do to avoid trouble, as very few people keep much wine stored. Ladies, too, are very fond of dining in public places, on account of the display and gaiety. (Verily, O Savoy, Carlton, Claridge, and Cecil, ye do but continue in this year of grace 1905 the work of your remote prototypes in the same line of business!) In winter, from Christmas to Lent, the nobility and the rich merchants entertain at home, and there is much feasting, dancing, and merrymaking, which often lasts till daybreak. The common folk, too, are very fond of dancing round poles planted in the streets. In short, the Londoners are a very merry people indeed, and as courteous as the Italians. Men kiss each other when they meet, and when you are presented to a company of ladies, you are expected, as you take your leave, to kiss them all, which, as they are handsome, is a very pleasant custom! The streets are very crowded from early morning to late in the evening with pedestrians, and interminable processions of people of both sexes on horseback. You meet with noblemen escorted by

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two, three, and even four hundred livery men, all on horseback ; with prelates, who likewise go about with a great escort ; with ladies of the Court with their gentlewomen ; with countrymen and women riding pillion ; with monks and friars, all on horse or muleback, so that it is at times very difficult to cross the street. The ladies and old and sick people are often conveyed to and fro in litters and waggons.

The Londoners, as a rule, dress soberly in black, grey, or brown homespun, but give them an occasion for display, and they blaze in all the colours of the rainbow, in silks, velvets, and gold and silver brocades and costly furs. They are a most extravagant people, and spend most of their income on finery, and save very little for a rainy day.

There are hundreds of churches, one richer in gold and silver plate, lamps, pictures, and rich stuffs and stained glass, than another. The English are very pious, and the churches, which are always open, are crowded with people visiting shrines and praying before the various altars. Most people go to Mass every day, and on Sundays only the sick and infirm stay away. The great ladies go to church attended by their gentlewomen and pages, who hold up their trains, carry their beads and their fans. The Lord Mayor and Corporation attend church every day, and so do the King and Court. Innumerable troops of pilgrims are always passing through the town on their way to famous shrines, especially those of Canterbury, Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's.

Never a day passes but you are sure to meet with some splendid procession or other. In Holy Week the churches are packed with folk, eager to hear the preachers, mostly friars ; and on Holy Thursday everybody goes to visit, in at least seven churches, the Sepulchres where the Host is enshrined from Thursday to Saturday morning.

You should also see the Thames, with its gay barges and boats—it is as beautiful as the Canal Grande at Venice. In short, London is a most interesting city, and would be a very desirable place of residence if the climate were better ; but it is generally grey, and there are, in winter, thick fogs, and sometimes bitter cold weather, when the Thames is frozen over. Epidemics are quite as frequent as in Italy ; but the lepers are diminishing

in number, and one or two leper-houses have been closed for lack of patients.

There are no theatres, but there are *Miracle* and *Mystery* plays in summer, and tournaments and many other amusements, for the Londoners are exceedingly fond of pastimes of all sorts. When you visit a great nobleman he usually receives you in his long gallery or else in the garden. They (the Londoners) are very fond of their gardens and orchards, which are full of flowers, roses, and fruit trees.

The gentlemen have a great reputation in arms, fence well, and are excellent swordsmen. The English are fairly licentious, but they never make love in public, and therefore we may consider that either they are incapable of love or are excessively discreet in all their affairs of the heart. They are exceedingly jealous of their wives. Their want of affection is strangely manifested towards their children, for, having kept them at home till they are seven or eight years of age, they cast them out, either to learn with tutors or else to be apprenticed to some trade. Although the wealthy are fond of good living for themselves and of dainty fare, they give coarse food to their servants, and cold meat, baked on Sundays, for the rest of the week, but plenty of beer. They marry their children very early in life, and always with an eye to business, either a good connection or a large fortune. Young gentlemen often marry old women for money. The Duke of Suffolk has a brother who is very good-looking and aged eighteen. He was boarded out with an ancient widow of sixty with a big fortune of 50,000 crowns; and he has married her, which is a scandalous thing, though the people here think nothing of it and laugh. With all this, the people of London are a very gay people, cheerful and courteous, and fond of amusing themselves and of sight-seeing—(and so they remain to this day !)

It appears from the above description of London five hundred years ago, that its inhabitants resembled their descendants of our own time in more ways than one, for we note they were fond of dining at taverns or restaurants, that they were troubled by their servants, and that the young gentlemen often married elderly "fairies"—for the sake of a comfortable home—a fashion which is not unknown among us to-day.

CHAPTER XXII

IN THE LATTER YEARS OF HENRY THE EIGHTH'S REIGN

IT is strange that in this year of grace, 1905, the Thames above London Bridge should be almost deserted, save by coal and timber barges ; even the penny steamer rarely plying from pier to pier. It was otherwise in the sixteenth century, when the river was alive with water-craft of every sort, and was literally the chief thoroughfare of the busy metropolis. There were times, especially in Henry the Eighth's reign, when a man might have gone from London to Southwark dry footed, merely stepping from one vessel to another. Every prelate, noble, merchant, or even tradesman, who dwelt either in the city itself or in its suburbs, possessed a barge or boat of some description. At a period when carriages were only beginning to come into use, people hurrying by land from one end of the city to the other had to do the journey on horseback over rough roads and ill-paved streets. How much to be preferred was the swift row or sail up or down the river to the most convenient point of disembarkation ! The superior charms of water-travel no doubt accounted for the immense number of boats that skimmed the upper waters of the London Thames, till, some eighty years ago, the public pronounced the nimble hansom, and even the plodding 'bus, less expensive and more expeditious modes of transit.

In bygone times, as nowadays, the King and Court set the fashions, and as nearly all the royal palaces from Greenwich up to Windsor stood on or near the Thames, our sovereigns, especially those of the Tudor and Stuart dynasties, were perpetually on the river. Henry VIII. owned a veritable fleet of State barges and pleasure-boats for his own use, as well as that of his

household and his courtiers. His Majesty's¹ great State barge was a very large one, with a lower and upper deck, the latter big enough to accommodate some twenty persons besides the crew. It was propelled by forty oarsmen in the King's livery of scarlet and gold. The ship itself was of fantastic design, in its general scheme of decoration somewhat resembling the Venetian Bucentaur. It was richly painted and gilded, with the Royal Arms and those of the House of Tudor conspicuous at its prow. The *Royal Harry*, the stately man-of-war which transported the luxurious monarch across the Channel to take part in the famous pageant of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and again, in 1545, when he recrossed it to assist at the Siege of Boulogne, had its sails thickly coated with gold foil.

Anne Boleyn's State barge was very magnificent too, with silver instead of gold laid on to the parts gilded in the case of the King's, and with her own badge, the white falcon, at the prow. But of all the barges that floated on the breast of Father Thames in that age of semi-barbaric splendour, none equalled Cardinal Wolsey's with its crimson damask hangings and its scores of oarsmen. The Lord Mayor's barge was a very stately affair, as a glance at the heading of the cover of the *Illustrated London News* will show. Thereon the ancient boat figures in all its glory, just as it glided by in the sight of an admiring throng on every Lord Mayor's Show Day for a good five hundred years, until, some half a century ago, the huge increase of the London population and the difficulty of accommodating an exceptional number of spectators on the river and along its banks, necessitated the suppression of the time-honoured water-pageant. Each Guild had its own barge, and oarsmen wearing its special livery and colours. The great nobles vied with each other in the magnificence of their barges and of the liveries of their oarsmen; which made the Thames, in those halcyon days, a blaze of brilliant colouring shot with gleams of gold and silver. Countless smaller, and more modest-looking, craft plied from shore to shore; and the contrast supplied by the great dusky coal and timber barges and brown-sailed fishing-smacks of ordinary trading

¹ Henry VIII. was the first King of England to assume the title of "Majesty." Hitherto our sovereigns had been content with the more modest "Grace."

traffic heightened the picturesque beauty of the scene. Then, the Grand Canal at Venice was not more magnificent than old Father Thames, even in his everyday livery; and when some great State ceremony—a coronation or a royal funeral—called forth the invention of an essentially artistic age, the effect upon a sunny day must have been especially transcendent. These pageants, too, not infrequently took place at night, when the boats and barges were all lit up. On account of the swift and dangerous currents under the old Bridge, the gay processions seldom passed beneath it, but occasionally the lower stretch of the river to Greenwich Palace was the scene chosen for an aquatic carnival.

Before the steamboats scared them away, the Thames was famous for its fish. In his *Survey of London* (1588), Harrison speaks of "the fat and sweete salmons daily taken in this stream, and that in such plentie (after the time of the smelt be past) as no river in Europe can exceed it." A pretty ceremony, kept up until quite the middle of the eighteenth century, took place when the first salmon of the season was caught and presented in great state by the fishermen, in their holiday garments, to the King if caught above the Bridge; to the Lord Mayor if it had been taken below. Eels, small, but very succulent, are still to be caught, but otherwise the fish in the London Thames is not worth having, thanks mainly to the polluted condition of the water. In old days, too, there was a good deal of bathing from the river banks in summer time, and sometimes a crowd assembled to applaud the prowess of some famous swimmer, as, for instance, Sir Dudley North, who, in Charles the Second's time, as Roger North tells us, "shot the bridge divers times at low water, which showed him not only active, but intrepid—for courage is required to bear the sight of that tremendous cascade of water, which few men can endure to pass in a boat." So rapid indeed was this current, that in the reign of Henry VI. the then Duke of Norfolk's barge was upset upon the piles of London Bridge. Thirty of his men were drowned, and the Duke, together with six others, narrowly escaped, being hauled up with a rope.

In winter, the current being arrested by the narrow arches of the Bridge, the Thames was often sheeted with ice, so thick that the citizens could skate and slide, and even hold fairs and

other "pastimes" on its frozen surface. Thus in the winter after the execution of Anne Boleyn—1536-37—there was a "great frost," and even below the Bridge the river was so thickly frozen over that Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour, "now lately become Queen," rode across to Greenwich Palace with all the Court. On the upper Thames at this period great revels were held which lasted over a week, during which time the ice swarmed with skaters and merry-makers, enjoying themselves heartily, the intense cold notwithstanding, and especially in the evening, when the sports went on by torchlight. A like violent frost was experienced in the seventh year of Elizabeth, when her Majesty was induced to cross the ice in her chair of State and witness "men performing all kinds of antics on the ice." The same thing happened in 1607, when the Thames was locked in ice for three months, and heavy waggons were drawn across the river. This is the longest and most severe frost recorded in the history of London. It was early April before it yielded, and then warm weather set in, the ensuing summer being exceptionally hot.

The Thames boatmen were famous in days of old for their independence and their caustic wit. Says Ben Jonson's "Leatherhead," "There is no talking with these watermen, they will have the last word." And Mr. Pepys, May 14, 1667: "My wife and I, by water, with my brother, as high as Fulham, talking and laughing and playing the rogue with the western bargemen, about the women of Woolwich; which mads them." In summer there were regattas and water-tilts at the quintain, some for the common people, others among young gentlemen of quality. King Edward VI., in his Journal (1552), even mentions a bear hunt on the Thames, organised for the entertainment of the French mission who had come to London to propose a marriage between the King and the young Princess Elizabeth of France—

"*June 29.*—The Ambassadors had a fair supper made them by the Duke of Somerset: and afterwards went into the Thames, and saw the bear hunted in the river, and also wild-fire cast out of boats, and many pretty conceits."

The Thames, in a word, was a centre of activity. And in this connection we must refer again to the time-honoured

pageant of the Lord Mayor's Show. The first civic procession by water from the city to Westminster was arranged, to the intense delight of the populace, by Lord Mayor John Norman in 1453. The watermen were particularly gratified by this compliment paid to their beloved river, which put money in their pockets into the bargain, for innumerable pleasure-boats were now put on the water, so that by Elizabeth's time there were many thousands of them for hire. People going to the "Globe Theatre," for instance, or to the playhouse in Blackfriars, or the "Dorset," usually took boat and were rowed to the stairs nearest their destination.

The appearance of Cardinal Wolsey upon the scene added yet another note of gorgeous colour to the almost incredible splendour of the British Court at this period. Whenever this proud Churchman came in state to London, from Hampton Court, he rode a white mule, caparisoned in red silk edged with innumerable tassels. His robes were of crimson silk, a jewelled cross flashed on his breast, a silken hood covered his head, and on the top of that his broad-brimmed scarlet hat was set. Before him careered his attendants, attired in crimson velvet liveries with gold chains, the inferior officers in scarlet coats bordered with black velvet. Next came two officers with the Great Seal and the Cardinal's hat on cushions, a couple of priests with silver pleaxes, and "next, two great crosses of silver, whereof one was for his Archbishoprick, and the other for his Legateship, borne always before him, whithersoever he went, or rode, by two of the tallest and most comeliest priests that he could get within all his realm."

That great banquet given by Wolsey to the Court of England, of the account of which Shakespeare availed himself with consummate skill in *Henry VIII.*, took place at Whitehall in the week following New Year's Day, 1527. It is more interestingly described by Spinelli the Venetian Secretary than by either Cavendish or Hall, and it is to be eternally regretted that the Bard of Avon never saw a copy of a despatch containing so many picturesque details of a most sumptuous but distinctly unecclesiastical entertainment. It is an error, however, to imagine that Henry First met Anne Boleyn at this particular function. He had long been intimate with her mother, Lady

Elizabeth Boleyn, and with her elder sister Mary, if not with herself.¹

Spinelli tells us that among the guests at Wolsey's famous banquet there were, besides himself, the Papal Nuncio, the French, Venetian, and Spanish Ambassadors, and the chief nobility of England. Our modest Venetian Secretary felt, he informs us, "out of place by the side of a very beautiful young lady" (*belle damigella*) who sat beside him, "every guest having one to his share." Whilst they were still supping "merrily" in comes the King disguised, and with him a dozen other masques dressed as shepherds, in garments made of cloth-of-gold and fine crimson satin, with caps of the same, and, adds Cavendish, "visors of good proportion of visnomy." The hair (wigs) and beards of these patrician Arcadians was "of fine gold wires or else of silver, some being of black silk." They had with them sixteen torch-bearers, besides trumpeters, and other persons attending upon them, all clad in crimson satin. A discharge of artillery announced the landing of the royal party at Whitehall Stairs, the report of which must have dissipated any illusion as to their identity. None the less, the booming, as loud as thunder, startled the company, "the ladies and gentlemen remaining mute on hearing such a discharge, they being at a solemn banquet." Wolsey now rose and directed the Lord Chamberlain, who was a French scholar, to go down into the hall (the banquet was evidently given in an upper chamber) and present his compliments to the strangers, who, he pretended, did not speak English, and ask them in French to come up and join the company. Presently the King and his "minions" entered, escorted by many attendants and torch-bearers. They immediately proceeded to the dais whereon Wolsey sat, and saluted him most obsequiously. The Cardinal greeted them

¹ Anne makes her first appearance in the State Papers as attending a Court function five years earlier, in 1522, when she figured at Greenwich Palace in some masque or other, together with Mary Tudor, the Queen Duchess of Suffolk, the Countess of Devonshire, Mrs. Kerr or Carey,—a connection of her elder sister Mary's husband,—Mistress Parker, afterwards married to George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, and others, eight in number. They wore, it seems, caulz (skull-caps) of various coloured silks, for which a claim was made by a tradesman for the sum of 2s. 6d. for each caul, the whole amounting to about £30 of modern currency.

very heartily, after which they went the round of the various tables and cast dice before every gentleman and lady present, allowing each of them to win a gold piece. This done, they returned again before the Cardinal's chair, when one very tall gentleman threw upon the tables two hundred crowns out of a golden chalice, and invited the Cardinal to cast the dice, which he did, and won, amid great cheering, everybody rising to behold the sport. Wolsey now pronounced himself unworthy to occupy the place of honour, for, said he, "there is one here who is far more worthy to fill it than I am." He pointed as he spoke to the tall gentleman already mentioned, and asked him to unmask so that he might verify his words. The gentleman, however, on plucking down his vizor revealed Sir Edward Nevill, a stalwart man, not unlike the Sovereign in figure. Henry now unmasked himself, and, laughing heartily at the Cardinal's mistake, declared he would go and "shift his apparel," and was accordingly led into Wolsey's own bedchamber, "where there was a great fire prepared for him—it being a very cold winter's night." Meanwhile, the cloths were removed from the banqueting tables, and replaced by others highly perfumed, which were soon covered with splendid gold and silver plate. So soon as the King and his "minions," in gorgeous Court costumes of white satin and gold embroidery, returned to the banqueting hall, all the company cheered his Majesty. Spinelli now tells us that a new banquet was served which was delicious, the wines being much to his taste and "marvellous." Cavendish says there were two hundred various dishes of fish, flesh, fowl, and sweets, served up by an army of attendants wearing the Cardinal's liveries. After supper, the King, Wolsey, and all the company deserted the hall to witness a performance, by the Cardinal's gentlemen, of Plautus' *Menachmei*. Isabella Gozagua, Marchioness of Mantua, who a few years earlier witnessed this classical comedy when it was acted before Lucrezia Borgia at Bologna, voted it the dullest form of entertainment she had ever witnessed; and no doubt many of Wolsey's fair guests, Anne Boleyn included, thought the same of it, especially as it was given in a language which most of them did not understand. The fashion was for classical plays, and what will not people, in all ages, endure to be in the mode?

Was Anne Boleyn the "Lady Venus" who, as soon as *Plantus'* comedy was over, made her appearance on the vacated stage in a chariot of gold, escorted by six damsels grouped at her feet? So beautiful were they that Spinelli quite lost his head, if not his heart—"they looked," says he, "as if they had all of them but just come straight from Heaven." Whilst the delighted audience was contemplating this vision of beauty, Cupid ran on with some naked and winged urchins of his tribe, dragging along with them six old men bound in silver chains. These elderly captives were dressed as Shepherds of Arcady, in gowns of white satin and cloth-of-gold,—which, it seems, was the proper costume of those archaic pastors,—whom Cupid cast at the feet of his mother, who, after listening to a lengthy Latin oration from her son, the theme of which was the rejuvenating power of Love, vouchsafed to rise from her chair and loosen the bonds of the six ancients, to each of whom she presented one of her six fair attendants to be his partner in a dance. This condescension had the desired effect, for scarcely had the elders touched the finger-tips of the damsels, than away went their snowy beards and locks, and their shepherds' gowns, and in the place of aged men stood six stalwart lads in glorious raiment of apple-green and silver, who presently danced a graceful measure to a merry tune with the young ladies. So soon as their dance was finished, the King and the rest of the company joined in, and diverse corrantos and high and low dances continued, till, as Spinelli informs us, "the night was ended and it was dawn." Did Henry dance with the "Lady Venus," and was the "Lady Venus" Anne Boleyn? Dr. Brewer appears to think so.

Spinelli must have been struck by the many evidences of Italian influence in this beautiful entertainment, which no doubt was organised by some of the many Italian and Flemish artists who flocked to the Court of England at this period, and was probably suggested to Wolsey by the reports of similar entertainments given in Rome by his colleagues of the Sacred College—such men, for instance, as Sforza, Farnese, Medici, d'Entragués, and others, whose prodigality, whilst undoubtedly giving scandal, added brilliancy to the Courts of Alexander VI., Julius II., and Leo X.

The supreme magnificence of Wolsey's hospitality, which was

of a sort never before presented by any of his predecessors, either of the See of York or of Canterbury, shocked public opinion and lost him much of his popularity,—all the more so as it was manifested at a time when the head of the Church, Clement VII., was a prisoner in his own palace, and Rome devastated by the German and Spanish troops as she had never been since the horrid days of Attila. Then, too, there was great distress at home. The harvests had been extremely poor for several years past, our cloth trade with Spain was nearly ruined by the Spanish war, and, from one cause or another, business was at a standstill. Therefore this exceeding extravagance on the part of a Churchman gave great offence, and became in the end the ruin of the Cardinal himself, and, so far as England is concerned, of the Church which he represented in so unpriestly a fashion. In London, his popularity was killed by his ostentation, and the country in general resented so scandalous a waste of money.

The gradually increasing influence of Anne Boleyn can be traced in the Household Expenses of Henry VIII. from 1529 onwards, till within two months of the death of that unhappy woman. Henry's attentions to her were evidently noticed by the political world outside these realms, for the Grand Master of France sent her, in 1530, a present of pears and grapes. The King began as early as 1529 to pay her debts and bills. In November of that year the Master of the Robes paid for purple velvet for her use. After this she seems to have been the constant recipient of his Majesty's bounty, and presents of all sorts were poured in upon her, including pet dogs, bows and arrows, greyhounds, cherries, furs, linen, gold and silver ornaments for her writing-table, and countless yards of velvet, silk, and satin. In November, 1531, the King redeemed her jewels, pawned to her sister Mary for £20. The gambling parties had begun in January, 1531, and during that year Henry so often lost, and paid, such considerable sums to his mistress, that one is tempted to think he used the card-tables as a means of supplying her with pocket-money. She is generally styled in the Royal Account-books, the Lady Rochford, Lady Anne Rochford, Lady Anne, and Marchioness of Pembroke; but never by her family name of Boleyn. Viscount Rochford was her father's earliest title.

The momentous State trial for the nullification of the marriage of Henry VIII. with Katherine of Aragon began in the early summer of 1529, being conducted with great pomp and circumstance. Then, indeed, had Londoners cause for excitement. The event was unprecedented and ominous. Although there were no newspapers, the man-in-the-street knew perfectly well, thanks to the gossip of underlings and servants, what was taking place at Court, and the intrigues of Anne Boleyn and of her family were everywhere noised about and whispered low for fear of consequences. The proceedings for the divorce—as it is popularly, but erroneously, described—were, from start to finish, unpopular; the Queen was beloved, and her venturesome rival hated.

On the morning of May 31, at a preliminary meeting, it was proposed by Wolsey that the Bishops of Lincoln, Bath, and Wells should summon the King and Queen to appear before the Legate between nine and ten in the morning of June 18. Meanwhile, Henry went on a visit to Lord Rochford, Anne Boleyn's father, and thence to Greenwich, carrying with him Anne Boleyn and a few ladies; whilst the neglected Queen took up her abode at Baynard's Castle. The Queen obeyed the summons, but not the King, who was present by proxy. Her Majesty, who came into court robed in ruby velvet, and accompanied by her ladies, proudly asserted her rights, and almost immediately afterwards left as she came. On the following Monday, June 21, took place the famous scene immortalised by Shakespeare.

A court was erected in the Great Hall at Blackfriars. Hall describes it as "a solemn place for the Legates to sit in: with two chairs covered with cloth-of-gold and cushions of the same, and a dormant table raised before, covered with carpets (Oriental rugs) and tapestry." One of these seats was for the Queen, and was situated at a good distance from the one destined for the King's use, a fact we learn from the Spanish State Papers, which inform us that "the Queen had a long way to go before she could reach the King's throne to kneel at his feet." The Cardinals Wolsey and Campeggio (who, by the way, was lodged with the Bishop of Bath, who hated him) sat together between the King and Queen at a raised table. The Hall of the old monastery

was a magnificent Gothic chamber of vast proportions, where Parliament had on several occasions assembled. The judges occupied a raised seat beyond the table, at which sat the Cardinals, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the rest of the Bishops, including Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. The King's Counsels, Dr. Simpson and Dr. Bell, sat at his right, below the Sovereign. The Queen's Counsels were Dr. Clerk, Bishop of Bath, Dr. Standish, Bishop of St. Asaph, and Dr. Ridley. The Legates entered with their full insignia of "crosses, pillars, axes, etc." The King and Queen came into court from opposite sides somewhat suddenly; and to universal surprise Katherine, soon after she had taken her seat, rose, crossed the breadth of the Hall, "moved about the Court," and came and knelt before her husband, pronouncing in "broken English" the pathetic speech beginning "I am a most poor woman and a stranger," so nobly paraphrased by the greatest of dramatists. The Queen was dressed in crimson velvet, richly furred with sable, "open in front to exhibit a petticoat of yellow brocade." She wore a diamond-shaped hood blazing with rubies and diamonds. Henry's costume was of white velvet and gold, all except his short cloak, which was of red velvet furred with ermine. The effect produced by the Queen's dramatic pleading was so great that it moved even the King to tears. After her speech she left the court attended by her ladies and by her servant Master Griffin Richardson, the "honest Chronicler Griffiths" of Shakespeare. Notwithstanding her unwieldy stature and figure she appeared every inch a queen. It is ever to be regretted that Fisher's admirable speech for the defence of Queen Katherine never fell into the hands of Shakespeare. It was as eloquent as it was just and fearless. This splendid piece of honest, outspoken, and unaffected rhetoric was delivered on June 28—it sealed the saintly Bishop's doom! The King's reply, delivered in a letter, is extant, and is a choice specimen of arrogance and spite, containing the bitterest taunts, the cruellest insinuations, and the vilest exhibition of vindictive temper it is possible to conceive. Well does Dr. Brewer describe it as "resembling rather the invective of an irritated controversialist than the calm rebuke and dignified bearing of Majesty." The result of the trial was made known on July 21, when the Queen's

appeal was rejected and her martyrdom began in earnest. The rest of the great tragedy is beyond the scope of this book. The numerous documents connected with it, preserved in the State Papers and in the archives of foreign countries, are of extreme interest, not only on account of their political importance, but of the curious sidelights they throw upon the manners and customs of the period. Occasionally we are made aware of the activity of the Boleyns in looking after the fair Anne's interests. It was her father, Thomas Boleyn who, at a critical juncture, went over to Westminster to see Wolsey and get him to go to Bridewell and induce the unhappy Queen to enter a religious house and accept her fate. That scene, as described by Cavendish and paraphrased by Shakespeare, has afforded many a great English actress, from Mrs. Marshal to Ellen Terry, rare opportunity for the display of the utmost dignity and pathos.

The marriage of the King with Anne Boleyn, and the death of their illustrious victim, are matters of history which produced a prodigious sensation at the time they occurred. When Queen Katherine died, worn out with grief and suffering, King Henry put on yellow as a token of joy! The Spanish Ambassador found him thus arrayed, and commented severely on such a display of bad taste. Queen Anne followed suit, and also gowned herself in orange-coloured velvet; but she was not alone, as is usually stated, in exhibiting so singular a lack of feeling. In the evening of the Queen's death the King was very "merry," and no doubt Anne was equally well pleased!

The coronation of Anne Boleyn on June 1, 1534, was, for obvious political reasons, extremely splendid; never was there Thames pageant so magnificent as the one prepared for this occasion. In May, 1534, Henry proclaimed that all who had claims to do customary service at the coronation of an English Queen were to urge them before the Duke of Norfolk, temporary High Steward of England, then holding his court in the Star Chamber. Forgetful of their obligations to the illustrious victim of Anne Boleyn's intrigue, the great nobility hastened to answer Henry's appeal, and to make good their right to serve the new queen. The Lord Mayor was informed that Anne was to be crowned at Westminster on the following Whit Sunday, and that he was to proceed to Greenwich Palace to fetch her Grace to

the Tower. This functionary, who rejoiced in the name of Peacock, and was a member of the Worshipful Company of Haberdashers, immediately issued a mandate to his brethren to fetch up and ornament a "foist," or "wafter," otherwise a float, and a barge for the bachelors, well garnished with "streamers and banners." At one o'clock on May 19, Lord Mayor Sir Thomas Peacock, and his train of Aldermen and Sheriffs, embarked at New Stairs. It was a magnificent day, the sun shining as brilliantly as in late June. The City barge carried a concealed orchestra of "shalms and shag-bushes," and these rather odd-named instruments made, we are informed, "a most goodly harmony." The Aldermen and Sheriffs were all arrayed in their official robes trimmed with sable and beaver, and wore heavy gold chains, such of them as were knights displaying their Collars of SS. Fifty barges, gaily decorated with crimson cloth and many bannerets and streamers, opened the procession, "no barge being allowed to row nearer to another than twice the length of the mayoral barge, under a great pain (penalty)."¹ Before the Lord Mayor's barge went a "foist," upon which was a great dragon "continually moaning, and casting wild-fire." Other "terrible monsters and wild men" surrounded the dragon, and also cast up "fire," making "hideous noises." At a "goodlie distance"—and no wonder, considering the alarming demonstrations of the dragon, the monsters, and the wild men—came the Lord Mayor's barge, and alongside of it the Bachelors' barge, with musical instruments making "pleasant harmony." These vessels, which were very large, had "their decks and top castles hung with rich cloth-of-gold, and silk"; "at the foreship and the sterne were two great banners, rich beaten with the arms of the King and Queen, and on the top castles was a long streamer, be-beaten with the said arms." "The sides of the barge were full of flags and banners of the devises of the companie of haberdashers, and the merchant adventurers," whilst "the cordes were hanged with innumerable pencils, having little bells at the ends, which made a goodlie sight, wavering in the wind." Behind the Lord Mayor's boat came another "foist," in which sat a white falcon (Anne Boleyn's badge), surrounded by a group of virgins in white robes and crowned

¹ Hall, quoted by Holinshed.

with flowers, who sang most "sweetlie." Then followed the barges of all the other Guilds, gay "with banners of cloth-of-gold, rich carpets and garlands of flowers." The river was crowded with sightseers in every sort of craft, from towering men-of-war to the trimmest row-boats.

At three o'clock this gorgeous fleet reached Greenwich, and the fascinating Queen appeared on the palace steps to give it greeting. She was arrayed in a close-fitting garment of gold brocade; her train was of crimson velvet edged with ermine. On her head she wore a casque-like coif of beaten gold, enriched with priceless gems. She was no great beauty, this famous Anne Boleyn, merely a pretty little lady with an exquisitely graceful figure. Her neck, so her friend, poet Wyatt, tells us, was unusually long, and disfigured by "an Adam's apple like a man's." From her Irish ancestors of the House of Ormond, she inherited blue-black hair, and those wondrous dark eyes remarked upon by all her contemporaries. Anne was attended by a throng of great ladies almost as sumptuously dressed as herself. With her Grace were the Duke of Suffolk, the Marquis of Dorset, the Earl of Wiltshire, her father, the Earls of Oxford, Arundel, Derby, Rutland, Huntingdon, Sussex, and many bishops and prelates. She boarded her own barge with her gorgeous following of noble men and women, and, followed by that of the Lord Mayor, and the rest of her glittering escort, glided triumphantly up the sunlit Thames, in the soft afternoon air, to the Tower, where Henry VIII., with a train of courtiers, went down to the water's edge to greet her. "But for the multitude of the people," says good old Hall, "that stood on either shore to behold the sight, he that saw it not would scarce believe it."¹

On June 1, "the Queen went to the Abbey," says Hall, "in a chariot upholstered in white and gold, and drawn by white palfreys. Her long black hair streamed down her back

¹ For full particulars of the very elaborate ceremonial observed at the coronation of Anne Boleyn, see Hall and Holinshed's *Chronicles*, and a very curious contemporary tract entitled "The Triumphant Coronation of Queen Anne, Wife of the Most Noble King Henry VIII.," recently reprinted in *Tudor Tracts*, edited by A. F. Pollard, M.A., Westminster. Archibald Constable, 1903.

and was wreathed with a diadem of rubies. She wore a surcoat of silver tissue, and a mantle of the same lined with ermine. A canopy of cloth-of-gold was borne over her by four knights on foot. After came seven great ladies, riding on palfreys, in crimson velvet trimmed with cloth-of-gold, and two chariots covered with red cloth-of-gold. In the first of these was the old Duchess of Norfolk,¹ and the Dowager Marchioness of Dorset, and in the other chariot were four Ladies of the Bed-chamber. Fourteen other Court ladies followed, with thirty of their waiting-maids on horseback."

Then came the guards "in coats ornamented with beaten gold."

The pageants along the route were astonishingly elaborate; heathen gods and goddesses figured in them, together with the Virgin Mary, St. Anne, Mary Magdalene, and Mary of Cleophas. One tableau in Gracechurch Street represented Mount Parnassus, with Apollo and the Nine Muses seated thereon. "They were placed above a fountain of Helicon, which sprang up in four jets several yards high, and fell in a cup at the top and overflowed." This fountain of Helicon "did run with right good Rhenish wine, for the refreshment of the multitude." At another point an angel flew down and placed a close crown of gold on the falcon's head as the Queen approached it. This mimic coronation over, St. Anne advanced with all her attendants, dressed in appropriate costumes, and one of the children of Mary Cleophas "made the Queen a goodly oration on the fruitfulness of St. Anne," after which the Blessed Virgin gave her kindly greeting. At the conduit in Cornhill sat the Three Graces on a throne, and before them was "a spring of Grace continually running good wine." In Cheapside, Pallas, Venus, and Juno came forth from a garden and gave the Queen their apple of gold, divided in three compartments, intended to represent Wisdom, Riches, and Felicity.

¹This lady was Agnes, Duchess of Norfolk, stepmother to the Duke of Norfolk. She was for a time a great friend of Anne Boleyn's, who had the indiscretion to quarrel with her. The Marchioness of Dorset mentioned was Cecilia, Dowager Marchioness, a very old lady, and not, as is sometimes stated, Frances, Marchioness of Dorset, who was at that time attending her dying mother the Queen-Duchess of Suffolk.

On a scaffold at the end of St. Paul's, two hundred school children sang a hymn in honour of the new Queen. In Fleet Street hovered a throng of angels with golden wings and harps of gold, who played whilst they sang "a sweete harmonie" in praise of Queen Anne. Pretty though the Queen was, and graciously as she responded to the official compliments paid in all these "pageants," not a cheer was raised nor a cap lifted in her honour between the Tower and Westminster. Abbot Boston received her at the Abbey door, and she was led, accompanied by a train of prelates, monks, and nobles, to the choir, where the coronation took place with the customary ceremonies, Archbishop Cranmer—who had recently signed those documents which crushed the spirit of Katherine of Aragon, and who came post-haste from Doncaster for the purpose—being the officiating prelate. After the coronation the Queen went in great state to Westminster Hall, where she partook of a sumptuous banquet, three great ladies sitting under the table at her feet, ready to present her with her napkin, spoon, and kerchief. The King did not appear, the whole ceremony being solely in honour of the new consort. We possess a very minute description of the arrangement of the tables at this banquet, whereby we glean that the ladies all sat together and the gentlemen also by themselves.

When, a few years later, Anne of Cleves came to London, she too was received with the usual state, and was conveyed with much pomp from Greenwich to Westminster by water. She wore the curious gold-plated helmet-shaped head-dress, covered with fine lace and jewels, still worn by her Dutch compatriots. St. James's Palace is intimately associated with the first days of Anne of Cleves' married life. Before the Dissolution the house had been a hospital for fourteen "sisters," maidens that were "leperous." Henry, who seized it for himself, altered and partly rebuilt it. In various parts of the existing palace, notably in the Chapel Royal, the Tapestry Chamber, and on the leaden pipes in Ambassador's Court, will be found the initials, "H." "A." The "A" has hitherto been supposed to stand for Anne Boleyn, but the date within these medallions, 1540, identifies them as belonging to the brief reign of Anne of Cleves.

Katherine Howard and Katherine Parr, Henry's fifth and sixth wives, were married—the former so privately that the date is lost, and the latter in semi-state at Hampton Court on July 12, 1543—but were never crowned. The tragedy of Katherine Howard began too early in her queenship to permit of anything like pageantry; and during the greater part of Katherine Parr's matrimonial existence, the King was too much of an invalid to indulge even in his favourite pastime of singing. He had to content himself with playing the accompaniments of his jester, Will Somers, who used to sing his own compositions to him.

On Sunday, September 7, 1533, Anne Boleyn was delivered at Greenwich Palace of a female child—"a faire yoong ladie," as Holinshed describes her—the future Queen Elizabeth. Her christening was an occasion of much ceremony. On the morning of the 10th September, the Lord Mayor, Sir Stephen Peacock, robed in crimson velvet, and wearing his Collar of SS., accompanied by the Aldermen and civic authorities, went in their State barges to Greenwich. Here, in the hall of the palace, a procession was formed, in which marched the Marquises and Marchionesses of Exeter and Dorset, the Earl of Essex, the Lord Mayor, and many noble men and women. The royal infant, "in a mantel of purple velvet," and with a long ermine-lined train, was carried by the Duchess of Norfolk, supported by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk. The Countess of Kent, the Earl of Wiltshire, and the Earl of Derby walked behind, supporting the train of the "mantel," and Viscount Rochford, her maternal uncle, the Lords William and Thomas Howard and Lord Hussey, bore a canopy of silk over the little Princess. On arriving at the chapel, the noble company was led to the font by the Bishop of London and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, who wore magnificent copes of white satin and gold. Certain gentlemen were deputed to keep the edges of the font free from dust and impurities with "aperns and towells"! Elizabeth Duchess of Norfolk, and Cecilia, Marchioness of Dorset, were god-mothers, and presented the usual silver cups. At the conclusion of the ceremony, which was marked by a fanfare of trumpets and the presentation of christening gifts to the new-born Princess, the procession re-formed and returned, lighted by

five hundred "staff" torches, to the Queen's apartments. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen, after having partaken of biscuits and hypocras, made their way back in full state to the city, by water.

The splendid pageant which marked Anne Boleyn's progress from Greenwich to the Tower was repeated when Anne of Cleves was brought in triumph from Greenwich to Westminster. On February 3, 1540, the Court of Aldermen was warned that the King and Queen were leaving Greenwich for Westminster, and that it was the King's wish that "the commons of London should be in their best apparel in their barges" to wait upon their Highnesses. On this occasion the meeting was at St. Dunstan's-in-the-East at seven in the morning, and the arrival at Greenwich was fixed for eight o'clock. That very night Henry, in a fearful temper, informed the trembling Cromwell he would not be husband to that "Dutch cow." Six months later he divorced her, the good lady accepting his terms with so much alacrity that Henry's vanity was offended thereat. He expected at least a show of reluctance! He kept on good terms with the placid lady throughout the brief reign of prosperity of her rival, Katherine Howard, even visiting her and returning her hospitality with an invitation to Hampton Court, which Anne accepted with the greatest pleasure! So friendly, in fact, were the King and his discarded consort, that strange, but natural, rumours were floating so thickly through the air that it became necessary for the ex-Queen's fair fame to put an end to these by a public trial of some of the gossips. Surely there was never a stranger monarch than our eighth Henry, and well might the French Ambassador declare that "in the Court of England you may expect anything strange and unexpected when least you think it likely to happen." London had a good deal to gossip over anent Anne of Cleves, who, becoming eventually aware of the declining influence of Katherine Howard, actually intrigued to regain the position of Queen which she had enjoyed for only a few months. She might have succeeded, too, but for the advent upon the scene of the astute widow Latimer (Katherine Parr), who had determined, even at the risk of her neck, to become Queen of England.

The death of Henry VIII., which took place on the night of January 28, 1547, at Whitehall, in a chamber overlooking the

Thames, was kept a profound secret for three days, whilst Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, rode out to Hertford to announce the late King's demise to his son Edward, and bring him to London. Meanwhile the body, after being embalmed, was placed in a coffin, and brought down into the Privy Chamber at Whitehall, where it remained three days, after which it was taken into the Chapel Royal and an effigy in wax was placed on the top of the outer casket of oak, "in every particular like unto the late King, even as he appeared in life, and sumptuously dressed." The chapel was hung with black cloth and with banners of St. George and England. Eighty enormous silver candlesticks, with tall wax-tapers in them, were arranged on either side of the catafalque. The Marquis of Dorset, father of Lady Jane Grey and the late King's nephew by marriage, was chief mourner.¹ On the Tuesday, and for five following mornings, Norrey stationed himself at the entrance to the chapel, and cried out at intervals, to the congregation, "Of your charity, pray for the soul of the most high and mighty Prince, Henry VIII., our late Sovereign Lord and King." Watch was made day and night by the chaplains and gentlemen of the Privy Chamber. Then began the saying of Masses for the benefit of the King's soul; and these were as numerous as they were on the occasion of the death of his father, Henry VII. Tens of thousands of Masses were said throughout the country, both in the provinces and the capital, in the cathedrals as well as in the parish churches. The ritual was everywhere absolutely Latin. Bishop Gardiner was the celebrant at High Mass each day, and he also officiated at Vespers and Solemn Dirge in the afternoons.

In bygone times the funeral of a sovereign and the coronation of his successor took place almost simultaneously, occasionally with strange results, considerable confusion often arising therefrom between the respective arrangements; the sombre preparations for the obsequies of King Henry, for instance, clashed weirdly with the festivities that were being organised in

¹ The twelve other marquises were present, but not the Protector or his brother, the Admiral Thomas Seymour. They were too busy at the Tower with the new King, who, according to etiquette, did not attend his predecessor's state obsequies, but assisted daily at Requiem Masses said for the repose of his soul in the chapel within the Tower.

honour of his son's accession. Matters at last became so mixed that Bishop Gardiner found himself obliged to appeal to "my Lord of Oxford's Players," who were located at Southwark, preparing to act a "pageant" and a "comedy." The Bishop said "it would be more decent to perform a solemn dirge for their master than a merry play."

In the end Gardiner had his way, and the obsequies of Henry VIII. suffered nothing from the counter-attractions of "Green Men," the "Morris Dancers," and "A Mountain for the Gods," which were among the items promised by the players, who performed immediately after Edward's coronation in the hall of the ex-monastery of Blackfriars. They seem, however, to have had hard work to get the necessary cash for their "properties" from Sir William Carwarden, or Carden, the official to whom they had continually to apply for payment.¹

On Monday, as already intimated, the young King entered London and went straight to the Tower, where, in accordance with traditional etiquette, he was to remain in seclusion until after his coronation. The next day, Tuesday, February 1, the executors of the late King assembled in the Great Hall of the Tower, and Henry's will was read to them from beginning to end, after which they took the oath for the new King, and Hertford was proclaimed Protector of the Realm until his majority.²

The funeral procession of Henry VIII., which was of extraordinary length, left the Chapel Royal at about eleven o'clock on February 14, passed through the streets of London, and reached Sion near twilight. Here the coffin stood all night among the broken walls of that ancient monastic house which had been the prison of Henry's second slaughtered consort, Katherine Howard. By a curious coincidence the body arrived at Sion on the eve of the fifth anniversary of Queen Katherine's death, a fact which lends additional horror to the following story, related in a contemporary document preserved in the Sloane collection: "The King's body rested in the ruined Chapel of

¹ See the *Losely MSS.* Edited by A. J. Kemps. London, John Murray, 1835.

² His position as Protector was not officially ratified until the 22nd of March.

Sion, and there, the leaden coffin being cleft by the shaking of the carriage, the pavement of the church was wetted with Henry's blood. In the morning came plumbers to solder the coffin, under whose feet—I tremble while I write it,"—says the author, "was suddenly seen a dog creeping and licking up the King's blood. If you ask me how I know this, I answer, William Greville, who could scarcely drive away the dog, told me so, and so did the plumber also."

The coffin most likely had been abandoned by the mourners, who had retired to rest for the night, and some gaseous explosion taking place, led to this frightful occurrence, which added considerably, when it got noised abroad, to the superstitious terror in which the late King's name was held.¹ It fulfilled, so the people said, Father Peyto's denunciation against Henry from the pulpit of Greenwich Church in 1543, when that daring friar compared him to Ahab, and told him to his face "that the dogs would, in like manner, lick his blood."

This weird circumstance, if it really happened, does not seem to have impressed Bishop Gardiner very deeply, for a more fulsome sermon was never preached than that which he delivered at Windsor on February 16,—taking for his text "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord,"—in which he enlarged on the late King's virtues, and lamented the loss, both to high and low, by the death of "this most good and gracious King"; "whom," Sir Anthony Browne declared, "there was no need to pray for, since he was surely in heaven."

Some awful stories of supernatural apparitions were presently circulated all over London, especially among the Catholics. The "old King" had appeared to an ex-Carthusian friar, wreathed in flames; folks at Windsor had beheld him running along the corridors of the Castle blazing like a meteoric ball; and he had even, so it was rumoured, paid his widow a warning visit in the still hours of the night. If so, she was foolish indeed to have discarded the portentous hint not to marry again!²

¹ It appears from contemporary evidence that on account of its weight King Henry's body was not put in a leaden coffin until it reached Windsor, then it was soldered down.

² King Francis I., notwithstanding Henry's unorthodox opinions, and his notorious revolt from Rome, ordered a Requiem to be said for the repose of

Lord Chancellor Wriothesley dissolved Parliament on Monday, February 30, 1547, in a neatly turned speech declaring that their most puissant master was dead. The eventful news was received with every demonstration of sorrow, some of the members even bursting into tears—or pretending to do so. Then followed the reading of that portion of the King's will which regarded the royal succession. By this famous testament, which was destined to prove so fatal to Lady Jane Grey, King Henry provided that in case Edward died childless, and he himself had no other children by his "beloved wife, Katherine, or *any other wives* he might have hereafter,"¹ King Edward was to be succeeded by his eldest sister, Mary, and if she in her turn proved without offspring she was to be succeeded by her sister Elizabeth. Failing heirs to that Princess, the Crown was on the same conditions to pass to the Lady Jane Grey and her sisters, Katherine and Mary Grey, daughters of the King's eldest niece, the Lady Frances Brandon, Marchioness of Dorset. In the eventuality of the three sisters Grey dying without issue, the Throne was to be occupied successively by the children of the Lady Frances' younger sister, the Lady Eleanor, Countess of Cumberland. The Scotch succession was, however, set aside from no personal ill-will to Henry's eldest sister, the Dowager-Queen of Scotland, Margaret Tudor, for he left her a handsome legacy. Henry most probably omitted the name of the young Queen of Scots as heiress to the throne, and gave his preference to the daughters of his two nieces, because, although at war with the Regent of Scotland, he still hoped that the betrothal of his grand-niece, Mary Stuart, to his son Edward might be arranged, and thus eventually bring about the desired union of the two Crowns in a natural manner. Moreover, there was the religious question to be considered. The Regent, Mary

the soul of his "well beloved brother, Henry VIII., King of England," in the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, at which he assisted; he also left in his will a sum of money to be devoted to Masses to be said in perpetuity for the same pious purpose. A Mass is still said for the repose of the soul of our "Bluff King Hal" every year in the Metropolitan Church of Paris, the custom having survived even the Reign of Terror.

¹ This significant allusion to "any other wives he might have" is evidence, on the whole, that had he lived to be seventy or eighty he intended having twelve, instead of six!

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of Guise, was a fiery Papist, and actually using all her influence both in England and Scotland to thwart the English King's anti-Papal policy.¹

¹ The King's will was dated December 30, 1546, and revoked all previous wills that he might have made. The original was not, however, in Henry's own hand, but written in a book of stout paper, and was, it is said, signed by his Majesty's stamp as well as his autograph.

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